



GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

AUG  
2015

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

# Channing TATUM

## From JUMP STREET to TARANTINO

### America's favourite bro GOES PRO

INTERVIEW BY STUART McGURK

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR GQ BY NORMAN JEAN ROY



What part of your  
body should  
you never pierce?

AND IT'S NOT WHAT  
YOU THINK... PAGE 54

Behind the scenes on Scorsese's **REAL** masterpiece

EXTREME SPORT

CAN  
ANYONE  
RUN A  
MARATHON  
IN TWO  
HOURS?

Ed Caesar meets  
a man on the edge

INTERVIEW

'I threw a  
Rolex out of  
the window  
because it  
was listening  
to me'

Paul Gascoigne  
comes clean to  
Alastair Campbell

FILM

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# Contents



## 17 Editor's Letter

## 23 Foreword

Why be a slave to your sofa when a TV series' finale sums up its essence in one 60-minute slot? GQ has the last word on last episodes.

BY JONATHAN HEAF

## 27 Details

Miles Teller rolls with the punches for *Bleed For This*; the everything guide to going sockless this summer; GQ hits the Hay Festival; plus, Jack Antonoff's new sound with Bleachers.



27

## 49 Tony Parsons

It's a century since his birth and Frank Sinatra's timeless tunes are still as fresh as their first play. He makes us feel so young, indeed.

## 52 Hugo Rifkind

How not to... wear fancy dress.

## 54 Victoria Coren Mitchell

GQ's voice of reason talks tough on piercings and the dating game.

## 56 Bachelor Pad

Add some spice to your kitchen with designer cookware.



67

## 65 What I Wear

The Ruen Brothers rock the sartorial spotlight.

## 67 Taste

GQ's alfresco special takes good food to the great outdoors, including: Dorset's Seaside Boarding House and Oxford's Jacobs Inn.

## 79 Our Stuff

GQ.co.uk's Fashion Editor Nick Carvell carves his niche.

## 81 Travel

Check in at Baros, the Maldives' most magical resort; plus, summertime sanctuaries in Saint-Tropez.

## 90 Michael Wolff

Uber's rise has driven rumours of conspiracy theories and dark practices, but will its domination write off car ownership itself?

## 94 The Lab

Virtual reality headsets take gaming to the next level; plus, in-ear headphones bring the beat to challenge studio-quality cans.



## 99 Dresser

Vilebrequin keeps it short and sweet; Pringle Of Scotland's 200th year; plus, Style Shrink and all the sunglasses, sandals and suitcases you'll ever need.

## 107 Grooming

Davidoff plays it cool with a limited-edition bottle of its iconic fragrance.

## 110 GQ Portfolio

Products, events and offers.

## 120 Watches

Take to the skies with one of nine high-flying pilot watches.



# WELCOME TO MY WORLD



JOHN TRAVOLTA

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# Contents

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132

**Ana Beatriz Barros**  
**Brazilian model.**  
**Poolside shoot.**  
**It appears summer**  
**has started...**

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# Contents

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On the cover:  
T-shirt, £40. Jeans, £170.  
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ralphlauren.com. Photograph  
Norman Jean Roy

## 122 Channing Tatum

No longer just the box-office jock, Channing Tatum now fronts blockbuster hits and Oscar contenders. We unpack the truth about Hollywood's new powerhouse.

BY STUART McGURK

## 173 Life

How Jake Gyllenhaal fought his way fit for *Southpaw*; negotiate the ups and downs of a new job with our game of life; plus Bear Grylls' guide to beating the critics.

## 195 Stockists

All the labels in this month's issue, from A to Z.

## 196 GQ Intel

Wherever you travel, ride in style with these luxury car hire firms.



## Features & fashion

### 40 The marathon men

Hot on the heels of the legendary Geoffrey Mutai, GQ visits the Rift Valley and asks how Kenya makes the men who rule the world over 26.2 miles.

BY ED CAESAR

### 74 A day in the life of Lewis Hamilton

We talk music, mortality and his real motoring love with Britain's Formula One world champion.

BY PAUL HENDERSON

### 112 What's all the fuss about Ferrari?

Can the world's passion for the prancing horse ever be reined in? From behind the wheel of a California T at Maranello, it's hard to see how.

BY DYLAN JONES

### 138 Casino: the 20th anniversary

GQ showcases the on-set shots from Phillip Caruso of Martin Scorsese's unsung gangster masterpiece.

ESSAY BY JONATHAN HEAF



### 150 Alastair Campbell meets Paul Gascoigne

His generation's most gifted player on the pitch remains the most troubled off it. Is there hope for the footballer who once inspired a nation?

### 156 Car trouble

Versace is in the driving seat for a seasonal delivery of Italian style.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICHOLAS MAGGIO

### 162 Fondazione Prada

Milan's innovative and fashion-funded art embassy explores the value of culture.

BY SOPHIE HASTINGS

### 164 Beyond the pines

There's a whisper in the woods for those who have the ear: khaki is the louche look of the summer.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEAN THOMAS



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# LETTERS OF NOTE...

HERE at Vogue House, we take great pride in the fact that *GQ* regularly wins more awards for its writing than any other magazine in the country. In the past five years alone *GQ* has won 20 awards for journalism, from bodies as diverse as the British Society Of Magazine Editors, the Professional Publishers Association and Amnesty International.

Many of those awards have been won by Contributing Editor Ed Caesar – most recently he was named Journalist Of The Year for 2014 by the Foreign Press Association of London – a journalist who thinks nothing of darting between conflicted lands as though he were simply catching a bus. This is a man who has been to both Kosovo and Iran, and who was once asked by Kevin Costner whether he was “anxious to die”.

In this issue Ed writes about the world’s greatest distance runners and their quest to run previously unthinkable times for the marathon. This is a subject that Ed knows far better than most, as his first book, *Two Hours*, published this month by Viking, is an extraordinary look into the art and graft of the sport. As far as debuts go Ed’s is a doozy, and I implore anyone who owns a pair of trainers (whether Lanvin or Asics) to pick it up before flying off to sit round a pool motionless this summer.

I remember when Ed first told us of his idea to delve into the bizarre, obsessive world of these sinewy-limbed athletes – almost two years ago now – and I’ll admit we questioned whether it could hold a reader over 200 pages. Having read it, I am happy to report I was wrong. Caesar looks set to do for marathon running what Haruki Murakami’s *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* did for the wheezing Lycra-dads. And for a book about travelling long distances this one doesn’t half fly. Ed has been writing for this magazine for nearly a decade now, and those of us who have worked closely with him have watched as he has gone from unflappable war reporter – one of his first *GQ* long reads, “The Horror”, about Congo’s civil conflict, is as powerful today as it was five years ago – to

an established, exalted, multi-award winning reporter and now author. It gives all of us here a huge amount of pride to think that *GQ* has been part of Ed’s journalistic success.

Now, there was a moment a few months ago when I thought we were in danger of hitting “peak conference”. TED had started to become a cliché of itself, a churn of contrarian themes, messianic speakers and “paradigm shifts”, and the number of intellectual gatherings around the world (including, of course, the TEDx franchise) had proliferated to the point of saturation.

Yet to walk around the Hay Festival this year was to refresh one’s enthusiasm: it was a reminder of what a conference can be, the sparks that can get fired off when the right mix of people and ideas rub together at the right location. The Hay setup – a network of tents in the Welsh countryside, a short walk from the bookish and increasingly boutique market town of Hay-on-Wye – is on a far more relaxed scale than the impersonal, hangar-like convention centres favoured particularly in the US. It’s a good deal more, well, civilised. Yet the intimacy of this literary get-together does not diminish its gravitational pull, which has ➤



Keep on running  
(from top):  
Ed Caesar collects  
his FPA award for  
Journalist Of The  
Year in 2014; his  
report on war in  
Congo, 2010; Caesar  
with Geoffrey Mutai;  
the Kenyan runner  
in this month's  
*GQ*, page 40





Hay fever (from left): Literary lovers gather to see their heroes, May 2015; the GQ and Land Rover dinner at Cabalva House; Bear Grylls discusses his new novel

lured everyone from politicians such as Bill Clinton and Boris Johnson to novelists such as Ian McEwan and Salman Rushdie.

Highlights this year included Bear Grylls, who spoke about his grandfather's secret wartime mission to capture Nazi scientists after the D-Day landings (a tale of derring-do that became the inspiration for his new novel, *Ghost Flight*); Kazuo Ishiguro, too, who was irrepressibly charming on the subject of his new (and not wholly well-received) work *The Buried Giant*; and there was another riveting outing for Letters Live, where the likes of Stephen Fry, Jude Law and Sarah Lancashire gave readings of audience-worthy correspondence past and present. Then, of course, there were The Staves, and John Julius Norwich, though unfortunately not sharing the same stage.

Among many others, I loved AC Grayling, Laura Bates, Anthony Beevor, Alexander McCall Smith and Alan Bennett, and of course the incomparable Colm Toibin, the novelist and journalist whose work seems to become better by the year. That so many people make the journey to Hay to hear their favourite authors – and that all the accommodation nearby is booked up years ahead – is testament to the on-going power of books in the age of the web.

For the sixth consecutive year, *GQ*'s chief contribution was our party to mark the start of the festival, hosted with Revel Guest and Land Rover at Cabalva House in Whitney-on-Wye. Packed with creative minds – this year Simon Armitage, Ed Victor, Steve Hilton, Francine Stock and Rosie Boycott joined Bruce Robinson, Alan Yentob, Jude Law, Monty Don and John Mitchinson – it's a dinner than never fails to inspire, delight and, especially when everyone hits the dance floor, occasionally amuse. Roll on Hay 2016!

It was at Hay this year that the Groucho Club launched its new book. It's been three decades

## That so many people make the journey to Hay to hear their favourite authors is testament to the power of books in the digital age

since the Groucho, the original members' club for the creative industries, opened its doors in London's Dean Street. Named in tribute to Groucho Marx, who once wrote, "I don't want to belong to any club that will accept me as a member", the club is the world's oldest media arts club and over the past three decades has established itself as the centre of London's social scene for the arts and media.

At the club's annual pop-up at Hay Castle during this year's festival, the Groucho hosted a book launch to celebrate *The Groucho Club, Our First Thirty Years*. This huge, beautifully produced coffee-table tome covers the characterful and contradictory membership who have made the club so interesting over the years, the staff who remain beyond reproach and keep the club planted on its feet, and the experience of spending 24 hours in the Groucho Club. It's packed with many accounts of nights that could not have been experienced elsewhere. As the book says, it's "like a social experiment. Gone right."

A bit like *GQ*, actually. 



Dylan Jones, Editor



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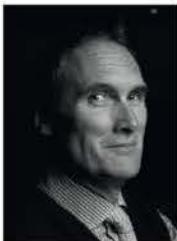
## Phillip GARUSO



To celebrate the 20th anniversary of Martin Scorsese's *Casino*, we have never-seen-before photography from Phillip Garuso, Robert De Niro's personal photographer, showing Sharon Stone, Joe Pesci, De Niro and Scorsese behind the scenes. "This was my third movie in a row with Scorsese," says Garuso. "But I became De Niro's photographer after meeting him on *Backdraft*. I did 22 movies with him, and actually met my wife on the set of *The Age Of Innocence*."

## AA GILL

Exclusively on GQ.co.uk, AA Gill talks about how retro culture kills the true essence of the past, and how recent history is much more than a list of trivial jokes, silly haircuts and bad television. "We're suffering a surfeit of revivalism," says Gill. "In fashion, films, TV, books, music, it is as if the beginning of the 21st century is doomed to become a compilation album of dads' disco hits."



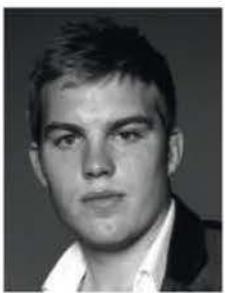
Jason  
BARLOW

Jason Barlow has been *GQ*'s car contributor for long enough to recognise a landmark moment, and the end of the Land Rover Defender is one of them. "The Land Rover Defender has been around in one form or another since 1948," says Barlow. "Kings, queens, warriors, adventurers, armies, UN peace emissaries and aid workers have driven them to places that no one has heard of. The word icon is horribly debased but the Defender truly is one."



## Matthew D'ANCONA

Joining *GQ* as our new Political Editor is Matthew d'Ancona, the former editor of the *Spectator* and current columnist for the *Guardian*. Regarded as one of the most distinguished columnists in Westminster, d'Ancona has contributed to the magazine for just under a decade, and we are very proud to welcome him closer into the team. "For a political journalist, writing for *GQ* offers an opportunity to soar over the political village and look at the big picture," says d'Ancona. "Let others rant about politics. At *GQ*, we do it with style."



## Ed CAESAR

The world of professional sport is complex, secretive and big business. In the lead up to publishing his first book, *Two Hours: The Quest To Run The Impossible Marathon*, *GQ* contributor Ed Caesar travels to Kenya in search of the men attempting to do the impossible, to run 26.2 miles in under two hours, focusing on long-distance great Geoffrey Mutai. "I set out to write about the possibility of a sub-two-hour marathon," says Caesar. "But when I found Geoffrey, I knew that through his story I could tell a much bigger story about talent and perseverance."



## Steve NEAVES

Whether it's Martin Freeman or Jarvis Cocker, Steve Neaves has forged a career photographing the most important figures in British culture. To add to his long roll call of names, Neaves has shot exclusive portraits of Paul Gascoigne for this month's Alastair Campbell interview. "I didn't really know what to expect of Gazza," says Neaves. "During the shoot I asked him to rest his head back and close his eyes. To which he replied with, 'Oh, so you can photoshop a coffin behind me?' Turns out he still has his trademark humour."

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# Foreword

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

## A MAN FOR NO SEASONS

Why endure endless hours of *Breaking Bad* and *Mad Men*? GQ commits TV blasphemy by watching only the finales of the box sets you wasted half your life on. Read the memoirs of a serial killer...

STORY BY JONATHAN HEAF

**T**his is the end. Or is it the beginning of the end? I can't be sure. I've spent the past decade avoiding television. I don't mean in a po-faced, snooty sort of way – I enjoy the box, everything from *Our War* to *The Graham Norton Show* – but what I have thus far avoided, quite purposefully, is any sort of long-term infatuation with, or dedication to, one particular series. I do not binge. I do not commit to a show that is more than eight episodes long. I will not swear an allegiance to the cult of Heisenberg.

For years I've listened (and grimaced) as my colleagues have gathered in square-eyed coven to discuss the latest gut-wrenching, heart-pounding, "OMG-what-about-when..."-episode of whatever visual junk they've been mainlining through their eyeballs the evening before. I've always pitied their need for a fix. They always seem so taken. And up until now I've held my tongue.

Don't get me wrong, it's not that I am uninterested in the existential crises of Don Draper. (Or, indeed, the curves of Christina Hendricks.) But to commit oneself to so much time sitting on the sofa staring at someone else's cultural output, and to dedicate yourself so entirely to another world, a world fabricated and imagined – whether that be Frank Underwood's Washington, or Sam Malone's Boston watering hole – is simply beyond both my patience and the patience of my girlfriend.

When I get home from work I have no desire to switch off, tune in and veg out. I don't want to sit there in silence like Professor Stephen Hawking with no juice left in his chair. When a man comes into work and talks about how Tyrion Lannister from *Game Of Thrones* severed the leg of some dragon lady or whatever, all I can think of is that man's poor, sad, lonely penis. Surely someone so into such uncool fantasy mumbo jumbo can't be getting laid? I mean, unless it's to the sort of woman (or man) whose idea of "frisky" is painting themselves blue, using a broom as a butt plug and pretending to be a Na'vi from *Avatar*?

As I said, I do occasionally, very occasionally, commit myself to watch an entire series. When I was younger it was *Blackadder*. Then *Red Dwarf*. Last year I watched the new *House Of Cards*, which is gripping mainly due to Kevin Spacey's thunderous corruption and greed.

I am a fan of *True Detective*, I'll admit, and although I thought it was all a bit silly – not to mention Matthew McConaughey's hammy overacting as he cuts out figurines from a beer can while being quizzed by two of the dumbest cops in Louisiana, and the fact that the idea of a tattooed, depraved serial killer is familiar to anyone who's watched (or read, god forbid) *The Silence Of The Lambs* – it held my attention and I was certainly entertained.

For eight episodes I enjoyed *True Detective*. And when it was over I forgot it. Completely. Quicker than Keyser Söze in a police line-up. Quicker than Mischa Barton's career. It didn't, as some cinema can (eg, *Shame*, *The Lives Of Others*, *Frozen*) stay with me. Not one jot. As the credits rolled and real life's projector flickered on in the living room, I was left feeling satisfied but hollow. Good as it was, and as swag as Nic Pizzolatto's writing is, for me, deep down, it remained visual meh.

So what, right? "Watch the news and leave the intelligent cultural landmarks to us," you're saying. But there's a problem. I have a serious case of FOMO when it comes to these long-running shows. I want to be included in these cultural conversations about dragons and families and sharp suits and serial killers. I like a debate, especially those of the hypothetical variety. When someone I respect – a critic, another journalist, an editor – tells me, "Jonathan you utter fool, Tony Soprano is one of the greatest representations of the archetypal American male ever committed to film," then I want to be able to agree, or disagree. I want to understand. I too want to be able to compare him with Vito Corleone and nod sagely. I want to join in. I also want a life that remains, for as long as possible, off the couch.

I came up with a solution. The zenith of hyperbolic chat that comes with these shows is, you'll agree, reserved mainly for the series finale. I'll never forget the day after the *Breaking Bad* finale dropped, it was as if John Logie Baird himself had come down from TV heaven and reinvented the thing, so seismic was the reaction. I don't think so much praise has been heaped onto one cultural monument by quite so many men – in this office anyway – since Anna Friel snogged Nicola Stephenson on *Brookside* 21 years ago.

So partly to flick the noses of all those who have dedicated themselves to hundreds of hours of imagery, bad costumes and twisted plot lines, and partly because, well, I wanted to see what all the fuss was about, I decided to commit one of TV's cardinal sins – by watching all the finales of all the shows I was never going to bother sitting through entirely. Of course, many of you will be already striking a match to burn this column, comparing the act to reading only the final page of a great novel. I strongly disagree.

Unlike a novel's final page, which is simply the equivalent to a TV show's last frame, the finale, if anything, should represent the true spirit, the marrow, of a television show. You see, the ending is in itself an artificial device where the show runners, writers and directors are forced – or at least pressured to, both by the viewers' expectations and their own egos – to tie things up. (➤)

Surely the finale should represent the true spirit, the marrow, of a television show

! SPOILER ALERT

► I don't mean we need closure – many shows prefer ambiguity – but there needs to be a summing up of sorts. It's the creator's last chance, possibly ever, to force all those traits and virtues, morals and observations on real life, that he or she has wanted to hammer home. In their minds it's the last chance to be remembered (and by the biggest audience) for all the right reasons. It is at the finale when a show's soul should be closest to the surface.

I began with *Breaking Bad* as it was the first show finale I found on Netflix. "Felina", as it is entitled, starts with Walter White – a running commentary in the mainstream media has, after all, been inescapable, so the plot plus some character names are familiar to me – breaking into a car in the snow. He is in poor shape. Throughout this last episode, in fact, at least three separate people remark on how terrible Walt looks.

The two most significant scenes in the finale are these: When Walt confesses to his wife – "I did it for me. I was good at it" – and the scene at the very end, after all the killing and shooting, when he's walking fatally injured through a super-meth lab with the look of a proud father. The final song, "Baby Blue" by Badfinger – thanks Shazam! – is a reference to his particularly pure meth. (Knowing how to cook "blue" is mentioned in the café scene earlier.) The series then is about Walt being true to his desires and sticking to them. Right? The ending is tidy. OCD tidy.

Next up I watch *Lost*. I have to say the show lived up to its name. It was an extra 30 minutes longer than all the other finales and I very nearly didn't make it. The gist? Well, they're still on the island – the one that looks like the location for *Jurassic Park* – and the handsome rugged man who resembles a cross between David Ginola and David Gandy is still getting into fights with the bald guy.

Everyone seems intent on stopping the bald guy – Locke? – from destroying the island by going down a rope into some sort of well. There are lots of flashbacks here. Flashbacks or flash-forwards? Or are these characters existing in twin timelines? God knows. Actually God, I'm pretty sure, pops up out of a coffin at the end as one of the character's fathers.

With the final scene taking place in a church, it turns out they were all dead anyway, they just didn't know how to get to heaven. (Little did we know they'd have to put us through TV hell to get there.) Surely *Dallas* had a more convincing way of ending a season than this? It was all a dream? If only. I feel a huge sense of relief at having missed the entire series.

Next I watch *The Sopranos* and it's clear right off the bat that this is on another level – the writing, the direction and the acting. James Gandolfini anchors the whole episode – as he had done the whole series presumably – with acting that is crafted generations beyond anything *Lost* could offer or, frankly, what Bryan Cranston provides in that last episode.

The final scene in the diner is what every finale should look and feel like. Climatic. Tense. Rhythmic to the point of clockwork. Every action has a beat and every beat has an action. A man gets off the bar stool. He walks past Tony. We hear the door bell go. Tony looks up. Then? Cut to black. Nothing. Silence. A brilliant, searing ending that leaves you gasping. And more importantly, talking.

After this everything else fell short for me. I watched *The Wire*, "–30–", the final show. Here we see old gangsters being replaced by new ones, bent cops being replaced by other bent cops and everyone who has managed to climb out of the streets pulling up the ladder behind them as fast as they possibly can.

The most recent notable finale comes from *Mad Men*, it too having about as much hype as a newly discovered habitable planet being found in our solar system. I watched the first season of *Mad Men* and left Don and the cast when they were all smoking weed and writing ads for VW Golf – or at least wishing they were.

Now years later what's this? It must be the Seventies as Joan is experimenting with cocaine – sound the cliché klaxon! – while also starting her own business. But wait, Roger Sterling has a moustache? Jesus, it looks like a geriatric slug just parked itself under his nose for nap.

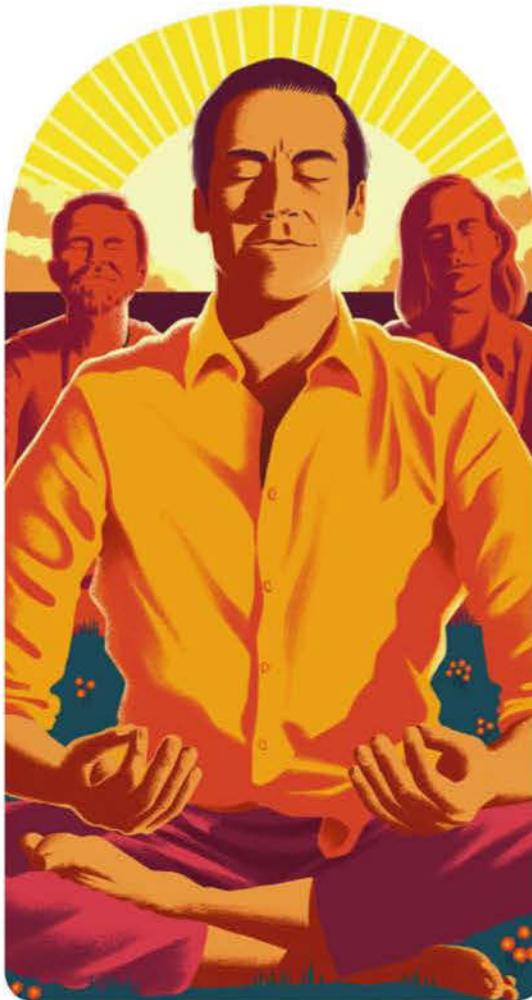
The whole episode was disappointing. I'd forgotten how treacly the *Mad Men* dialogue is, especially after having just sat through the colloquialism and trash talk of *The Wire*. I felt let down. Why did Peggy, strong, brilliant Peggy, choose not to go into business with Joan but instead to stay in her poorly paid job and settle down with a Zach Galifianakis look-a-like from accounts?

And Don. Oh, Don. How the mighty have fallen. We see Don's last moments in what can only be described as a pre-goop.com enlightenment camp off the PCH in LA, hugging men who also have been looking for love in all the wrong places. I was half expecting Gwyneth Paltrow to pop up and suggest a "conscious uncoupling" with his own tedious pessimism so morose was he.

There was one single redeeming factor here, however. The very last clip – the vintage "I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing (In Perfect Harmony)" Coca-Cola commercial. A stroke of wit, a filter through which the past 59 minutes or so made a lot more sense. Without it, however, and you're looking at one of the worst finales of all time.

So did I learn anything from watching these finales? One thing: that's not all folks. For Don, for Walt, for Tony, for McNulty, yes, but not for you. Come next month there'll be another show to commit your mind, body and time to all over again. To invest in emotionally, socially, financially. The best finales are the ones that leave you thinking. Just for a second, as the colour cuts to black you see yourself reflected back in the TV screen. My advice? Hey, whatever, it's your show. Just be sure to let me know how it ends. ☺

## Was Lost all a dream? If only. I feel huge relief at having missed the entire series



Don-message: The seeming sentimentality of the *Mad Men* finale was rescued by one last moment of cynicism

A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a light-colored suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is holding a Samsung Galaxy S6 edge smartphone in his hands, looking down at it. The background is a bright, cloudy sky.

8:00 AM

REFINED STYLE,  
DYNAMIC DESIGN

# POWER UP

SAMSUNG  
Galaxy S6 | S6 edge

Samsung Galaxy S6 edge in Black Sapphire,  
Clifton 10057 watch by Baume & Mercier



4:15 PM

**CHARGE FAST, MOVE AHEAD**

Extend your battery by up to  
4 hours in only 10 minutes\*

Samsung Galaxy S6 edge in Gold Platinum.  
Hampton 10155 watch by **Baume & Mercier**. Leather bag by **Dior Homme**

\*Actual duration may vary. Available with  
the adaptive fast charger (in box)

**SAMSUNG Galaxy S6 edge**



7:30 PM

**LIGHT UP ANY MOMENT,  
ANY TIME**

Superior photos, even in low light\*

**Samsung** Galaxy S6 in Blue Topaz (coming soon)  
Earrings by **Brady Legler**

\*This photo has been computer-generated to highlight device feature

SAMSUNG Galaxy S6

GQ Promotion



\*Samsung Galaxy S6 edge in Green Emerald (coming soon). Samsung wireless charger in Black (sold separately). Light grey briefcase by Calvin Klein. Hampton 10155 watch by Baume & Mercier. Aperture fragrance by Ulrich Lang New York

SAMSUNG Galaxy S6 edge



The winner of **56** major awards

The number 56 is rendered in a large, bold, black font. The "5" is on the left and the "6" is on the right, with a thick black horizontal bar extending from the top of the "5" to the top of the "6". The font is a clean, sans-serif style.

GQ is the only magazine in Britain dedicated to bringing you the very best in style, investigative journalism, comment, men's fashion, lifestyle and entertainment.

**British GQ is the magazine to beat**

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2014	BSME <b>Digital Art Director Of The Year</b>	2006	P&G Awards <b>Best Grooming Editor (GQ Style)</b>
2014	DMA <b>Designer Of The Year</b>	2006	P&G Awards <b>Best Styling (GQ Style)</b>
2014	TCADP <b>Media Award</b>	2006	MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards <b>Interviewer Of The Year</b>
2014	FPA <b>Feature Of The Year</b>	2006	MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards <b>Best Designed Consumer Magazine</b>
2014	FPA <b>Journalist Of The Year</b>	2006	MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards <b>Subbing Team Of The Year</b>
2014	Amnesty International Media Award	2006	PPA <b>Writer Of The Year</b>
2014	PPA <b>Editor Of The Year</b>	2005	PPA <b>Writer Of The Year</b>
2014	FMJA <b>Online Fashion Journalist Of The Year</b>	2005	Magazine Design Awards <b>Best Cover</b>
2013	EICA <b>Media Commentator Of The Year</b>	2004	Association Of Online Publishers Awards <b>Best Website</b>
2013	DMA <b>Men's Lifestyle Magazine Of The Year</b>	2004	BSME <b>Magazine Of The Year</b>
2013	BSME <b>Editor Of The Year</b>	2003	PPA <b>Writer Of The Year</b>
2013	Fashion Monitor Journalism Awards <b>Outstanding Contribution To London Collections: Men</b>	2002	BSME <b>Magazine Of The Year</b>
2013	PPA <b>Magazine Writer Of The Year</b>	2002	PPA <b>Writer Of The Year</b>
2012	Mark Boxer Award	2001	BSME <b>Magazine Of The Year</b>
2012	BSME <b>Editor Of The Year</b>	2001	PPA <b>Designer Of The Year</b>
2012	DMA <b>Lifestyle Magazine Of The Year</b>	2001	Printing World Award
2012	Help For Heroes <b>Outstanding Contribution</b>	2000	Total Design Award
2012	Px3 Prix De La Photographie Paris <b>Gold Medal</b>	2000	Jasmine Award Winner
2011	Foreign Press Association Media Awards, Sports	1999	Printing World Award
2011	Amnesty International Media Award	1999	Jasmine Award Winner
2010	Amnesty International Media Award	1999	PPA <b>Designer Of The Year</b>
2010	One World Media Press Award	1995	Ace Press Award <b>Circulation</b>
2010	The Maggies <b>Magazine Cover Of The Year</b>	1995	Ace Press Award <b>Promotion</b>
2010	P&G Awards <b>Best Styling (GQ Style)</b>	1995	PPA <b>Columnist Of The Year</b>
2009	PPA <b>Writer Of The Year</b>	1994	PPA <b>Publisher Of The Year</b>
2008	BSME <b>Editor Of The Year</b>	1994	British Press Circulation Award <b>Best Promotion Of A Consumer Magazine</b>
2007	BSME <b>Magazine Of The Year</b>		
2007	BSME <b>Brand Building Initiative Of The Year</b>		
2007	MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards <b>Best Cover</b>		
2007	P&G Awards <b>Best Styling (GQ Style)</b>		



The Bremont Boeing Model 247 and the F/A-18 Super Hornet share the same hardened Custom 465® Steel.



BREMONT BOEING  
MODEL 247

WE'VE NEVER BUILT A WATCH FROM THIS KIND  
OF STEEL BEFORE. BUT IT SEEMED TO WORK OUT  
OKAY ON THE F/A-18 SUPER HORNET.

A few years ago the British watch manufacturer Bremont and American aviation giant Boeing, embarked on a development project to build a range of mechanical timepieces that embraced the latest in material and manufacturing research from the worlds of horology and aviation. The result is something remarkably special.

**BREMONT**  
CHRONOMETRES



# 8 DETAILS

EDITED BY CHARLIE BURTON

Jacket by **Asos**, £125. asos.com. Trousers by **Closed**, £105. At yoox.com. Shirt by **Levi's**, £75. levi.com. Belt by **Brioni**, £290. brioni.com. Bracelet and ring, Miles' own



**Extra Miles:**  
Similar to his brutal practice sessions for *Whiplash*, Miles Teller put in eight months of training to play boxer Vinny Pazienza in *Bleed For This*

Story Matt Glasby Photograph Dusan Reljin

## THE RISING STAR



THERE'S a certain poetry in the title of Miles Teller's upcoming boxing film, *Bleed For This*: when Teller played a music student in the Oscar-winning *Whiplash*, he practised until his instruments were covered in blood. Well, you don't go from breakthrough to leading man – as he is in this summer's superhero film *Fantastic Four* – without considerable graft.

The Four have uninspiringly hit the big screen before, but this reboot's director, Josh Trank, has created high hopes for a Nolan-esque hit. "Josh's spin on it is much grittier," says Teller.

Teller plays Mr Fantastic, who can stretch his body to exceptional limits – something the actor knows all about, having trained to play real-life boxer Vinny Pazienza in *Bleed*. Executive producer Martin Scorsese spurred Teller to go all-out, even copying Paz's tache. What did his girlfriend, Keleigh Sperry, make of that? "What girl doesn't want a dude with six per cent body fat and a sweet moustache?" And we thought he was dedicated. *Fantastic Four* is out on 6 August.



## THE MAN BEHIND THE BLEACHERS



### WOODEN TONGUE WATCH

Style isn't simply about what you wear; it's also a matter of how you talk. By order of *GQ*, never allow the following past your lips:

#### 1 Off the grid

You're not Jason Bourne, your BlackBerry just doesn't get great signal in the Dordogne.

#### 2 At this moment in time

As opposed to, what, a

moment before the big bang?

#### 3 Super (as in 'super fun!')

Only acceptable among native German speakers.

#### 4 Invite

Any party worth going to will call it, correctly, an "invitation".

#### 5 Said no one ever

Said every teenage girl ever.

#### 6 Very unique

Think about it...

#### 7 Curate

Sorry, but all you're doing is simply "choosing things". c8

OF course you know Jack Antonoff (*left*): he's one third of the band Fun, the boyfriend of Lena Dunham and co-writer of Taylor Swift's *1989* (OK, we'll forgive you for not clocking that last one). Ahead of *Strange Desires*, the debut album from his new outfit, Bleachers, a conversation...

**You worked with Yoko Ono on the record. Any stories?** "When she first came in, she went right into the booth and just started screaming at the top of her lungs. She blew all the compressors on the recording equipment. After that she was talking, singing and making animal noises."

**The track "Like A River Runs" is about your sister, who died when you were 18. How did that affect you?** "It made me feel like I missed out on being younger. When you're 18 years old, you go to university and anything is possible. You're not meant to be preoccupied with life matters, yet I ended up being really preoccupied with death and the concept of mortality."



**You started taking acid around then – what happened?** "I took acid two years after my sister died. I wasn't dealing with it very well so I turned to drugs, and it just unravelled everything for me. It made me feel like my life was going to end. I felt totally disassociated, like I wasn't in my body and I wasn't alive. It was terrifying. I think that some people just shouldn't take hallucinogens: it's a very specific thing, and I shouldn't have done them."

**Did Lena have much input on the record?** "I would come home every night and play her the music I'd just recorded, and her reaction would be the first one I'd see. It showed me which emotions my music was hitting."

**How is it watching sex scenes in Girls?** "It's just work – otherwise we wouldn't be able to do our art in an honest way. That's one nice thing about being in a relationship with Lena: I can say anything I want in a song, and she can do anything she wants in a scene." Will Grice  
*Strange Desire* is out on 6 July.

### BRING YOUR 'A' GAME

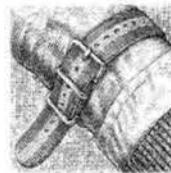
NO 8

#### FASTEN A NATO WATCH STRAP

There are many ways to secure a canvas strap – which is right for you?



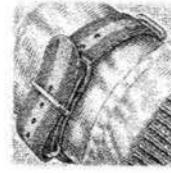
1 First things first: is the timepiece attached to the strap properly?



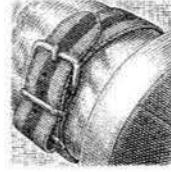
2 Do it up as far as the above.



3 If the strap is thick and the fastening rings close together, deploy the traditional "quick release" style favoured by the British military.



4 Slimmer or longer straps can come undone with the above. Instead take the strap over the furthest ring then under the closer one.



5 If your watch is really valuable, you may want to go into lockdown. Follow step four then tuck the end back through the buckle and work the pin in, too.

## LAST ACTION HEROES

Three Eighties movie stars face off this month, but which ageing icon will own the summer?

### THE FILM STARS



#### 1 ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

*Terminator Genysis*  
(3 July)

**Strengths:** Killing people; one-liners

**Weaknesses:** Dramatic range; has the heart of a pig (rumoured)

**Unfortunate middle name:** Alois

**Newsworthy injuries:** Heart valve replacement surgery (see above); broke six ribs in a motorbike crash

**Time elapsed since career high:** 24 years  
(*Terminator 2*)

**Height issues:** Official 6ft 2in stature has been repeatedly questioned

**Total box office\*:** \$3.5 billion

**Career kill count\*\*:** 300+

**Chance of owning the summer:** Medium



#### 2 MICHAEL DOUGLAS

*Ant-Man*  
(17 July)

**Strengths:** Can actually act; rogueish charisma

**Weaknesses:** Can't play nice; long in the tooth

**Unfortunate middle name:** Kirk

**Newsworthy injuries:** Throat cancer from, he says, performing cunnilingus

**Time elapsed since career high:** 22 years  
(*Falling Down*)

**Height issues:** Comfortable in his own shoes – sans lifts

**Total box office\*:** \$2.3 billion

**Career kill count:** 20+

**Chance of owning the summer:** Medium-high



#### 3 TOM CRUISE

*Mission: Impossible – Rogue Nation*  
(30 July)

**Strengths:** Does his own stunts; megawatt grin

**Weaknesses:** Wife retention; "alternative" beliefs

**Unfortunate extra name:** Mapother

**Newsworthy injuries:** Swollen foot (from kicking a *Jack Reacher* co-star in the balls)

**Time elapsed since career high:** 16 years  
(*Magnolia*)

**Height issues:** "Now I can wear heels!" rejoiced ex-wife Nicole Kidman (5ft 1in)

**Total box office\*:** \$6.4 billion

**Career kill count\*\*:** 100+

**Chance of owning the summer:** High MG

\* As leading man, from the-numbers.com \*\* From moviebodycounts.com

# HERE COMES THE HOT SNAPPER

Meet Chiara Ferragni, the social-media star who has turned popularity into serious business – and become the party girl everyone wants to be seen with

INTERNET fame once seemed to happen in a parallel universe, but increasingly it's spilling over into our own. Exhibit A: Chiara Ferragni, the 28-year-old Italian fashion blogger behind [theblondesalad.com](http://theblondesalad.com), who has freed herself from your girlfriend's computer screen and broken into the world. Saw the coverage from the Met Gala? That was her in

all those pictures with Lorde and Kendall Jenner. It takes a lot to make the leap, though – in Ferragni's case, accumulating 3.8m Instagram followers and parlaying her blog into a £5m brand that has become a case study on Harvard Business School courses. When work is about living your life, it can get complicated – just ask her business partner, Riccardo

Pozzoli, who was once her boyfriend of six years – but it also enmeshes her with her audience. "I went to Marrakech lately," she says, "I was feeling a bit lost when suddenly two girls came towards me, telling me how much they appreciate my work." They all ended up hanging out together for the afternoon. Note to self... **CB**  
@chiaraferagni

ANOTHER  
FASHIONISTA  
TO FOLLOW ON  
INSTAGRAM:  
@BETHANYNOELM  
(AND NOT JUST FOR  
HER VIEWS ON  
FASHION...)



High roller:  
Millionaire fashion  
mogul Chiara  
Ferragni, pictured  
here in Los Angeles,  
built a brand on the  
back of her blog.



## MAN OF THE CLOTH

Where better than the eminently stylish Scarfes Bar to present the BFC/GQ Designer Menswear Fund award? This year's winner Patrick Grant of E. Tautz said, "I didn't expect it at all!" Anyone following his recent triumphs, however, would find it impossible to say the same.



CAROLINE RUSH, DYLAN JONES OBE & MASSIMILIANO POGLIANI  
INVITE YOU TO

THE 2015 WINNER ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE



TUESDAY 12TH MAY 2015  
SCARFES BAR, ROSEWOOD LONDON  
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON WC1V 7EN





## INSIDER DEALINGS

Lessons from Roberto Saviano's coke-trade exposé

FOLLOWING the Italian journalist Roberto Saviano's publication of *Gomorrah*, his investigation into the Neopolitan mafia, the threats from the "godfathers" were so severe that he still has to live with 24-hour police protection. Clearly, though, he hasn't been cowed. His latest, *Zero Zero Zero*, goes inside the global cocaine trade, drawing on law-enforcement sources to tell the story of the Latin American cartels through real characters and events. Here are five things we learned...

THE MODERN WAY TO SMUGGLE...



...IS A £1.5M SUBMARINE

**In Mexico, gang recruitment has got creative.** The Los Zetas criminal syndicate started taking tips from reality TV. One day in San Fernando, they stopped a number of buses on Highway 101 and made the passengers fight each other to the death armed with clubs and knives. Survivors were given a place in Los Zetas. In 2011, a mass grave was found containing 193 people who died in the battle.

**Narco dollars can prop up economies.** During the last downturn, drug money proved vital. In December 2009, Antonio Maria Costa, head of the UN's Office On Drugs And Crime, said that criminal earnings were the only liquid capital preventing certain banks from failing.

**Swallowing capsules? How last decade.** The hot craze in smuggling is liquid cocaine. Half a kilo can be dissolved in a litre of water, so it can travel in toiletries, drinks, or – in one case – soaked into deep-sea diving diplomas.

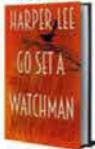
### The female of the species...

One of the most feared Colombian traffickers was Griselda, "the Cocaine Godmother". Her private army would slit victims' throats and hang the bodies upside down to drain them so they were easier to move. At one stage, she was responsible for the majority of murders in southern Florida. **You've got to look below the surface.** Forget aeroplanes: the

prestige mode of transport for smugglers is now submarines. Built in shipyards in the South American jungle, they cost up to £1.5m to make and can carry ten tons of cocaine. The latest can travel from central America to California with ease. To date, only three have been captured. *Zero Zero Zero* by Roberto Saviano (Allen Lane, £20) is out now.

### PREFER SOME FICTION?

1



**GO SET A WATCHMAN**  
Harper Lee  
This sequel (of sorts) to *To Kill A Mockingbird* is perhaps the most significant literary discovery of the century. *William Heinemann, £14.99. Out on 14 July.*

2



**WEST OF SUNSET**  
Stewart O'Nan  
A fictionalised account of F Scott Fitzgerald in his final years, trying to make ends meet as Hollywood booms. *Allen & Unwin, £14.99. Out on 2 July.*

3



**THE DUST THAT FALLS FROM DREAMS**  
Louis de Bernières  
Hyped as a return to form, it's the tale of an English family thrown into disarray by the First World War. *Harvill Secker, £12.99. Out on 2 July.*



TAKE a picture; it lasts longer. Even better, let **Instagram** do it for you. Here are the three **funniest** we've seen this month.

Follow us  
@britishgq @dylanjonesgq



• @BEIGECARDIGAN



• @JOEMANDE  
Niel Craig stars in FIANCE



• @EARLBOYKINS



BY HARRY COLE

Journalists have been keen to make an impression on the new MPs. **Welcome to Westminster**, where are you from?" said a hack to one Tory. The reply: "My name is Geoffrey Clifton Brown and I've been an MP for 23 years."

In private the PM boasts he "set a new record for most selfies in one day" during the election. Not to be outdone, **Team Boris** claims the mayor took 154 in an afternoon. Given the world record is 1,449 in one hour, they both have some way to go.

Tory MP **David Morris** had lost so much weight when he returned to the Commons, that the PM and chancellor assumed he was unwell. Turns out he'd just been door knocking like mad pre-election. In other words, doing his job. Fancy that!

Union baron **Len McCluskey**'s reputation as a Labour fixer is so toxic that when he visited parliament recently he had to be snuck in through the back entrance. "He went through the 'Murdoch door,'" quipped one Labour insider.



# LIFE IN THE RAW

A new fashion photography exhibition attempts to define the current state of this ever-shifting, provocative genre



VINCENT PETERS 2008

Laetitia Casta

"This image is from our first shoot," says Peters. "It was in an old hotel at Gare du Nord in Paris and it went way beyond midnight (some shoots are like interesting conversations that just go on). Is it reminiscent of Horst P Horst? Well, every photograph contains all the images you have ever seen, all the books you have read, all the women you have met. That 125th of a second tells your life story."

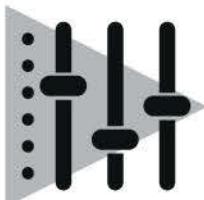
MARIO TESTINO 2005

Kate Moss

"I met Kate very early on," Testino has said of his long-standing muse. "After her first Galliano show I found her crying: she was disappointed she had only been given one outfit to model. I told her: 'In life there are perfumes and colognes. You need lots of cologne as the scent fades; with a perfume you just use a drop and it lasts all night. You are a perfume, you will go on and on.'"

QUESTION: what is a fashion photograph? The answer depends on the era. Rewind 100 years and it was an emblem of Western exceptionalism; ten years later it was an exercise in surrealism; in the Sixties it became a platform for feminism. So to what "ism" does it pertain today? London's Opera Gallery exhibition *Raw Footage* reveals the ways in which it has morphed into a looking glass for itself – asserting conventions of beauty but admitting they're fantasy – across greats such as Vincent Peters and Mario Testino. Postmodernism, then? Probably. Though we'd wager you can also enjoy what's on show without any such philosophising. CB

Until 18 July. 134 New Bond Street, London W1. [operagallery.com](http://operagallery.com)



GQ  
BAND  
O-MATIC

Do something  
different this month;  
tune into these  
new sounds...



Into  
TINARIWEN?  
Try  
OMAR SOULEYMAN

Syria could do with some good press, and this funkster is winning it well beyond his homeland. *Bahdeni Nami* is out on 27 July.



Into  
THE KNIFE?  
Try  
MAS YSA

If it seems like every month someone puts out a debut record full of big electronic ballads – that's because someone does. This time it's Thomas Arsenault aka Mas Ysa. And it's good. *Seraph* is out 24 July.



Into  
BASTILLE?  
Try  
YEARS & YEARS

The London-based trio finally release their first album: a snappy, spring-heeled piece of synth pop. *Communion* is out on 10 July.



Into  
JACK WHITE?  
Try  
WHITE REAPER

The Kentucky beatniks are a-spittin' and a-snarlin' throughout their second effort. Play it loud. *White Reaper Does It Again* is out on 17 July.



Into  
REAL ESTATE?  
Try  
DUCKTAILS

One part of surf rockers Real Estate goes it alone with a record that's perfectly suited to soundtracking your next barbecue. *Joe Daniels* is out on 24 July.

THE  
STYLE  
MANUAL

## PREP UP

Never given the state of your feet a second's thought? Everyone else has. We asked Georgia Hosny, of Aveda Lifestyle Salon And Spa in London's Covent Garden, for her advice...

## NO SWEAT

"Exfoliate the feet every few days with a salt scrub - mix Aveda Stress-Fix Soaking Salts (£37) with a body wash - to reduce odour. After you've showered always use a foot cream, too."

**GQ recommends:** CO Bigelow Mentha Tingling Foot Cream (£16).

## SMOOTH MOVES

"At night use a nourishing oil, which will help to give hydration to heat-parched skin."

**GQ recommends:** Aveda Men Pure-Performance Composition Oil (£22).

## NAIL IT

"A good tip is to run a cotton bud underneath the nail to help remove dirt and bacteria. Finally, use a nail file to remove any jagged edges."

**GQ recommends:** Ben Cohen Toenail Clipper (£12.50).

## 1

TROUSERS:  
THE FIT

WHEN SANS SOCK, TROUSER HEMS SHOULD SIT IN A LITTLE CLOSER - YOU SHOULD ONLY BE ABLE TO PULL AN INCH OF MATERIAL AWAY FROM YOUR LEG. FOR JEANS, THIS MEANS A SLIM-FITTING CUT. FOR SMART TROUSERS, YOU MAY HAVE TO GET THE LEG TAPERED IN.



Liners of duty:  
Low-cut shoe liners will wick away sweat and minimise the chance of blisters

GOING SOCKLESS  
WITH SHOES

The trick is actually to not go sockless at all - it's about investing in shoe liners that merely give the appearance of a bare foot. Low-cut and kept in place by rubber grips, they will not only wick away sweat, but also help stop your nails ripping up the lining of your shoes.

## GQ TIP

We buy our shoe liners from Falke (£9, pictured)

If you're wearing smarter shoes and need extra cushioning, it's worth investing in leather insoles. These won't absorb moisture and/or odours. Russell & Bromley make some of the best around (£6).

## 2

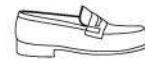
TROUSERS:  
THE LEG

FOR CASUAL STRIDES, TWO HEM ROLLS WILL EXPOSE THE OPTIMUM AMOUNT OF ANKLE (SO THE TURN-UP JUST HITS THE BONE). FOR SMARTER TROUSERS, HAVE THEM TRIMMED TO THE RIGHT HEIGHT.

## CAN I DE-SOCK?

From loafers to lace-ups, a taxonomy of everyday footwear by ankle-appropriateness

## GO AHEAD!



Loafers



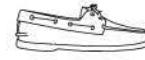
Brown double monk-straps (leave the top strap undone)



Brown or tan lace-ups



Car shoes



Deck shoes



Trainers



Skate shoes

## NO WAY!



Black tie slippers



Single monk-straps



Black lace-ups



Dark brown lace-ups or any shoe you're planning on wearing in the office

## NO SOCKS? NO SWEAT!

Add some sprezz to your summer wardrobe by exhibiting your ankles. Here's an everything guide to doing it right...

## THE ONLY SANDAL YOU NEED THIS SUMMER

This season's big sandal shape is the pool slider - specifically in chic, sleek black. We suggest you slip into one of our five favourite pairs immediately (and please, for the love of god, leave the white gym socks in the drawer)...



Mr Hare, £250.  
mrhare.com



Hunter, £55.  
hunterboots.com



Topman, £16.  
topman.com



Adidas Originals, £30. At JD Sports. jdsports.com



River Island, £8.  
riverisland.com



## TURNING TABLES

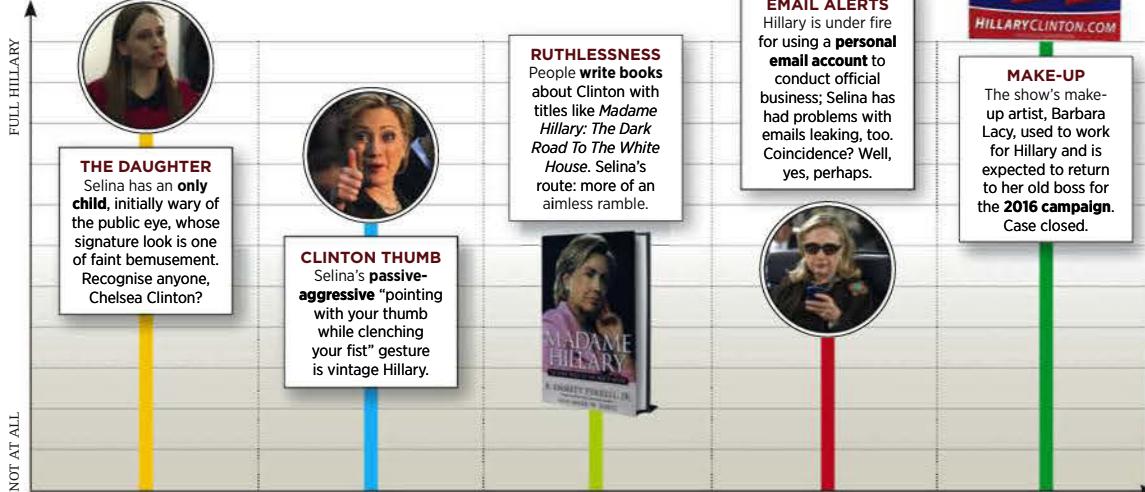
How did an Italian design firm reinvent one of the world's most ubiquitous games? You're unlikely to find the answer at your local watering hole...

THINK you've seen this kind of thing before? So did we. Unlike many Apple-esque reimaginings of pool tables though (and, yes, there are many), the T1 by Mark Sadler for Teckell actually represents some innovation: rather than a cloth, its crystal surface (available in 24 colours or simply transparent) mimics the friction of a trad playing area so you can ping 'em about on top of the glass. And for what it's worth we quite agree: your basement would work *brilliantly* as a games room. **CB £29,000.** [teckell.com](http://teckell.com)

**Breaking point:**  
The Teckell T1 is available with a transparent top or in one of 24 different colours

## AN ASIDE ABOUT VEEP

When *Veep*'s Selina Meyer (Julia Louis-Dreyfus) was elevated from VP to POTUS last season, the question became this: is she meant to be Hillary? *Veep* returns to Sky Atlantic on 15 July.





Elegance is an attitude

  
Simon Baker

**LONGINES**  




Conquest Classic Moonphase



Lisa Dwan



Justin Albert



Sarfraz Manzoor



Carrie and Matthew Hobbs



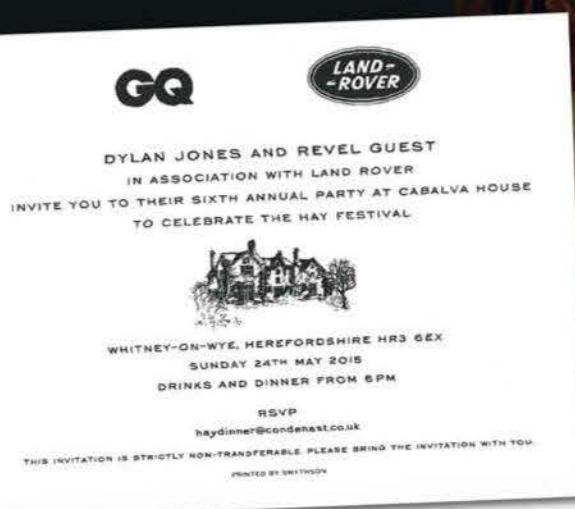
## LET'S HIT THE HAY!

It takes a certain clout to attract a starry crowd from as far afield as the Welsh countryside, but so it is with the Hay Festival. Now in its 27th year, the annual literary get-together in Hay-on-Wye keeps going from strength to strength. The highlights of 2015's event – where to begin? Letters Live in which Jude Law and Stephen Fry gave readings from correspondence deserving of a larger audience; Steve Cole, too, who read from his Bond novel *Shoot To Kill*; and, of course, Bear Grylls on his grandfather's wartime exploits. Our party, hosted with Revel Guest and Land Rover, brought together the people who defined this year's festival and made it so memorable. Here's to them!

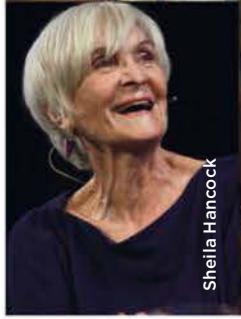
Cook the books:  
Hay Festival guests  
take their seats  
for the GQ and  
Land Rover dinner  
at Cabalva House,  
Whitney-on-Wye,  
24 May 2015



Photographs James Mason, Rex









**Gryll talk:**  
Bear Grylls, Jude Law and James Bond novelist Steve Cole led the field with readings at the 27th Hay Festival



Lily Silvertson and Adam Barratt



Ben and Emma Sutton



Paul McGuinness and Kathy Gilfilian



Sharleen Spiteri

THE MAN  
ON THE RIGHT HAS

**RUN**

**26.2 MILES**  
**IN 2 HOURS AND 3 MINUTES.**

**HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?**

...the answer is that he is one of the Kenyan supermen who turn distance running into a fine art. GQ visits the Rift Valley to (try to) keep up with Geoffrey Mutai and learn how he makes marathons seem mystical

STORY BY **ED CAESAR**

PHOTOGRAPH BY **STEVE NEAVES**

Going the distance:  
Kenyan athlete  
Geoffrey Mutai  
photographed for  
British GQ by  
Steve Neaves,  
23 April 2015



# W

When you're 6ft 5in, and you weigh 17st, and you write for a living, and your personal best for the marathon is more than four hours, and your right knee creaks, and the fastest marathoner of all time asks you to accompany him on his evening run, and the undulating route he's suggested starts at 2,600m of altitude, certain things go through your mind. First among them is how close is the nearest hospital? Answer: not close. The village of Kapngetuny, which is home to a training camp for around 60 professional distance runners, sits in the lush highlands to the west of the escarpment of the Rift Valley in Kenya, 20 minutes' drive to the nearest tarmac road. If your heart stops beating there, it is likely to stay stopped.

But what was I going to do? Say no? The plan was hatched – somewhat casually, I thought – on the afternoon of Tuesday 4 March 2014. It was the penultimate day of my last reporting trip to Kenya for my book, *Two Hours* – a story about the greatest runners on earth, and the possibility of one day running the first sub-two-hour marathon. I'd been working on *Two Hours* since 2011 and had known Geoffrey Kiprono Mutai, the central character in the book, and at that moment the swiftest marathoner on earth, for about two years. We'd become close. I'd not only watched him compete at races in London, Berlin and New York, but I'd eaten with him, drunk his tea, laughed and commiserated with him, and met his cousins and grandparents and colleagues and daughters. I'd listened to stories from his troubled past and his earnest hopes for the future. In that time, Geoffrey (who pronounces his name Joffrey) never called me Ed. He preferred to use the nickname the local kids teased me with: Muzungu Mkubwa. It means "big white man". Often, Geoffrey shortened the name to Mkubwa: Big One. I was in his phone contacts under "M".

On previous trips to Kenya, I'd run with other professional marathoners: international-level athletes with personal bests of two hours and eight minutes, two hours and ten minutes. They'd humoured me by jogging as slowly as they could while still maintaining forward momentum and we'd only run for about half an hour each time, but still the experience had left me gasping and humiliated. (On one scarring occasion, a friend called Elias suggested

that he should have brought a cup of tea and the newspaper to pass the time.) But the point was, I'd got through it. Running with Mutai shouldn't have been any different. Yes, his personal best was a whisper over two hours and *three* minutes. Yes, he'd redefined his sport. But to someone who runs marathons at four-hour pace, there's really no difference running with a 2:08 guy or a 2:03 guy. They're both roughly twice as fast as you.

Somehow, however, Mutai was a wholly different proposition, and when he said, "Maybe I come with you tonight?" I felt an odd kind of full-body spasm. There is a distinct psychological freight to performing a sport with the person who is, or has been, the best in the world. It's like climbing into the ring with Tyson; playing tennis with Federer; shooting hoops with Jordan. On the streets of the world's greatest cities, I'd watched Mutai's tiny, birdlike frame fly over the tarmac, three steps a second. I'd seen him destroy world-class opponents – his high forehead bowed and his nostrils flared, and the headwind rippling his shorts. I was intimidated by his prowess. And, while I knew he'd take it easy on me, I also knew that there was no such thing as an easy run for Geoffrey Mutai. Running was not just something he did for a living: it was the way he breathed.

He told me we would meet at 5pm. There would be nobody else coming on the run: just me and him.

**Kenya is home to the greatest distance** runners on earth. In particular, Kenyans utterly dominate the marathon. (In 2014, for instance, all but one of the six so-called World Marathon Majors – in Tokyo, Boston, London, Berlin, Chicago and New York – were won by a Kenyan. When Meb Keflezighi, an American, won the Boston Marathon, it shocked the sport.) I had spent a long time trying to understand why the Kenyans were so good. In particular, I'd wanted to understand why one tribe of Kenyans, the Kalenjin, were so much better than their compatriots. How could it be that the Kalenjins, a group of five million who account for only 0.07 per cent of the world's population, win almost all major marathons?

**Running was not something Mutai did for a living; IT WAS THE WAY HE BREATHED**

The answers to that question were complicated – and to tell the whole story would take another book in itself. In short, Kalenjin dominance in distance running boiled down to a winning combination of nature and nurture. To start with, many Kalenjins look like they should be good at marathons. They're thin, and they are particularly slender below the knee, which means they carry less "distal weight" – or weight that is further down the leg – than runners from other parts of the world. Those light calves mean that for every step a Kalenjin takes, he expends less energy than a Swedish or Japanese or Bolivian runner. They also eat sparingly, but nutritiously. They grow up walking and running to school, so their feet are strong and springy. Their homelands sit above 2,000m of altitude, so their lungs process oxygen much more efficiently.

The reasons behind Kenyan dominance of distance running grip sports scientists. For them, the Kalenjin lands on the western edge of the Rift Valley are the ultimate laboratory. Because if you can understand why the Kalenjin are so good, then you might be able to understand many other things about how the human body works – about genes, and lifestyles, and what "talent" really means. But whatever physiological explanations the sports scientists arrive at, none are as compelling as these two simple facts: Kalenjins believe they are good at running, and running is seen as their most efficient route out of poverty. Because of this desire and belief, thousands of Kalenjins try to become athletes. That very few ever make it as professionals is not a deterrent. Land in Kalenjin country is cheap, and a poor Kenyan can change his life by winning \$10,000 or \$15,000 at a little-known marathon. The prizes and appearance money at the Majors, meanwhile, are enough to turn the best runners into local potentates. At his peak, Mutai's appearance fees alone were as much as \$200,000 per race.

During the course of reporting *Two Hours*, however, another question became equally pressing. Why were some Kalenjins so much better than the others? In a place that produces more world-class marathoners than any other, a few runners stood out: serial marathon winners, world-record breakers, pioneers. What was their secret? What made Mutai special? Understanding more about genetics would not provide the answers I needed.

Most Kenyan marathoners are huge fun to be around. Despite a shared and seemingly pathological inability to arrive anywhere on time, the majority are affable, hospitable and blessed with an easy-going spirit. When I first met Geoffrey Mutai, shortly after he had failed to finish the 2012 Boston Marathon having suffered with stomach cramps, I sensed that he was different. He seemed to have more depth than other runners I had met. He was unusually driven, unusually open-hearted, unusually ➤

2:04:14  
TIMEX®

BMW  
BERLIN  
MARATHON



On the run (clockwise from top left): Geoffrey Mutai (left) crosses the finish line to win the 38th Berlin Marathon, 20 September 2012; in New York, October 2014; winning the Boston Marathon, 18 April 2011; alongside GQ's Ed Caesar in Kapngetuny, Kenya, March 2014; en route to gold at the New York City Marathon, 6 November 2011



MARATHON MAN

Kenyans dominate the marathon, but the KALENJIN TRIBE are even better than their compatriots



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Jeep. with

EXPO  
MILANO 2015

Model shown is a new Jeep Grand Cherokee 3.0 litre V6 Summit. OFFICIAL FUEL CONSUMPTION FIGURES FOR THE NEW 2014 JEEP® GRAND CHEROKEE DIESEL RANGE IN MPG (L/100KM): EXTRA URBAN 43.5 (6.5), URBAN 30.4 (9.3), COMBINED 37.7 (7.5), CO<sub>2</sub> EMISSIONS: 198 G/KM. Fuel consumption and CO<sub>2</sub> figures are obtained for comparative purposes in accordance with EC directives/regulations and may not be representative of real-life driving conditions. Factors such as driving style, weather and road conditions may also have a significant effect on fuel consumption. \*Claim relates to the Jeep Grand Cherokee nameplate over its lifetime. \*\*Promotion available on Grand Cherokee models registered by 30th September 2015. 0% APR Representative Hire Purchase available for a 3-year term with a minimum deposit of 10% required. Finance subject to status. Guarantees may be required. Terms and Conditions apply. Jeep Financial Services, PO Box 4465, Slough, SL1 0RW. ^Excludes Laredo model. Specifications are correct at time of going to press (06/15). Please visit [jeep.co.uk](http://jeep.co.uk) for latest information. Jeep® is a registered trademark of FCA US LLC.

reflective – and unusually punctual. I needed to know more. I didn't want to write a book telling the story of the greatest marathon runners on earth from my own perspective: a hippo among gazelles. Rather, I wanted to vanish from the narrative and allow the readers to see the world through one great runner's eyes. I wanted an African hero. I needed Geoffrey Mutai. Eventually, he let me in.

I arrived at Mutai's door on time for our run together, at 5pm. He was wearing several layers of clothes. I was wearing my thinnest T-shirt and shorts. Despite its equatorial location, it gets cold in the evening in Kapngetuny. Mutai had calculated – correctly – that he wouldn't warm up much on our run together and he didn't want to catch a chill. I had calculated – also correctly – that my heart and lungs would be motoring and that my body would become a furnace. I didn't want to melt.

The area around Kapngetuny is known as Skyline. The local athletes call it Skyland. It's a beautiful place to run. It's remote and there are miles of undulating, tree-lined, dirt-red tracks all around. There is no coach. The strongest athletes, led by Mutai, organise programmes and training schedules for the whole group. On a couple of occasions, I had followed Mutai's runners on a motorbike as they undertook their hardest session: "speedwork".

At one savage session I witnessed, five dozen athletes began with a 20-minute warm-up, up and over hills, gradually increasing in pace. About ten minutes in, the group passed a farm labourer on his way to work. The man was about 50 years old, with a lean figure, a beard and a soul patch. He was wearing a tattered auburn suit with black office shoes missing their laces. Glad of the company, he ran more than a mile with Mutai's group before dropping out. Nobody mentioned his presence, either during the training session or afterwards. It seemed utterly unremarkable that a middle-aged working man could keep pace with some of the world's greatest athletes. After 20 minutes' jogging, the session began in earnest. The plan was to run 18 sprints of two minutes each with a minute of slow jogging in between. Including the warm-up, the athletes would cover more than 13 miles in total: up and down hills, at altitude.

As a senior athlete, Mutai took his leadership role seriously. (He had, for instance, learned sign language to communicate with the two deaf runners in his group.) As the workout gained momentum, he took his place at the head of the pack, ensuring that the sprints were fast enough for his liking. It was thrilling to watch. Sometimes Mutai and the strongest men would sprint so fast that they overtook the 50cc motorcycle I was riding. As the session wore on, large gaps appeared in the group. Some athletes stopped altogether. Some hung on, further back. A group of around eight

athletes managed to complete the session at the fastest pace. Some of the survivors were already winners at marathons like Tokyo and Paris. One of them, Dennis Kimetto – nicknamed "Mwafrica", or "The African", by his fellow runners on account of his coal-black skin – is now the world-record holder.

I had all this and much more in my mind as Mutai and I set off up a gently inclining hill, out of the village of Kapngetuny. Mutai had suggested we run for "about 35" minutes. He reckoned I could handle that. Within about two minutes I felt as if I had been punched in the chest. I looked across at Mutai. He was hardly moving. Whatever he was doing, you wouldn't have called it running. It was a kind of stylised walk, exaggerated yet cautious – like a man in new shoes stepping through a field full of cowpats. I have a clear memory of that moment, because it prompted an ancillary thought: is that what I look like? (In retrospect, I imagine I looked like a man running an ultramarathon on a treadmill in a sauna.)

I redoubled my effort, determined to somehow make it to the end of the run. Mutai, who realised that I was in no position to talk, passed the time by alternately offering words of encouragement to me and swatting away the many shoeless children who had come to watch the strange show. As is the custom any time a white person travels through rural Kenya, the kids ran by the side of the road with bright smiles on their faces, shouting, "Muzungu, muzungu, how are you?" (The question stung in the circumstances.) Mutai took it upon himself to answer on my behalf, with the customary response: "Fine, fine." I did not feel fine, but – struggling to breathe – I could have kissed Mutai for speaking on my behalf.

**It's possible that when I started research for the book I may not have felt so intimidated by running with Mutai as I did on that cool, sunny evening in March last year. But during the course of reporting, I'd come to understand the extraordinary obstacles he had overcome to even become a professional, let alone to become one of the best of all time. He had given everything to run.**

**Sport was Mutai's release valve. There was, he told me, 'SOMETHING IN MY BLOOD to run'**

Mutai was born in 1981 in a hut without electricity in the village of Equator, which sits a mile or so south of the actual equator line, in a spot even more altitudinous than Kapngetuny. He was the eldest of eleven children. During his childhood, his father was often unemployed and his family struggled. There were times in Geoffrey's adolescence when there was nowhere for him to sleep at his parents' house. There were times when his father beat him. There was a period in which Geoffrey drank too much and found himself waking up with hangovers in strange places, wondering how he got there. There were weekends when Geoffrey broke rocks to pay for his siblings' school uniforms.

Sport was his release valve. There was, he told me, "something in my blood to run". He remembers watching the Olympics on a bar-room television and physically breaking out in sweats. "It was like, 'I can feel I can fly,'" he remembers. However, for a long time after he left school, a career in athletics seemed beyond him. When he competed in local races he did well. But when he was selected for the Kenyan team for the World Junior Championships in 2002, he could not travel abroad because he had no birth certificate. Then he injured his leg. At the age of 24, he had hardly progressed at all towards his ambition. He took a job for Kenya Power, cutting down trees. When his six-month contract expired, his family begged him to come home. He gently defied his family and attached himself to a training group to see, finally, if he could make it as a runner. That was when he arrived in Kapngetuny.

There is no union in marathon running, and young Kenyan athletes with potential are not supported in the way a promising young European or American athlete might be. In Mutai's first two years in the training camp, he was broke and sometimes hungry. At weekends, he sometimes walked 20 miles to and from his grandparents' village, even in rainy season when the mud was thigh-high. Eventually, his training started to improve. Soon, he could keep pace with the strongest men in the group. When he came second in a local marathon, a Dutch manager named Gerard van de Veen spotted him. He was signed to a contract the next day. Van de Veen knew that Mutai's home was in a hilly place, so he booked him to run the most undulating course he could think of: the Monaco Marathon. In March 2008, Mutai murdered the field there and won a first prize of €4,000. His life as a professional athlete had begun.

Two years later, after some astonishing performances – including a win at the Eindhoven Marathon in which he burnt his rivals by clocking the fastest final 7km of all time – Mutai was competing with the best in the world. But in 2010, he was beaten into second place twice by the soon-to-be world-record holder Patrick Makau in Rotterdam and Berlin. Those losses (

prompted a period of deep reflection for him. He had finished both races with energy to spare. Why hadn't he used it? It seemed that he had been hypnotised by his opponent into running a race that suited him. He resolved to be more aggressive earlier in races, and tailored his training programme to that end. He needed, in his own words, to "be brave".

The next year, with his new mantra, he would transform the sport. The best marathoners in the world run only two marathons a year – one in the spring and one in the autumn. In April 2011, Mutai travelled to Boston, the oldest continuously contested marathon in the world and a notoriously difficult, hilly course. He won the race in 2:03:02, after a fierce battle with the talented but mercurial Moses "Big Engine" Mosop. Mutai's run was the fastest marathon of all time and a course record by nearly three minutes. However, the performance did not count as a world record, because Boston – a straight-line course – does not adhere to the IAAF's rules about marathon records, which states they must be run on a looped course. Also, there was a strong tailwind that day.

Whatever the officials said, many observers were profoundly shocked by Mutai's run in Boston. Bill Rodgers, a four-time Boston winner himself and one of the greatest runners of all time, told me he thought the clocks were broken. Mutai was proud of what he had achieved and hurt by the suggestion that his win there had somehow been a fluke. In many ways, the rest of his career has been an attempt to redress what he believes is an injustice – that his 2:03:02 was not eligible for a world record. He took those stirring resentments to New York, seven months later. The New York Marathon is tough and slow, with hills, bridges and often difficult weather. Mutai's anger propelled him to another astonishing performance. He crushed the New York course, again by nearly three minutes. Only four men before him had ever won Boston and New York in the same year. None of those champions had ever broken course records in both marathons. Toni Reavis, who was commentating on the race for American television, said Mutai's run in New York had silenced the chatter around Boston. Using his feet to talk, the Kenyan had told the world: "Kids, that was real. And here's proof."

**Somewhere in the Skyland hills, my** discomfort abated, or became less apparent. I didn't know how long we'd been going. I zoned out for a little while. I started noticing things that were not connected to the fact of us running: evening sunlight on high trees; the static, doleful cows; orange dust on my fish-wet forearms. The jog hadn't suddenly become easier, but it had become a little less unnatural.

In our time together, I had wanted to know how it felt when Mutai ran at his quickest. There had been several times in his career when he had run sections of marathons (and

## Mutai says the experience of RUNNING AT HIS BEST is something like pure happiness

in one case, a whole marathon) faster than anybody had ever done in the history of the sport. Did he feel something like I felt now? A curious mixture of exertion and lightness? Or was it a wholly alien sensation that I could never understand? Did it contain pain? Joy? Was it memorable or forgettable?

Mutai says the experience of running at his best is something like pure happiness. Psychologists talk about a Zen-like state of instinctual action in which the greatest sporting performances are attained. They call it "flow". Mutai has his own term: the Spirit. The way he understands it, the brutality of his training regime – 125 fierce miles a week; uphill, downhill, at altitude – is endured to attain this sensation. Thousands of hours of suffering for those minutes of sweetness. The harder you train, he said, the more you get the Spirit. It *gains* on you. Mutai said he experienced the Spirit most when he had broken away from a pack of runners and was alone, at the front of the field, approaching glory. And those moments didn't happen often.

Four months before our jog together, I had watched Mutai in Spirit mode. It was in New York City, on 2 November 2013, in the closing stages of the marathon. The day had been horrible to run in. The elite field had battled against a freezing 20mph headwind for most of the course, scuppering whatever chance there might have been for a fast time. In these inclement conditions, Mutai had spent much of the early part of the race shielding himself from the wind at the back of a large group of runners. It was only when the race reached The Bronx, and the competitors turned south, with the wind behind, that Mutai kicked into a higher gear. Only one man withstood his attack, a powerfully built Kenyan runner named Stanley Biwott. These two led the race together, out of Harlem and down Fifth Avenue.

With four miles to go, Mutai realised he would need to attack again if he was going to shake Biwott. At 107th Street and Fifth, he pressed the accelerator once more. Mutai's head dipped and his nostrils flared – a characteristic look he refers to with a laugh as "now

business". The gap between him and Biwott opened like a torn shirt. In fact, as soon as the burst came, the younger athlete immediately turned his head to see who was behind him. Now Mutai was leading by an unassailable margin, heart racing, arms low and pumping. The Spirit coursed through him. "I didn't notice anyone," he would say after he had won the race, and looking at him, you could believe it.

**T**he village of Kapngetuny came into view. With the prospect of finishing our run, whatever lightness I had felt was now gone. I glanced at Mutai. He was lost in his own thoughts, looking straight ahead, still prancing in that walk-cum-jog that appeared much more uncomfortable for him than running. And then I noticed something. One solitary bead of sweat had formed on his forehead, and was now rolling down his face. To me, in my drenched and gasping state, that single orb of perspiration was like the Olympic gold medal. I was ecstatic and resolved to sprint into the village.

"Oh," said Geoffrey, the suggestion of a smile at the corner of his mouth, and his body barely reacting to my vast effort, "you are really pushing."

We finished the run and Mutai stopped his watch. I caught my breath. That last little spurt had really taken it out of me. Later that night, we would drive in Mutai's pick-up to his favourite barbecue joint: a ramshackle place in a one-donkey village called Torongo, with a flickering television in the corner and wooden benches and tables. It served the traditional *nyama choma* grilled beef with which Mutai occasionally rewarded himself. When we sat down, my legs ached and my stomach gurgled. I ate the best part of a cow.

Right now, still revelling in the glory of having completed a run with Mutai, I said – perhaps a little cockily – something like, "Not bad, I lasted 35 minutes!" Geoffrey looked at his watch. "No," he said. "33 minutes." There was no hint of humour in his voice. To you and me, two minutes' running would be neither here nor there. But to Mutai, those minutes mattered. Finish two minutes faster than the rest in a marathon, and you've broken the field. Finish two minutes slower and you've been broken. If Mutai could run 26 miles and 385 yards two minutes faster, nobody would be in any doubt as to his achievements. Even on a meaningless evening amble, he could not but take the measurement seriously. Those two minutes contained a life. ☺



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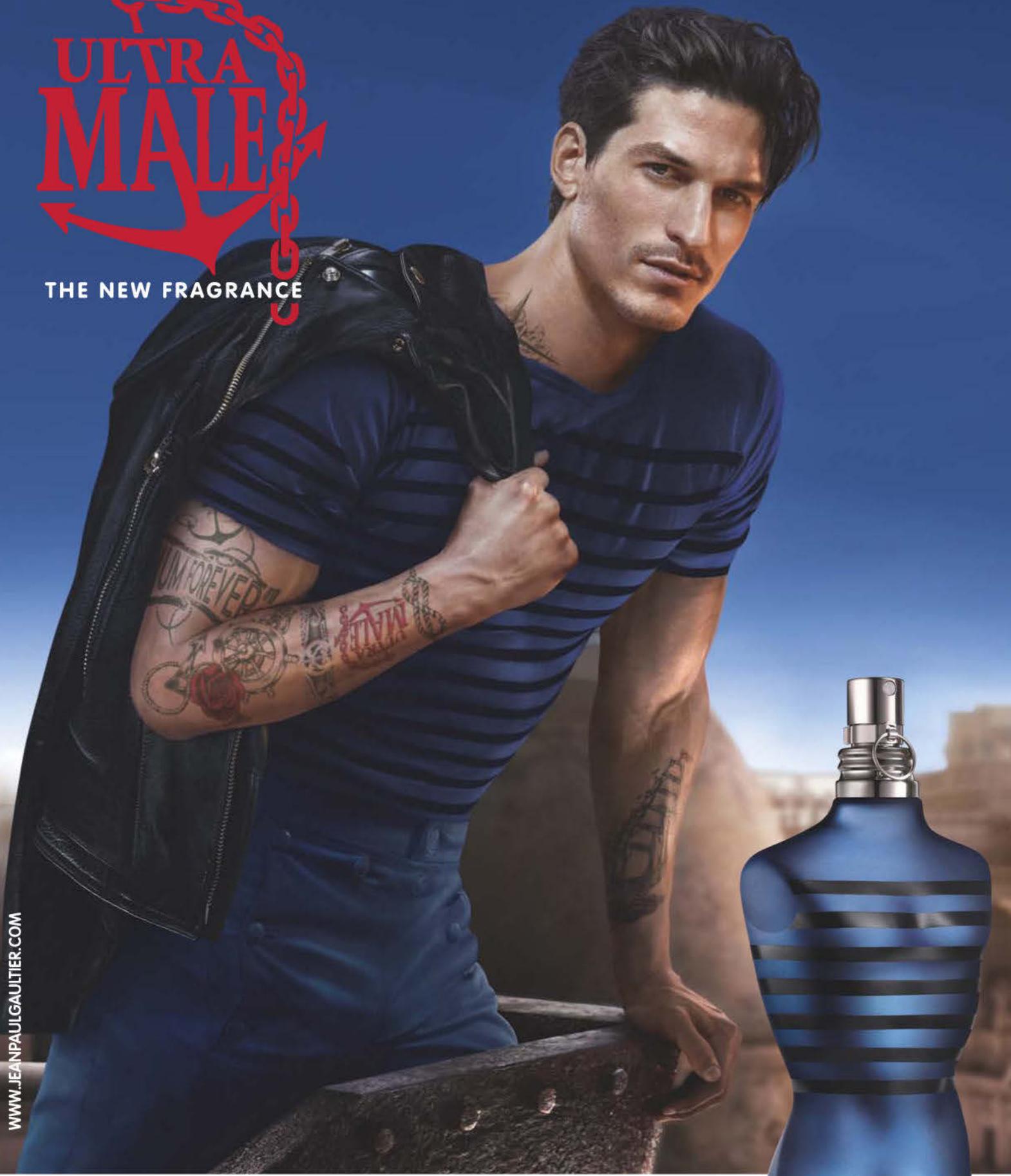
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# TONY PARSONS

## YOU DON'T GROW OUT OF FRANK SINATRA

For most men, Ol' Blue Eyes' tunes are the first we know. Then decades turn and so do his records, stories spun from greatness and grief, lessons on life and loss. And even now, a century since Sinatra's birth, we've all still got him under our skin

**T**he soundtrack of your youth and young manhood will slip away with passing time, like some half-remembered ex-girlfriend. You wake up one day and wonder what you ever saw in Oasis or Tupac Shakur, Springsteen or Frankie Knuckles, Britpop or hip-hop, acid house or punk. The music you loved will in the end make you cringe. But Sinatra will still be there. Sinatra will always remain.

Because, after Elvis, popular music concerned itself almost totally with the agony and ecstasy of being young: and this is true if you took your drugs in Ibiza or Soho; and it is true if you frolicked in a festival yurt or derelict warehouse; and it is true whether you were a kid in the Sixties or the Nineties. Young music gets old. Young music gets very old. But Frank Sinatra is timeless.

This year is Frank Sinatra's centenary and, as we approach the 100th anniversary of his birth on 12 December, we will hear a lot about his life – Ava Gardner and the Rat Pack, Lauren Bacall and nightclub brawls, Marilyn Monroe and his connections to presidents and wise guys. None of it will come even close to explaining why we still listen to Sinatra. Nor why we still care.

Sinatra does more than predate rock'n'roll – he comes from a different culture. Born just 20 years before Elvis, Sinatra was untouched by the culture that dominated the second half of the 20th century. "I don't usually hang with men who wear earrings," he told U2's Bono. Frank Sinatra and men in earrings – you can see why they wouldn't mix. Sinatra is the head boy of the old school.

**It is Bono who has come closest to defining the** appeal of Sinatra to the generations who did not buy his music the first time round but who might possibly have been conceived to it.

Bono and Sinatra recorded a version of "I've Got You Under My Skin" on Frank's 1993 *Duets* album – a huge commercial success that teamed Sinatra with a string of contemporary vocalists. A year later, when Bono presented Sinatra with a lifetime achievement award at the Grammys, he tried to explain why even men in earrings and leather trousers love Sinatra.

"Rock'n'roll people love Frank Sinatra because Frank has got what we want," said Bono. "Swagger and attitude. He's big on attitude. Serious attitude, bad attitude.

The big bang of pop. The champ who would rather show you his scars than his medals."

It was a wise, loving speech, but it also showed how impossible it is to separate the singer and the song. The cover of that *Duets* album depicts Sinatra in his prime – a painting of a young man in a snap-brim fedora and sharp suit swinging at the mic, the Sinatra of his great artistic flowering of the Fifties. But by the early Nineties the reality was different. Sinatra was in his late seventies by the time Bono was hanging in his house in Palm Springs, Bono gazing out at the endless desert and Sinatra looking askance at Bono's earring, their talk of Miles Davis' music and Sinatra's painting. I saw Sinatra on stage around this time and he was singing from an autocue. It was a shocking moment. Because words mattered to Sinatra. Before every song I ever saw him sing live, Sinatra namechecked the writers – Sammy Cahn, Cole Porter, Johnny Mercer and the rest. And now he needed an autocue to remember the lyrics.

Or maybe he didn't, I thought, refusing to accept the ravages of time on this man I loved. Perhaps he still remembered every word of "One For My Baby (And One For The Road)" and "Come Fly With Me" and "Night And Day" and "The Way You Look Tonight" and "The Lady Is A Tramp", perhaps the words were still carved into his soul and the autocue was just there as a form of insurance. The truth is I don't know how badly Sinatra needed that autocue. I did not know then and I don't know now. But he was still great. Even that late in the 20th century, he was still Frank Sinatra and nobody else came close. He sang of love in all its forms. Winning and losing, joy and sorrow, anticipation and fulfilment, and the way she looked that night. And here was what separated Sinatra from Elvis and Eminem, Bill Haley and Biggie Smalls, from the music at Max Yasgur's farm at Woodstock and the Café del Mar in Ibiza.

Popular music marks what it means to be young. Sinatra sang about what it means to be alive.

**S**inatra knew. To him, the secrets of your soul were an open book. He knew because he had been there himself. He sang songs from experience. Writing of Sinatra in the *New York Times*, more than ten years after his death, Bono said, "Singers, more than other musicians, depend on (→

**Young music gets old – it gets very old – but Frank Sinatra is timeless. Sinatra will always remain**

what they know – as opposed to what they don't want to know about the world. While there is a danger in this – the loss of naivety, for instance – interpretive skills generally gain in the course of a life well abused."

Bono wrote about hearing "My Way" sung in a Dublin bar. Hard-core Sinatra fans – those of us who grew up listening to our parents play him, and who saw him live, and who still play his music far more than whatever it was we were listening to as young men – invariably sneer at "My Way", the cornball national anthem of half-cut karaoke singers, grandiose and self-pitying and overblown. But its lyrics contain some great central truths about Sinatra. Although the drunken banter with Sammy and Dino on stage at the Sands in Las Vegas give the illusion that the life of Francis Albert Sinatra was one long party – the greatest party, the last party – the man had once sunk as low as you can possibly go without being dead and buried.

**Like all the great stories – from Steve Jobs to Narnia's Aslan the lion, from Lazarus to Muhammad Ali to Jesus Christ – the legend of Sinatra is built on a man who came back from the dead.**

At the start of the Fifties, the decade that comprised Sinatra's golden years, it was clear that he had already peaked. Sinatra had single-handedly invented the screaming teen audience in the Forties, but now the bobbysoxers were young mothers, married to Second World War veterans, and they had forgotten him. Sinatra's voice was shot, his vocal cords haemorrhaging. In 1952 he lost both his TV show and his recording contract. Sinatra was almost universally considered to be finished. But in 1953 he landed the role of Private Maggio in *From Here To Eternity* and won an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor the year later. Also in 1953, he signed a record deal with Capitol and began the glorious string of albums that are the essence of his genius. His career was not over. It had only just begun.

But he brought it all with him – the memory of being forgotten by his fanbase, the knowledge of what it was like to have his body betray him, and the scars inflicted by Ava Gardner, the love of his life, scars he would carry to the grave.

Sinatra's losses are the subtext to every song he ever sang. As Bono noted, there is a glorious swagger to Sinatra, but there is also vulnerability and real, raw emotions behind that smooth, intimate voice. Sinatra came back from the dead with the knowledge that, in the end, it all slips away. Your health, your career, your money, your family – he had left his wife and three children for Ava Gardner's faithless arms – and your love. Sinatra came back from the abyss and – as with Steve Jobs returning to Apple, Muhammad Ali returning from the years of exile, Christ rolling back the stone – it transformed him into what he was always meant to be.

**M**ost of modern music exists in Sinatra's shadow. The first screaming teenagers were Frank Sinatra's bobbysoxers in the Forties. The first concept albums were his great Capitol recordings of 1954 to 1962 – *In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning* and *Come Fly With Me* and *Songs For Swinging Lovers* – sustaining a mood over two sides of vinyl. And while the world

## Sinatra was a survivor, a child of the Depression. He saw them come and he saw them go... even Elvis

was dropping acid and growing its hair, Sinatra was inventing world music – his 1967 album with Antônio Carlos Jobim is possibly his last work of pure genius, Latin jazz for the American heartland. It was the master of American song singing bossa nova classics like "The Girl From Ipanema" and "Quiet Night Of Quiet Stars" in a voice that is as soft as a prayer, steeped in the gentle rhythms of Brazil. He would have huge hits for most of his life – the great showboating singles like "My Way" (1969), "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" (1974) and "New York, New York" (1980) – but that record with Jobim belies the notion that it was all downhill after he left Capitol to start his own record label, Reprise. Sinatra was an artist, but an artist who always knew when he needed another hit.

**Sinatra was savagely dismissive of rock'n'roll. "[Elvis Presley's] kind of music is deplorable, a rancid smelling aphrodisiac. It fosters almost totally negative and destructive reactions in young people."** But Sinatra was not above having Elvis as a guest on his TV show, or of covering the songs of whatever long-haired hitmaker was currently knocking around. Sinatra was a survivor – a true child of the Depression. He saw them come and he saw them go. Even Elvis.

My all-time favourite Sinatra song is "No One Ever Tells You", tucked away on one of the lesser-known Capitol recordings, *A Swingin' Affair!* "No one ever tells you how it feels to waken and have breakfast with the blues," Frank croons, the bruised romantic at the height of his powers. "No one ever tells you that it's just another fling."

But Sinatra told me. He schooled me about women in the way that nobody ever would. He consoled me, he encouraged me, taught me that a man must be true to his code. He was too hard on the music we grew up with, but he was from an older world and we must forgive him for that. Sinatra was the first music I ever heard and, I suspect, it will be what I am playing at the end. And that's what counts – not the one you love first, but the one you love last.

"The talent is in the choices," said a wise man. In a career that spanned a large chunk of the 20th century, Sinatra did not always make wise choices. The Rat Pack banter can seem like drunks who are not as funny as they think they are, and Sinatra's covers of Beatles and Paul Simon songs are best avoided.

But what is remarkable is that so much of his work still speaks to us today. Sinatra danced with Gene Kelly. He acted with Marlon Brando. And he sang like nobody before or since. There is sentiment, much emotion, but it is never forced, never fake. Beyond the technical perfection of that voice in its shining prime, there was always an authenticity to Sinatra.

Although he was performing until 1994, the last few years of his life were plagued by ill-health. Heart problems. Breathing problems. Hypertension. Bladder cancer. Pneumonia. His last words were, "I'm losing." In the end, it all slips away.

But I remember watching him live on the night that England played West Germany in the semifinal of the World Cup in Italia 90. I had to choose between watching the football or watching Sinatra and I chose Sinatra. Regrets? I've had a few.

But missing Paul Gascoigne cry to watch Sinatra sing wasn't one of them. 

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# HOW NOT TO...

## ...wear fancy dress

By all means embrace the opportunity (even if it means going in drag). Just be sure everyone else has read the invite

The most awkward fancy-dress party I ever went to was in a village pub in Norfolk. And it was Norfolk's fault, not mine, and if that sounds mean then I'm sorry, but it's true.

It wasn't Halloween. Let's be clear on that. It's not as though there were people wandering through with axes stuck in their heads, and tails, and extra fingers, and I was all, "Ooh! Halloween!" and they were all affronted; all, "No, just Norfolk." This did not happen. The theme, though, was the problem.

For the theme was the Nineties. They were more distinctive than you may think, the Nineties. Sometime last year, an internet person unearthed an artefact widely dubbed "The Most Nineties Thing That Could Ever Exist", which was – brace yourselves – a video manual (yes) recorded on VHS tape (yes, yes) featuring Chandler and Rachel off *Friends* (no, seriously, yes, yes, yes) in which they explain how you work Microsoft Windows 95 (gnaaaah).

When it comes to fancy dress, though, this is subtle stuff. I've seen that video. Chandler is wearing a boxy blazer and a white T-shirt. And the thing is, lots of people still dress like that. Especially in Norfolk.

I went with my friend Dom, who grew up there, and we both took it pretty seriously. Eye make-up, Nirvana T-shirts, padlock chains around our necks; this was our look. We're talking a sort of pre-emo, punk-rock, post-Goth vibe here, which the aficionado would place firmly in the latter half of 1994. As in, once grunge was on the way out, but before Britpop had really caught its stride. (We were firestarters. Twisted firestarters.) Which would have been fine if the room had been



full of, say, girls in fluffy bras and fluffy boots, wearing tiny rucksacks. Only, with the isolated exceptions of our hostess and her sister, it wasn't. Instead, it was largely full of women in boot-cut jeans and cardigans, and men with goatee beards. And we'd stare at them and think, "Are they...? Do they normally...? Can we ask?"

Worse still, they were all thinking the same looking at us. A couple of them even did ask. And worse, worse, pretty much the only other person who I thought was making an effort was this woman smoking outside who looked a bit like us, who had long black hair, even heavier make-up and a Libertines T-shirt.

"Strong look," I said. "Thanks," she said, but she sounded a bit annoyed. "The Libertines aren't even from the Nineties, though," I said. "So?" she said. "But..." I said, and then, "Oh God..." And then a motorbike pulled up with some massive tattooed bastard on it, and she stubbed out her fag, looked at me in disgust and hopped on the back. I think she worked in the kitchens.

**Brit-poop:**  
A Nineties-themed party creates a grey area when it comes to the dress code

The problem was, there are three possible responses to a grown-up fancy-dress party, and I'd totally failed to comprehend which of the first two my fellow partygoers would opt for. Me, I'm invariably an option one, which means I think, "That'll be a laugh. I'll make a proper effort because it'd be rude not to." Whereas this lot, I think – it's been years now, but still, I only think – were more along the lines of option two, which is, "Oh, leave me the hell alone, I'm not a child." Normally, you'd be able to see. Not with the Nineties, though. Not yet.

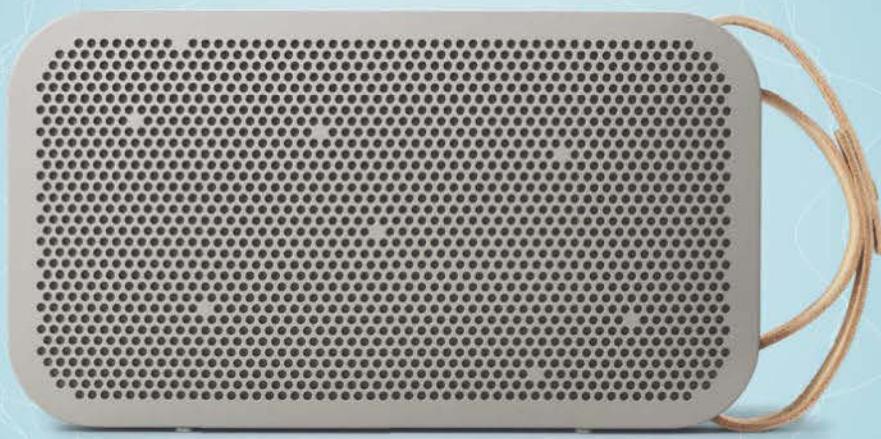
The third response, of course, is, "Who cares about the theme? I'll wear drag!" because a certain sort of man always will. Soldiers, I've noticed, are particularly keen. There's nothing more British than a squaddie in a frock, is there?

I've never been quite sure what that's all about. I don't think it's a matter of concealed and conflicted gender identities bursting to the fore. More just the basic, honest, red-blooded delight in letting it all hang loose under a nice, skimpy, floral shift dress. It's a wonder they don't go to war like that, frankly. I bet they want to.

I've a friend who went on a stag once, in Inverness, where they were all in Laura Ashley. It was February, the story goes, and 3am, and they had to cross a big road on the outskirts on the way home. And, as they skittered across the glittering, frosty tarmac in their heels, the best man let out a joyous whoop and vaulted into the back of a passing lorry trailer, with the aim of surfing it until the next set of lights. Only the lights were green, and it hit the motorway, and didn't stop till Dundee, where he hobbled out and went to A&E with frostbite. Nearly lost a finger. Could have been worse, when you think about it. Much worse. Much. ☺

● **Hugo Rifkind** is a writer for the *Times*.

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# GQ AGONY AUNT

Voice of reason **Victoria Coren Mitchell** 'womansplains' mansplaining, and justifies your, er, Nicola Sturgeon fantasies

**I keep seeing the word "mansplaining" used everywhere. Is this something I ought to be doing? What is it? (I employ ten women in my office. Would they like me to "mansplain"?)**

**VCM:** Sweetheart, let me spell this out as clearly as I can. I'll try to keep it simple because I don't want to confuse your darling little boggly mind.

"Mansplaining" is a combination of the word "explaining" and the word "man". Do you see how it works, my love? We've put "man" instead of "ex" to make a new word. At the beginning, there, do you see? We swapped a syllable. And it makes a whole new concept! Would you like me to go through it again, to help you grasp it?

That. Above. What I was doing there. If I were the man and you were the woman, that would be "mansplaining". It doesn't usually happen this way round, though. Men speak to women as though they're idiots. Women speak *about* men as though they're idiots. Both are making a mistake.

So, no, you should not be doing it. Just talk normally. Also do your best to avoid maninterrupting and manstanding. (Can you work out what those would be, my precious? Looking at the example of "mansplaining"? Can you do the same with those other words? See if you can! Clever boy!)

**I** My girlfriend is a gorgeous brunette who works in PR. She's 27, I'm 40. We've been seeing each other for six months, though not exclusively – she also sees a guy her own age who's a bit of a loser. He's "trying to write scripts", ie skint. I run a high-turnover web business, drive a Jaguar and live in a penthouse. Her birthday's coming up and I know it's a chance to demonstrate the gap between me and That Loser.

**I've already got the birthday card (a print of her favourite picture from Tate Britain). What should the present be? It needs to be really well chosen.**

**VCM:** No, it really doesn't. And you can bin that card for a start. Too thoughtful, too careful, too adoring. It would be charming if you were in a long-term, loving twosome – but for a noncommittal girl who's shagging someone else, it's far too pleady and needy.

She's currently got a choice of two men. If you think "rich and clingy" is sexier than "nothing to offer but his skint, twentysomething body" then you misunderstand women's psychology entirely.

You need to start being the masochistic choice *as well as* the solid one. Make her worried you're not that into her; be the pot of gold that's drifting away. Ditch the card and buy an expensive but thoughtless present. Perfect choice: a Dolce & Gabbana dress that's a size too small for her.

She'll go back to change it, hate the explanation but love the shop, yearn for more of it, fear she'll never get it... and in that irresistible complexity, the dull younger man will be forgotten.

(Note: *He* should give her the card with her favourite picture from the Tate. Then she might marry him. But he didn't write to me for advice. Unlucky.)

**I find Nicola Sturgeon very attractive. What is happening to me?**

**VCM:** Broadly: good things. Nicola Sturgeon is a bright, combative, unusual woman. Late at night, after a few warming Glenlivets in a hunting lodge on the Isle of Mull, kilts cast aside and iPod speakers boozing out "When A Man

Loves A Woman" (bagpipe version), Sturgeon would show you a much more interesting time than those glazed girl-next-door types you used to fancy. Congratulations! Your sex drive is maturing nicely. Another factor is that – like Margaret Thatcher, back in the day – Nicola Sturgeon has had a self-conscious makeover to coincide with her new power. Any man, faced with evidence of such rigorous effort and determination, would naturally drift into fantasy.

**My wife of eight years – we're both in our mid-thirties – has just informed me she wants to get her nipples pierced. Should I follow suit?**

**VCM:** Certainly not. Do you copy your wife's haircut? Do you wear her shoes? Her bras? That's right, you do. So let the poor woman have one goddamn thing of her own for once.

Besides, it's always nice if at least one half of a couple can survive a lightning strike. ☺

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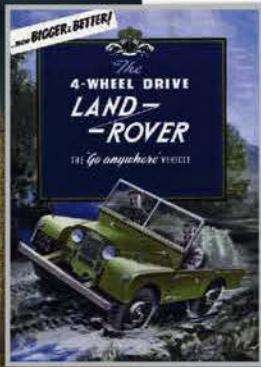
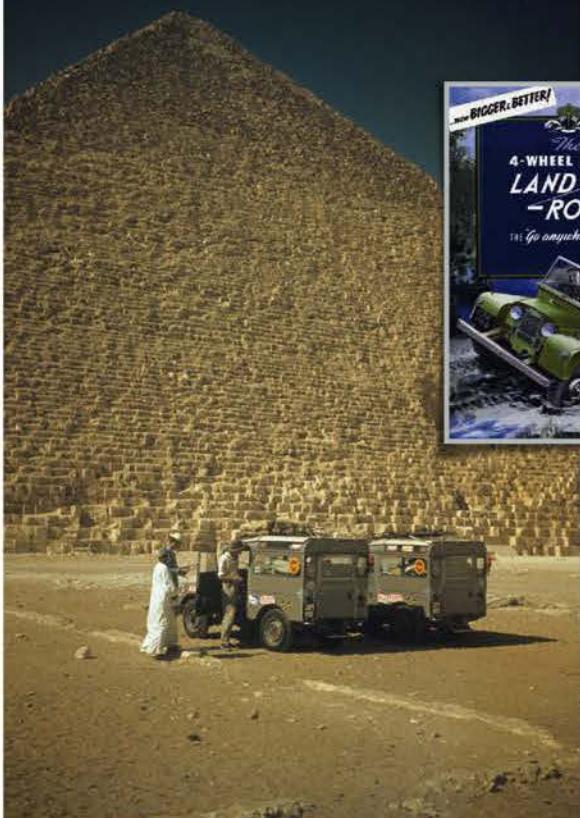
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Fuel consumption figures in mpg (l/100km) for The All-New Kia Sorento range are: Urban 36.7 (7.7) – 40.9 (6.9), Extra Urban 46.3 (6.1) – 57.6 (4.9), Combined 42.2 (6.7) – 49.6 (5.7) CO<sub>2</sub> emissions are 177 – 149 g/km.



Form follows function (from left): Defenders on an Egyptian expedition, 1954; an early Land Rover advert; 2015's limited-run Autobiography, Adventure and Heritage editions; the Land Rover is upstaged – just – by Marilyn Monroe in 1957

**N**othing lasts forever, but some things come very close. Land Rover's Defender has dodged the sword of Damocles a fair few times in its 67 years, but now the end truly is nigh: production will stop in December.

Like the VW Beetle, Citroën 2CV and its British Leyland brother-in-arms the Mini, the Defender – known by that name since 1983 – is one of those vehicles that defeated fashion while somehow epitomising it, and transcended its original remit to knit itself firmly into the fabric of the nation that created it. Two million have been made since 1948, when the Series 1 arrived, channelling the spirit of the American Jeep and utilising a post-war surplus of aluminium in its accidentally yet perfectly proportioned form. An estimated 75 per cent of Landies are still running wherever in the world they ended up – most likely in all 195 of the planet's countries.

Land Rover, a survivor of successive ramshackle governments during the

industrial black hole that swallowed the Seventies, is now an automotive lodestar, riding high off the back of the princely Range Rover brand and the brilliant Discovery. The company still sells 18,000 Defenders annually, but the manufacturing process at the Solihull factory is so labour intensive that the business case no longer stacks up, even if criminal gangs are stealing parts and cars to order and firing them off to Eastern Europe.

At least the old warhorse is going out in style. Limited-run Heritage, Adventure and Autobiography versions were all snapped up by wealthy sentimentalists as soon as they were announced. Jaguar Land Rover's new Special Operations division – capitalising on the boom in bespoke and high performance – has modified a Defender to ferry the Rugby World Cup around the UK ahead of this year's tournament. But *GQ*'s favourite is the singular edition created by Sir Paul Smith, a belated follow-up to the lovely little Mini the great man oversaw in its twilight (→)



**The Defender neutralises all rational thought, possibly by teleporting you back to a time your memory insists was simpler**

On the shoulders of giants: A taste of what is to come from the new Defender



## THE NEW DEFENDER

It lands within the next two years and, despite the pressure of having to replace a 67-year-old legend, insiders insist the new Defender is a corker. The 2011 DC100 show car was too pretty and not robust enough for some observers, and served as a reminder that anything wearing the Defender badge has to weather a **Russian winter** as convincingly as it handles **Holland Park**. Three million hard-core utility vehicles – including Toyota's indestructible Hi-Lux and Nissan's Patrol – are sold worldwide every year, so the **stakes are high**. Land Rover will be keen to improve on its current 0.6 per cent market share. JB

➤ years at the back end of the Nineties. (If that makes him sound like he's on the coat tails of the Grim Reaper, it's coincidental.)

"This is a complete one-off," he says. "I wanted to give this Defender a feeling of luxury. So I used a mix of leather and fabric for the seats. I actually used the fabric that I design for Maharam, the American upholstery company. The vehicle features lots of special Paul Smith touches. My designs are known for their attention to detail, so I didn't want this Defender to be any different."

No fewer than 27 different colours enliven the car's agelessly appealing utilitarian exterior, inspiration drawn from the Defender's pivotal role as a support vehicle for the British Army, Navy and Air Force. There's a hand-painted bumblebee on the roof, blue leather trim on the air conditioning vents and a set of keys painted on the inside of the glove box.

Ah, those keys – the anachronistic Defender in a nutshell. You need one each for the doors, the fuel-filler cap, and the ignition, you see, an anomaly that's of equal irritation to the end user as much as to the company's bean counters. Once you've worked out which is which, you climb up and into a Defender, awkwardly, passing a number of cabin extrusions and appendages designed to denude you of important anatomical features should you hit anything harder than a hay bale. The driving position is upright to the point of being osteopathically disastrous.

By any contemporary measure, the Defender driving experience doesn't really improve much once you're actually on the move. The car has been endlessly revised throughout its



Stars of stripes (clockwise from top left): Paul Smith and Land Rover design director Gerry McGovern; Land Rover driver Fidel Castro; the Paul Smith Defender, inside and out



MY OTHER CAR IS A DEFENDER...

## FAMOUS OWNERS

FIDEL CASTRO

THE QUEEN

LARA CROFT

BILL MURRAY

ROBIN WILLIAMS

RALPH LAUREN

PAUL McCARTNEY

SEAN CONNERY

life, and the last round of tweaks dragged it into the 21st century, downsizing its diesel engine to 2.2 litres to meet the latest EU emissions regulations, without troubling the power output. That remains at a fairly lumpen 120bhp, which translates into a car that can't make it beyond 90mph all-out, or 60mph in 14-plus seconds. Frankly, I can't remember the last time I drove something this ploddy.

Needless to say, I loved it. As did everyone else who saw it, including one friend who owns a 190,000-mile Toyota Land Cruiser, Japan's more consistently evolved Defender parallel. "In many ways, I think that's one of the worst cars I've ever driven," he told me after a short go. "I'm ordering one next week."

And there's the rub: the Defender neutralises all rational thought, possibly by teleporting you back to a time your memory insists was simpler (classic cars perform this Jedi mind trick, too). It has a ladder chassis, agricultural suspension, and even with a newfangled acoustic engine cover, it's hellishly noisy above 60mph. So don't bother pushing, unless you're scaling a mountain. In a Defender, social media means lowering the window and having an actual conversation with a fellow human being.

In other words, this car's mid-20th-century roots are matched by the mind-set you quickly adopt when you're driving it. Weirdly, and for all its inherent lack of refinement, the Land Rover Defender ends up being that most cherished of things: a blissful escape. ☺

**'In many ways, I think that was one of the worst cars I've ever driven. I'm ordering one next week'**



### 1 Series I 1948

**Maurice Wilks**, inspired by the **Willys Jeep**, etches his first drawing in the sand on Anglesey. Post-war **aluminium** surplus makes the 1948 Series 1 a recycling pioneer. Prototype No.3 appears at the 1948 Amsterdam Motor Show.



### 2 Series II and IIa 1961

More rounded body, more **humane** interior, new engines, and long wheelbase version introduced.



### 3 Series III 1971

Headlights now mounted in the front wings, **V8 engine** pilfered from Rover saloons for more grunt (relatively speaking – we're talking **91bhp** here).



### 4 90, 110, 127 1983

Biggest **revamp** in its history. The numbers equate to the **wheelbase** lengths (in inches). Coil springs improve the ride, permanent 4WD with two-speed **transfer box** and lockable centre differential. Wind-up windows. Luxury.



### 5 Defender 1990

New engines and body variants (eg **110 double cab**) and in 1998 the **50th anniversary 90** with auto 'box, air-con and Range Rover **4.0-litre V8**. Full-width dashboard in 2007, but some switchgear dates back to British Leyland's darkest days.



**LG**

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CREATES  
PERFECT COLOUR

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[www.lg.com/uk/discoveroled](http://www.lg.com/uk/discoveroled)

**LG OLED TV**

**WHAT HI-FI?**



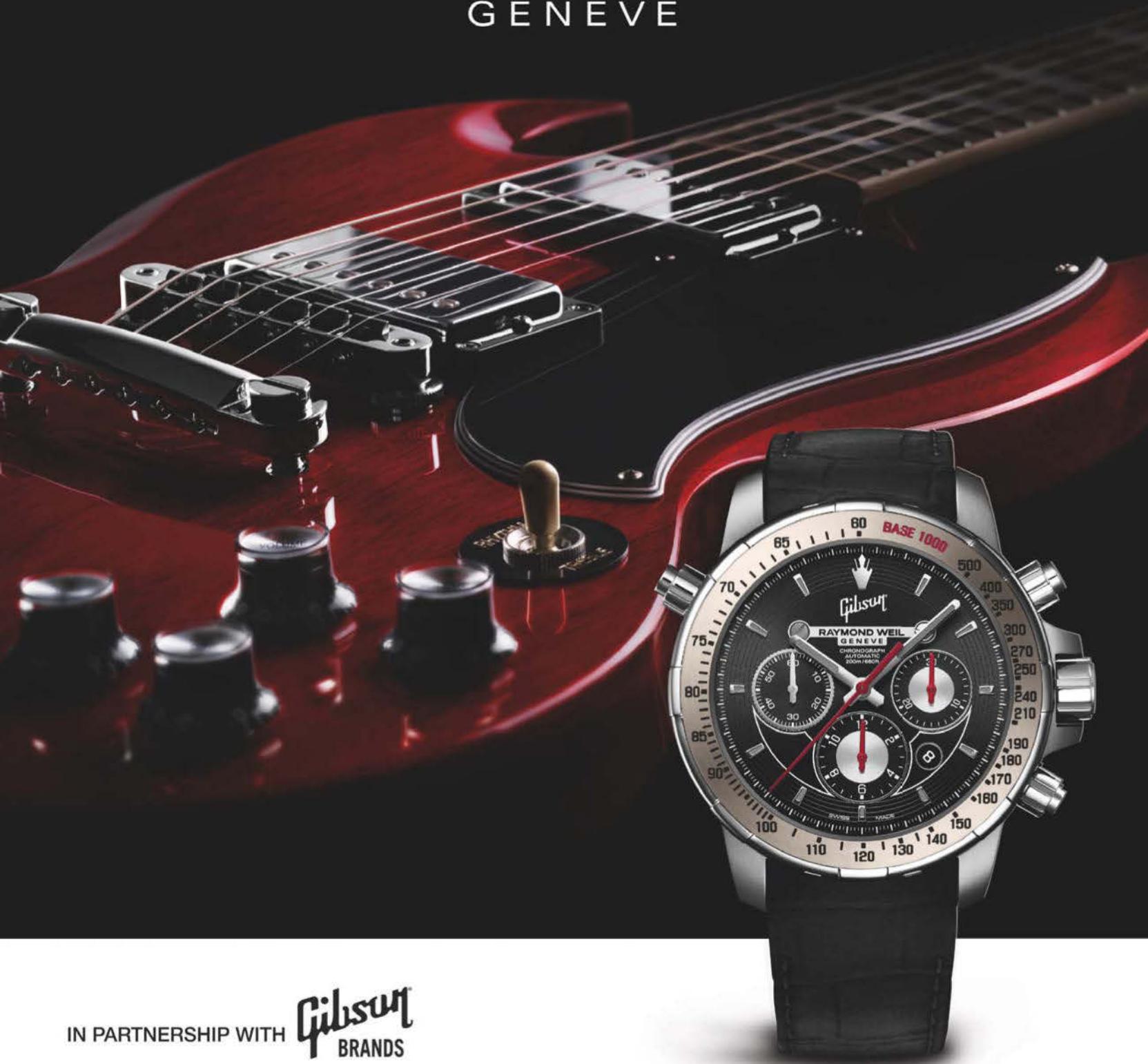
LG 55EG960V

MAY 2014

Model shown EG960

# RAYMOND WEIL

## GENEVE



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Limited Edition - **nabucco**

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# MySTYLE

## WISHLIST

### Ring

Henry: "I went into the shop more than a year ago and saw this ring. I thought it was really cool. I thought that if I ever got on in the world I would buy it." £355. [thegreatfroglondon.com](http://thegreatfroglondon.com)



### Tie

"Whenever I go to America people always say, 'Oh hey, you're going for the Texan look.' And I'm really not; I just like the look of the bolo tie." £20. [rockymountainwestern.com](http://rockymountainwestern.com)



## WISHLIST

### Jacket

"With summer coming up I thought I could do with some nice coloured blazers, as I don't really have a lot of colour in my wardrobe. It's usually a lot of black." £895. [burberry.com](http://burberry.com)

### Jeans

"I find Acne jeans don't fade in the wash, which is handy when you wear a lot of jet-black clothes. They're pricey but they're definitely worth it." £159. [acnestudios.com](http://acnestudios.com)

### Shoes

"We were brought up not to wear leather for ethical reasons. So it's hard to source non-leather shoes that are good quality, but these are great." £150. [goodguys.bigcartel.com](http://goodguys.bigcartel.com)



Rick Rubin protégés the **Ruen Brothers** show GQ they are a band who can rock a look as well as their audience



## WISHLIST

### Watch

Rupert: "I wear a lot of silver and gold rings, and this watch is a nice way to bring them together. I also really like the square face." £4,800. [cartier.co.uk](http://cartier.co.uk)



## WISHLIST

### Bag

"We travel around quite a lot and having a good carry-on for the airport is essential. Because I don't buy leather, that makes finding a good holdall really hard." £80. [fredperry.com](http://fredperry.com)

### Guitar

"I based this on a Fifties Fender Stealth Telecaster. I played around with it six months ago and it gives me a nice twangy country sound now, which I love." £1,400. [fender.com](http://fender.com)



## WISHLIST

### Socks

"I've worn Paul Smith socks for six or seven years. I'm constantly in need of more. I just like the colour and the materials." £17. At House of Fraser. [houseoffraser.co.uk](http://houseoffraser.co.uk)

# GIVE IT A SHOT

ICE COLD SHOT

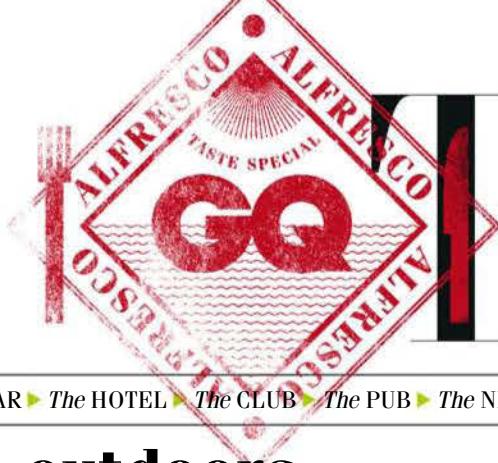


Our master blenders have been busy making Jägermeister for over 80 years, and in that time the secret recipe has never changed. Well, why would it? Jägermeister brings together 56 of the highest quality, natural ingredients, to create its incredible depth of flavour. It takes time, patience and craftsmanship to infuse, blend and age this complex drink. Savour the taste and you'll find every drop delivers new notes of unexpected spices and intriguing essences.



IT  
RUNS  
DEEP

Jägermeister



# Taste

The RESTAURANT ▶ The BAR ▶ The HOTEL ▶ The CLUB ▶ The PUB ▶ The NEIGHBOURHOOD ▶ The DRINK ▶ The BOOK ▶ The BOTTLE

## The plate outdoors

 This month, *GQ Taste* is celebrating one of life's great pleasures: eating alfresco. From pub gardens and seaside boarding houses, to roofless restaurants and bars where you can feel the breeze, we have picked out some of the UK's essential outdoor-dining experiences. And for those of you who are happiest firing up your backyard barbecue, healthy-eating heroines **Melissa and Jasmine Hemsley** (pictured) are on hand to raise your grilling game and, er, whippy you into shape. You. Outside. Now.



From left: Melissa wears dress by **Dolce & Gabbana**, £1,400. At Browns. brownsfashion.com. Jasmine wears shirt, £380. Trousers, £490. Both by **Acne Studios**. acnestudios.com

# Hemsley + Hemsley



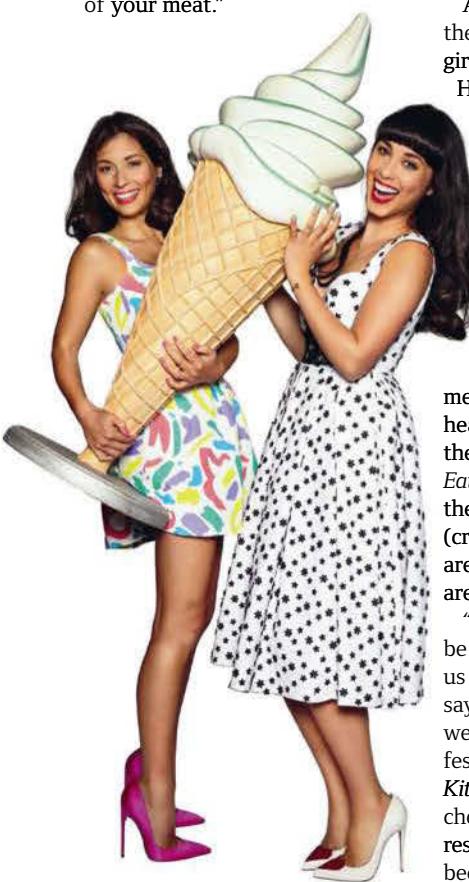
It's that time of the year: sun's out, guns out, and if you are getting your grill on, it probably means buns out, too. According to red-hot wellness sisters Jasmine and Melissa Hemsley, however, that is your first mistake.

"Those fluffy white burger baps and hotdog rolls are gastro-Kryptonite," says Melissa, the feisty (and fringed) half of Hemsley + Hemsley. "All they are is overly processed pappy white flour and sugar that will leave you feeling bloated, sluggish and ruin the flavour of your meat."

And you really don't want to do that, chimes in Jasmine. "The key to a good barbecue is to get the best-quality meat you can, treat it with care and then back it up with healthy, hearty salads. Personally, I love good ribs because you can't beat gnawing on a bone."

As you can tell, despite their big smiles and girly glamour, the Hemsleys are certainly not wishy-washy wellness types. They don't do low fat or calorie counting, and their food is free from gluten, grains and refined sugars. Instead they like to boil bones, eat meat and keep things naturally healthy. And if the success of their first book (*The Art Of Eating Well*) and the sales of their vegetable spiralisers (creating the cult of courgetti) are anything to go by, they aren't alone.

"We thought there would be a bit of a backlash against us because we aren't chefs," says Jasmine. "But whenever we have appeared at food festivals, been on *Saturday Kitchen* or cooked with serious chefs such as Mark Hix, the response we have had has been overwhelmingly positive."



## KITCHEN CLEAR-OUT

### Chuck it out

- VEGETABLE OIL
- PASTA
- TABLE SALT
- MASHED POTATO
- LOW-FAT ANYTHING



### Replace it with

- BUTTER OR GHEE
- VEGETABLE NOODLES
- SEA SALT
- CAULIFLOWER MASH
- FULL-FAT



Fair and foul: Pablo's chicken; *The Art Of Eating Well* (inset); sisters Jasmine and Melissa Hemsley (left)

## Pablo's chicken

### Ingredients

- 180g ground almonds
- 2 eggs
- 6 pieces of organic chicken (drumsticks and thighs), skin on
- 1tbs ghee
- Sea salt and black pepper

### For the spice mix

- 3 tsp hot smoked paprika
- 1½ tsp ground cumin
- 1½ tsp sea salt
- 1tsp dried thyme
- 1tsp dried oregano

### Method

- Preheat the oven to fan 180C and line a baking tray with baking parchment.
- Mix the ground almonds and ingredients for the spice mix in a bowl. In a second bowl, beat the eggs.
- Dip the chicken pieces, one at a time, in the egg, then coat in the mix of ground almonds and spices and lay on the baking tray.
- Gently heat the ghee and use a spoon to drizzle it over the pieces.
- Bake for 45 minutes until golden and sprinkle with some sea salt and black pepper.

Obviously, being attractive (Jasmine is a former model), intelligent and charming hasn't exactly harmed their appeal, but it is the Hemsleys' mindful eating approach, simple recipes and passion for their subject that seems to have struck a chord with both sexes. Women love the fact that what they are advocating is not just another faddy diet. And men?

"Oh, we know how men think and we know what men like," Melissa says, with a mischievous grin. "For example, someone challenged us to do a healthy fried chicken, and we did (see recipe, above). It's crunchy, spicy and juicy... everything fried chicken should be, without all the bad stuff." PH  
*The Art Of Eating Well* by Hemsley + Hemsley (Ebury, £25) is out now.



## THE BOTTLE

Picpoul de Pinet

ATTENDING an auction at Bonhams can be a seriously expensive affair, so you might be forgiven for thinking that offering attendees access to a judgement-impairing wine bar (downstairs) and restaurant (on the floor above) might not be the wisest move in the world. However, with food by former Faviken chef Tom Kemble and a wine list chosen by ex-Bibendum sommelier Charlotte Edgecombe, it looks like a price worth paying. However, if you don't want to risk boozing and bidding, Edgecombe has a perfect summer recommendation, a 2013 Picpoul de Pinet, ideal for alfresco dining. "Originating from the Mediterranean coast in Southern France, this light, citrus-scented white has a refreshingly crisp acidity," she says. "It is perfect as an aperitif or with delicate seafood dishes." At a starting price of £11.25, you can't go wrong. PH

*Picpoul de Pinet is available at Berry Bros & Rudd, 020 7022 8973, bbr.com. Bonhams is currently open for breakfast and lunch from Monday to Friday and a weekly supper club on Thursday evenings. Bonhams Restaurant, 7 Haunch of Venison Yard, London W1. 020 7468 5868, bonhams.com*

## THE ROUNDUP

## Eating out: Three new alfresco hot spots in London



**Boundary Rooftop Bar & Grill**  
2-4 Boundary Street, London E2.  
[theboundary.co.uk](http://theboundary.co.uk)



**Blixen**  
65A Brushfield Street, London E1.  
[blixen.co.uk](http://blixen.co.uk)



**York & Albany**  
127-129 Parkway, London NW1.  
[gordonramsay.com/yorkandalbany](http://gordonramsay.com/yorkandalbany)

**The setup:** Thanks to the addition of their new weatherproof pergola, the rooftop terrace at the hotel/restaurant/bar at Boundary is now open all year. However, now's the best time to enjoy the grape vines, kitchen garden and wood-burning grill.

**Eat this:** Mediterranean hors d'oeuvres (£10) and whole roasted sea bass with salsa verde (£20).

**Drink that:** Make it a cocktail pitcher. Try the N\*8 Smash (Langley N\*8 gin, grapes, mint leaves, elderflower liqueur and apple juice, £25).

**The setup:** Blixen is already flooded with natural light, but the brasserie's leafy pergola leads to a new inner-city sanctuary – a relaxed, terrazzo-tiled covered garden packed with cheese plants, ferns and palms plus quirky vintage finds from Spitalfields market next door.

**Eat this:** Robust menu highlights are a squid, chickpea and chorizo stew (£8) and pork belly with spätzle (£14).

**Drink that:** The punchy house Bellini from the cocktail list: prosecco, pear, cranberry and vanilla (£9).

**The setup:** Gordon Ramsay's smart Mornington Crescent outpost has transformed its courtyard into a sandy beach with a candy-striped beach hut, for parties of up to 12.

**Eat this:** For £30 each, sample supercharged seaside treats such as mini fish and chips, Cumberland hotdogs and strawberry cheesecake ice-cream.

**Drink that:** The price includes two summer cocktails, including Pimm's-spiked ice lollies and a seaweed Martini. Jennifer Brady

## THE BAR

## The Drift Bar (and Vintage Salt)

 POPPING up on the roof of Selfridges until the end of September, restaurateur Des McDonald's Drift Bar – next to the 120-seat Vintage Salt restaurant – brings an ice-and-a-slice of Cornish fishing village life to the capital's celebrated department store this summer.

Accessed by lift, the bar has a separate entrance to the restaurant and guests can take their pick from a wooden beach hut offering a selection of wine and champagne, or luxuriate in a deckchair and order from the G&Tea Bar. Fruity libations, refreshing punches and sparkling sundowners on the terrace are the order of the day (GQ recommends the Dirty Sea Martini, £9.50), with views over Mayfair once the retractable roof turns the inside out.

As you soak up the sun, order a shrimp burger (£15.75) or Josper-grilled chicken (£18.50) from the restaurant to soak up the spirits, and you'll almost forget you spent way too much on your Prada sunglasses from the concession downstairs. PH

A drop in the ocean: The Drift Bar's Passion Crush; inside Vintage Salt; Cornish lamb chops



● **Roof, Selfridges & Co, 400 Oxford Street, London W1. 020 7318 3287, [vintagesalt.co.uk](http://vintagesalt.co.uk)**

• SMALL BITES •

Where



has been eating  
this month...



#### SHAKE SHACK STRATFORD

The brilliant burger and hotdog chain brings a taste of Manhattan meat to east London with its second UK branch.

STANDOUT DISH

**SmokeShack burger (£7.25),  
Cheese Fries (£3.95) and malted  
vanilla shake (£5.25)**

124-125 The Street, Westfield Stratford City, London E20. [shakeshack.com](http://shakeshack.com)



#### OTTOLENGHI

The fifth branch in the Ottolenghi empire is an all-day restaurant, deli and bar (cakes! salads! cocktails!) catering for the City crowd.

STANDOUT DISH

**Marinated prawns with Pernod,  
sumac, feta and fennel (£12.50)**

50 Artillery Lane, London E1. [ottolenghi.co.uk/spitalfields](http://ottolenghi.co.uk/spitalfields)



#### CROSSTOWN DOUGHNUTS

These sugary crack dealers have found a permanent little Soho den for their irresistible doughnuts.

STANDOUT DISH

**The Lamnut, a cake ring with  
raspberry jam, chocolate and  
coconut (£30 for 12)**

4 Broadwick Street, London W1. [crosstowndoughnuts.com](http://crosstowndoughnuts.com)



#### THE RESTAURANT

## Petersham Nurseries (and Duck Soup Supper Club)



PETERSHAM Nurseries Café can be found, smiling smugly, on the edge of Richmond in Surrey, and at first appears to be the sort of place where an old pop star such as Cliff Richard goes for a quiet pot of fennel tea while picking out a few peonies for his guest annexe. As quaint as it is, however, the destination dining spot (usually open only for lunch or tea) is going through a quiet reinvention.

In 2012 its much-lauded chef, Skye Gyngell, departed, muttering under her breath that the café's Michelin star (which she and her team had fought hard for) had been more of a curse than a gift. But Petersham's new collaboration – a supper club, which sees the nursery go palate to palate (and also collaborate) with Duck Soup, a trendy restaurant in Soho – could be its foodie salvation.

Let's be very clear about something here: the dining area is so twinkly pretty – with exquisite Indian embroidery hanging among the plants and flowers, the tables wobbling on a burnt orange soil, while lights, lamps and candles throw a golden light over the glassware – that frankly the food doesn't have to work particularly hard for diners to be transported. But still it does, and marvellously so. Each guest is offered a four-course menu – the first and last courses a joint effort between the two restaurants; the middle two arranged separately. The starters are shared (including pickled radish, bread, labneh under oil Dukka; a plate of Schiena, honey and walnut) and for mains GQ ate the John Dory fillet with wild garlic and also the spiced turmeric quail. Both were light, perfectly cooked and exquisitely seasoned. The prosecco jelly to finish was just sharp and just boozy enough.

If this is the shape of things to come at Petersham – eating with one's feet in the dirt but one's belly in the heavens – then the food may yet blossom again among the bulbs. Jonathan Heaf

● The Supper Club costs £75 per person. Church Lane, Richmond, Surrey TW10 7AB. 020 8940 5230, [petershamnurseries.com](http://petershamnurseries.com)



#### THE HOTEL

## Seaside Boarding House



PERCHED atop the cliffs of **Chesil Beach**, Dorset, the Seaside Boarding House is a boutique stay with the air of a private members' club. There's the original art on the walls by **Peter Blake** and **Damien Hirst**. There's the fizz of literary chit-chat in the dining room. There's also a cosy cocktail bar, tended to a standard uncommon in this part of the world. If we told you that one of its specialities is an Espresso Martini you might say that it all sounds a bit **Groucho Club**, which would be spot on, because the Boarding House's owners, **Anthony Mackintosh** and **Mary-Lou Sturridge**, started the Groucho back in the Eighties.

The Boarding House is a white **Edward Hopper-like structure** with weather-beaten steps heading down to the beach. Like its name, it ironically underplays what lies within. "Some people have said that we shouldn't call it a boarding house," says Sturridge. "They aren't the sort of people we want." **Alastair Little**'s kitchen has a lunch and dinner menu full of local ingredients such as veal and crab (though it does need to rethink its breakfasts, which were tardy and came with soggy bacon); when the sun's out, the front walls slide open onto the veranda. Upstairs, the bedrooms are impeccably finished with the breezy, **marine colour palette** that runs throughout.

The locale is a substantial part of the appeal, with the **Jurassic coastline** on the doorstep and West Bay a short drive away. In true Groucho fashion, **Mark Hix** is not far away either: his **Oyster & Fish House** is within striking distance. If it were actually a club, we would be delighted if it had us as a member. **Charlie Burton**

● Bed and breakfast from £180. Cliff Road, Burton Bradstock, Dorset DT6 4RB. 01308 897205, [theseasideboardinghouse.com](http://theseasideboardinghouse.com)



## THE BOOK

## Let There Be Meat



Scott Munro and James Douglas are the very successful duo behind the Red's True Barbecue restaurant chain, and their mission has been to bring the religion of Deep South meat grilling to the UK.

This good book delivers the gospel. From burnt ends and pulled pork to doughnut burgers (yes, really) and turkey jerky, anything that has mooed, squealed, clucked or bleated can be found within these pages, reduced to finger lickin' food-porn stars. So if you want to learn how to roast your ribs, baste your babybacks, spatchcock your bird and rub your meat like an all-American hero, this is where to start. For those about to barbecue, we salute you. PH

Let There Be Meat by James Douglas and Scott Munro (Orion, £25) is out now.



Sins of the flesh:  
Baby back ribs,  
the Let There Be  
Meat way

## THE CLUB

## Kensington Roof Garden



There are few nightclubs so impressive that people ask to look around the premises even when it's closed, but so it is with Kensington Roof Gardens, which offers guests one-and-a-half acres of outdoor space in the heart of the city. Where better to head on a summer's evening – or, with the club's new early-doors Sunday party One Day, a summer's afternoon?

## What's the deal with these gardens?

They are 100ft above the bustle, and were built in 1936-8 with three areas: the Spanish Garden, Tudor Garden and English Woodland. The building changed purposes over the years before becoming a nightclub, Regine's.

## When did it become the Roof Gardens club?

1981, when Sir Richard Branson bought it.

## There's an indoors too, right?

Of course. If you're inside, though, get a table in the VIP room (minimum spend £500).

## What should I drink?

Don't mess about: order a bottle of Grey Goose and a set of mixers.

## How does the music stack up?

It's commercial on the dance floor, courtesy of DJs such as Benny Blanco, Watermät and Dimmi, and live music in the Tudor Garden.

## Any food?

There are barbecues in the garden – three courses, half a bottle of wine and a cocktail costs £55 per person.

● Friday (£20 entry) and Saturday (£25), 10pm-3am. Sunday (£25), 1pm-8pm. Bring photographic ID. 99 Kensington High Street, London W8. 020 7368 3992, virginlimitededition.com

Alternatively there's the snack barbecue from 10pm to 2am, offering a selection of dishes from £10.

## But if you ask us...

You're better off starting at Babylon, the club's restaurant. Run by Ian

Howard, its contemporary British menu will leave you satisfied but not comatose.

## Door policy?

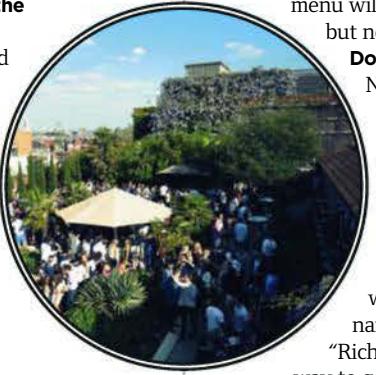
No effort, no entry (before Branson bought it, he was turned away for looking too scruffy). Put yourself on the guest list via the website. Incidentally, name-dropping "Richard"? Surefire way to get blacklisted.

## There's membership too.

It's £400 a year, which gets you free entry, VIP queue-jump privileges, invitations to exclusive events and champagne on your birthday.

## Is it true there are flamingoes there?

It is (they have four) but the story that one got thrown off the roof is, sadly, an urban myth. CB



## THE PUB

## Jacobs Inn

130 Godstow Road, Wolvercote, Oxford OX2 8PG. jacobs-inn.com



JUST in case you had cause to question Jacobs Inn's **rustic credentials**, may GQ direct you towards the three pigs and assorted chickens in its garden? While you're out there, note that it's in the summer months that this smart country gastropub in the village of **Wolvercote**, near Oxford, really comes into its own.

As well as livestock, you'll find three **sun-trap terraces**, the lower decks offering table service and the full restaurant menu featuring many seasonal, super-local dishes, from Cotswold **wood pigeon** and **wild boar sausage rolls** to Wychwood rarebit. (The excellent **Sunday roasts** – particularly the apricot-stuffed, slow-braised, pulled shoulder of Oxfordshire lamb – are worth the visit

alone, sunshine or no sunshine.)

On the upper deck, there's a new-for-2015 **pizza oven**, turning out stone-baked pizzas topped with green British chorizo, or spiced beef and caramelised onions, or punchy little **anchovies** paired with spinach and capers. Meanwhile, an outdoor potting-shed bar serves up summery thirst quenchers such as **draught ciders**, prosecco and sangria.

Just don't tell the pigs about the **sticky pork ribs**, smoked on site, or those bacon-garnished Bloody Marys... the pork really is very local. JB





Midsummer House and its smoked haddock brandade (above)



Mark Poynton's Michelin-starred Alimentum (above); Bread & Meat (below)



Smokeworks' smoked beef short ribs with sides of corn on the cob and slaw



## THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

# Cambridge, historic centre

**Train:**  
London Kings Cross to Cambridge £32 return.

**Time:**  
46 minutes

**Taxi:**  
Station to the historic centre, 12 minutes. (Camcab, 01223 704704)

Five years ago, Cambridge was named Britain's "worst clone town" thanks to its lack of high-street diversity. How things have changed. The district around the university has seen a new wave of exciting independent eateries as well as the reinvention of some old classics. Enjoy a tour with [cambridgefoodtour.com](http://cambridgefoodtour.com), or take the lead from GQ...

CAMBRIDGE'S restaurants have only three Michelin stars between them, but two rightly adorn the lapels of Daniel Clifford at (1) **Midsummer House** (*Midsummer Common, 01223 369299, midsummerhouse.co.uk*), which is set in a smart townhouse perched between the common and the banks of the Cam. Here, you'll witness some astonishing culinary theatre – each act punchy, complex, and like nothing you've ever had before. From the G&T sorbet to the goat's cheese that is frozen, meringue-like, in still-vaporous liquid nitrogen, each dish bursts with imagination and flavour.

The city's third star belongs to Mark Poynton at **Alimentum** (*152-154 Hills Road, 01223 413000, restaurantalimentum.co.uk*), positioned, er, on the banks of a main arterial road, and it's as stark within as it is without. The service is too formal to bring any warmth, and the dishes are ambitious but universally over-sweet. But if you're on a Michelin mission, then you know what to do.

There's much to impress the more casual diner in town: new boy (2) **Bread & Meat** (*4 Bene't Street, breadandmeat.co.uk*), serves (yep) exceptional fresh sandwiches brimming with slow-roasted meat. Take a friend and split the banh-mi-like honey soy chicken and the porchetta with zingy salsa verde. (Low-carbers in the know can request naked sandwiches, too, but that crusty ciabatta is very hard to resist.)

Carnivores, pace yourselves: just around the corner is (3) **Smokeworks** (*2 Free School Lane, smokeworks.co.uk*), a barbecue joint with an industrial interior that sits incongruously

amid the spires and cloisters. The brown-paper menu declares the stand-out "powerhouse plate" of ribs, wings, fries and slaw is "ideal for flying solo" – presumably if you're Elvis. You're not? Share it, pick the chicken doused in buttermilk and jalapeños and top it off with a bourbon-laced vanilla milkshake.

For liquid refreshment, go for tradition – 120 years of it, in fact – at the hidden-gem (4) **Free**

**Press** pub (*7 Prospect Row, 01223 368337, freepresspub.com*), where Murano chef Angela Hartnett is said to have worked in the kitchen during her student days. A more modern alternative is (5) **Pint Shop** (*10 Peas Hill, 01223 352293, pintshop.co.uk*), misnamed in the sense that it also serves 62 different gins (including one made from peas) as well as a fine line in beers.

To recover from it all, note that the luxurious B&B (6) **Duke House** (*1 Victoria Street, 01223 314773, dukehousecambridge.co.uk*), can be found opposite the green stretch of Christ's Pieces, and has rooms daubed in soothing hues (pick the Cambridge suite for its little terrace and enormous bathtub). Or for all-out swagger, book a lavish sixth-floor penthouse at (7)

**Varsity Hotel & Spa**

(*Thompson's Lane, 01223 306030, thevarsityhotel.co.uk*). You'll have access to the hotel's smart warehouse gym, Elemis spa and, crucially, an 80 sq m corner room with the best views of the city, so you can survey all you have conquered. JB



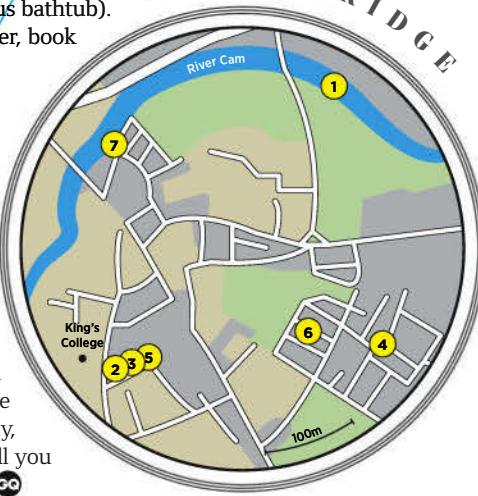
Black pudding Scotch egg at the Free Press pub



Pint Shop (above); its pork chop (right); the penthouse suite at the Varsity Hotel (below)



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Towering ambition: Lewis Hamilton pausing to talk to the cameras on the 69th floor of The Shard



‘I enjoy racing much more when it is a battle’



# A day in the life of LEWIS HAMILTON

Britain's Formula One world champion is at the peak of his powers as he hunts for a third title - but what does he get up to away from the track? GQ joins Lewis Hamilton as he darts across London, dropping in on Hugo Boss, shopping for vinyl and musing on mortality along the way...

STORY BY **PAUL HENDERSON**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **DARREN GERRISH**

Lewis Hamilton

Formula One racing drivers are the coolest, most glamorous sports stars in the world. They always have been. From Juan Manuel Fangio and Stirling Moss through to James Hunt, Ayrton Senna and Michael Schumacher, the closer to the edge these global superstars drive, the more they embrace danger, the faster they push their cars, the more we are awed by their courage and their character. They gamble with their mortality every time they get behind the wheel. They live fast and sometimes they die young. Men want to be them, and women want to be with them. In the top tier of sporting heroes, racing drivers are at the summit. They are the alphas. The red-line rock stars. The horsepowerhouses. The kings of speed.

"So," says veteran of 246 grands prix David Coulthard, turning to current Formula One world champion Lewis Hamilton, teapot in hand, "shall I be mummy or daddy?" Hamilton groans, stares at DC, then breaks into an embarrassed smile. "Oh man... how did we end up here?"

The answer to that particular question, non-existentially speaking, is Hugo Boss. The luxury German fashion brand has been involved with Formula One for more than 30 years, for almost all of that time as a main sponsor of McLaren, where it consistently challenged motorsport's sartorial boundaries. First, it helped redefine the look of the British team's mechanics, replacing overalls with branded shirts and trousers. Later it pushed the pit-lane look even further

by introducing what its long-term creative consultant Mauro Taliani described as its militaristic "speed soldiers" concept. And more recently it was Boss which turned McLaren's pit-crew into a gang of Daft Punk-meets-*Star Wars* stormtroopers thanks to some ultra-blindingly mirrored helmets.

However, in late 2014, following yet another disastrous season for McLaren, Hugo Boss announced that it would be switching allegiance to its automotive countrymen and, coincidentally, the newly dominant team in Formula One, Mercedes AMG Petronas. As part of its first season-long promotional campaign, the fashion house has been filming Mercedes' drivers – Hamilton and Nico Rosberg (not together... that really wouldn't work) – exploring their favourite city spots. So far this year the stylishly dressed drivers have been dragging poor old DC up skyscrapers, down graf-

## •Training is boring. To be honest, I don't think I have ever enjoyed it•

fitted alleys, around art galleries, and through museums from Melbourne and Shanghai, through to Monte Carlo and Montreal.

Looking ahead to the next stop on the Formula One calendar, the British Grand Prix, the Hugo Boss roadshow has arrived in London. Which explains why Hamilton and Coulthard have been up to the 69th floor of The Shard, nipped into Sounds Of The Universe record shop, and been given a cooking lesson by Florence Knight at Polpetto in London's Berwick Street. The last stop is the Chelsea Physic Garden. To answer Hamilton's question, the reason they are here is because of the botanical garden's stunning beauty, so evocative of the capital's commitment to conservation and natural tranquillity. He's right, though,

it may not necessarily be the most obvious place for two red-blooded racing drivers to enjoy a cuppa.

Promotional duty served, away from the garden and the film crews, and into his more natural habitat – a Mercedes-AMG S-Class – Hamilton is instantly more relaxed. We first met back in 2006 when *GQ* visited the McLaren Technology Centre in Woking, Surrey, for a Hugo Boss (who else?) fashion shoot. Lewis was just 21, still driving GP2, but he had told me without a flicker of self-doubt that he would be a Formula One driver and hopefully a world champion sooner rather than later. He was intense, carefully measured in what he said and how he said it, but utterly and ruthlessly committed to winning races.

Nine years on and although the teeth may be a little whiter (actually, they are so bright you could probably see them from space) and the hair a little more coiffed, you'll be pleased to know he hasn't changed that much. He tells me he is happy, still loves being a racing driver, and is desperate for that third world title. But you might be surprised to hear that he doesn't watch *Top Gear*, he plays chess before every race and that really, deep down, he wanted to be a motorbike racer...

**You turned 30 this year – how much of a milestone was that for you?** I thought it would be before it happened, but I don't really think it is. I certainly don't feel any different. It's a lot more than it's cracked up to be, to be honest. I still feel like a teenager at heart, I guess.

**Are you better as a driver now?**

Yes, definitely. Mentally, physically, I think so. But it's hard to say, because every year the car is different. I suppose I would have been fitter when I was younger, but I think I handle the car better now.

**And do you still enjoy racing as much?**

I enjoy it much more when it is a battle. I do enjoy races where I lead... take Bahrain this year. That was fun because I was still having to clock the right times, keep a balance to the car, monitor fuel and maintain the gap between myself and the other drivers, and that is still a challenge. But the Barcelona GP was different because I saved enough fuel at



Man about town (from left): Lewis Hamilton steps out of a Mercedes-AMG S-Class on his whistle-stop tour of London, organised by Hugo Boss; browsing the vinyl selection at the Sounds Of The Universe record shop on London's Berwick Street; in the kitchen of the Venetian-themed restaurant Polpetto



the start of the race so that I was able to cane it later. And I love to push the car and drive hard. Winning is still the ultimate goal, though. That's what we race for.

**Is training still fun, too?** Generally, I'd say training is boring, man. I don't get a lot of fun out of it. For me it's a chore to get up and work out. I want to look good and feel healthy, but most of the time I dislike it. Unless I'm doing something fun, like playing squash. Or if there is a competitive element to it, then I enjoy it more. I do like running, though. That is something I have always liked. But to be honest, I don't think I have enjoyed training – ever.

**You must live a fairly active life, though.**

Yeah, I do a lot of sports, like wakeboarding, hiking, mountain-bike riding. All that stuff. Take this weekend. When I go home to Monaco, I like to take my dogs out and play with them on the beach – even though they're not really allowed on the beach! And I will probably do some jet-skiing and water-skiing with my friends. I love taking my cars out for a drive. Driving up the hill in my 1966 Shelby Cobra and taking some pictures. That's beautiful.

**What other motorsport would you like**

**to try?** I'd really like to do a Nascar race one day. I'd also love to test a Moto GP bike. Just to see what it's like. Naturally I'd know the lines, but I'd love to know if I could even do it. When I was a kid I actually wanted to race motorbikes. When my dad bought me my first go-kart, I actually wanted a motorbike. I'm not disappointed how things turned out, but bikes were my first love, I suppose.

**Anything else?** I like playing chess.

**Seriously?** Yeah, I play chess before every race, with my trainer.

**Are you any good?** No, we're both pretty crap. [Laughs.] Actually, I am getting better at it. I think I might be pretty good. Well, I'm better than him! But my main hobby is music. I spend a lot of time listening to and making music.

**You have your own studio?** I do. It's at home and I only really get to use it in the winter. But I love it. I don't have any plans

to release anything, it's just a hobby for me. It's all different kinds of music. Some of it is hip hop, some of it is R&B, some stuff is pop, some stuff is urban pop. Just a real mixture.

**You bought a couple of old records today.**

I love old vinyl. I bought Miles Davis and The Temptations, but I haven't listened to my records in a long time. I have my decks in storage, and hopefully buying these records will encourage me to get them out.

**Do you spend much time at home in Monaco these days?** Not really, but I don't actually like being at home for long. I actually like travelling even more now. I absolutely love to be in and out – always on the move.

For example, we were in China all damn week recently and I was losing my mind. **But those commitments must be a lot less now [post-McLaren]...** Oh, sure. A few years

stuff, but they also want me fit and they want me happy, so they give me days off. It is about getting that balance. It's the smart way of doing things.

**Is there anything you miss about McLaren?**

To be honest, when I moved, I was 100 per cent certain I was going for the right reasons, and I have learnt to love the team that I am in. Naturally you miss some of the people you used to work with, but "miss" for me is a very big word. I won't say that I miss anything.

**Do you miss having lost your record as the fastest F1 driver round the Top Gear track**

**[to Daniel Ricciardo]** No, not really. [Laughs]. Honestly, I couldn't give a... But I was sad to see the show go. Well, I'm not that sad personally, because I don't watch TV. But I know a lot of people around the world loved it; people were always talking about it and I think it was a class act.

**Could you see yourself doing a show like that in the future?** Not particularly. That's not the kind of thing I want to do.

**Have you thought what you might do when you finish racing?** No. I generally just focus on the now. Because you never know how long you are going to live for. I race a

Formula One car and that is a dangerous sport. I do dangerous sports for fun, as a hobby, as well. I'm always travelling by plane... So I just try to live for now. At the moment I have a World Championship I want to win.

**Do you ever worry about mortality? You only have to look at Michael Schumacher to see what can happen. That was just bad**

**luck, right?** Well, I have no comment on those things. You are assuming that is the case with him, but I have no idea. I wasn't there. I just think when I do things, I try to have fun. I know accidents can happen, but I try to be sensible and stay within my comfort zone. I mean, you could fall down the stairs and hurt yourself, you know.

People do say to me: "Hey, why don't you wait until you retire to do those things?"

And I think: "I might not make it to retire! So I'll enjoy it now."

For more information on Hugo Boss' 'Your City. Your Spot. Your Style' project, visit [hugoboss.com](http://hugoboss.com)

## When I was a kid I wanted to race motorbikes. Bikes were my first love'

ago, when we first met, I was doing far more stuff and I wasn't enjoying it as much. I was in a different place mentally. I was much younger, I was away from friends a lot more, and I was in a team that organised a lot of all-day events... to the extent that it was unhealthy. For a Formula One driver who needs to be fit, there were so many events that I was struggling to be fit. And I was really tired because the events would take all day, then you would get up extra-early in the morning or stay up late at night to fit your training in, and that's all you have time to do.

**Is it very different with Mercedes?** Well, now I'm in a team that understands that a driver has to be fit, and the team has a really good approach. They still need me to do PR and



Driver's rest stop (from left): Former Formula One driver David Coulthard and Lewis Hamilton get reacquainted at The Shard; Hamilton suits up at Hugo Boss, Sloane Square; the current F1 world champion trades witticisms with GQ Health & Sports Editor Paul Henderson in the Hugo Boss flagship store



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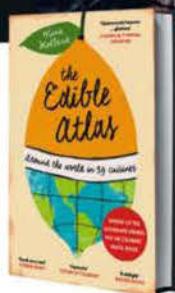
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# Our Stuff

GQ's online style specialist talks us through his favourite gadgets, treats and downtime distractions to give a glimpse into his world

**This month:** NICK CARVELL, Fashion Editor, GQ.co.uk



## STIMULATION

To read: *The Art Of Fielding* by Chad Harbach; *The Edible Atlas* by Mina Holland (left)  
 To read, again: *The Pioneers* by James Fenimore Cooper  
 To watch: *Grace And Frankie* on Netflix  
 Poem: "Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802" by William Wordsworth  
 Coffee: A cappuccino at Holborn Grind (pictured)  
 Architect: Le Corbusier; George Marsh  
 Magazines: *Private Eye*; *Bon Appétit*; *Noble Rot*  
 Films: *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* (1981, above), *Mean Girls* (2004)  
 Art: "Pearblossom Highway, 11th-18th April 1986" by David Hockney; "Guernica" by Pablo Picasso  
 Gallery: Tate Modern  
 Collects: Trainers; white shirts; vintage issues of *GQ*  
 View: Across San Francisco Bay from the top of the UC Berkeley campus Campanile, California  
 Stationery: Fluoro green ballpoint pen by Caran d'Ache (right)  
 Person last followed on Instagram: @guerreisms (left)



## STYLE AND GROOMING

Work denim: Lot No1 bespoke jeans by Levi's (Dark Indigo)  
 Weekend denim: Stick Boy by Gant Rugger (Well Done, above)  
 Smart shoes: Double monk-straps by Coach  
 Trainers: Superstar 80s by Adidas (below)  
 Tailor: Gieves & Hawkes  
 Luggage: Tegra-Lite Max Carry-On by Tumi  
 Wallet: Damier by Louis Vuitton  
 Shades: Carltons by Hardy Amies  
 Fragrance: Neroli Portofino by Tom Ford (left) and Eau de Narcisse Bleu by Hermès  
 Barber: Ruffians, London WC2  
 Haircare essential: Textures Creative Styling Dust by Fudge



## CULTURE

On the night stand: *Why Fashion Matters* by Frances Corner; iPad; Filson coin tray; Pommade Concète hand cream by Buly; Staycationland coaster by Gant Rugger; my grandfather's ring Club: Shoreditch House  
 Last pieces of art acquired: A photograph of the London skyline by Raven Cozens-Hardy; a print of "Poolside Gossip" by Slim Aarons  
 Favourite album: *Colonia* by A Camp (below left)  
 What's on the stereo: "Déjà Vu" by Giorgio Moroder

Excited about: *Spectre* (above); the King's Cross freshwater bathing pond  
 Last meal: Asparagus and jackfruit pilau at Gymkhana, London W1  
 Last drink: A glass of Californian *Vin Gris Birichino 2013* (above right) at Mission, London E2



## GEAR

Phone: iPhone 6  
 Watch: C35 by Uniform Wares (steel with Milanese strap, above)  
 Audio indoors: Debut Carbon vinyl turntable by Pro-Ject (yellow); over-ear headphones by Vertu (both below)  
 Audio outdoors: Sennheiser CX275  
 Indispensable health tech: UP24 by Jawbone  
 Apps: Instagram; Uber; Tunepics  
 Kitchen gadget: 3200XL BlenderMix by Magimix  
 Bathroom gadget: Aria by Clarisonic



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**GQ MOBILE**

Ambient house:  
The Lighthouse  
Restaurant juts  
out from the Baros  
resort into the  
Indian Ocean



## Easy LISTENING

The jewel in the Maldives crown, Baros is the most relaxing beach resort you could ever hope to visit. The requirements are simple, says **Dylan Jones**: light clothes and a generous playlist – whether it's Mark Ronson or Theme Park, here everything is chill-out music



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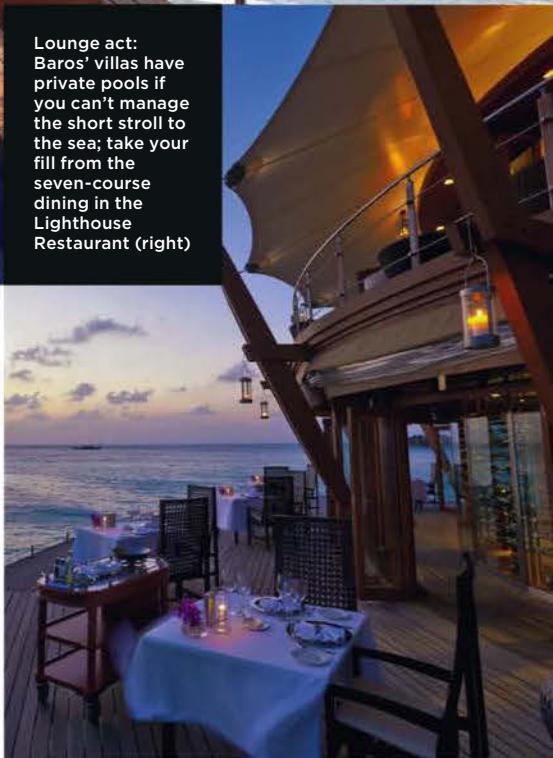
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**Lounge act:**  
Baros' villas have private pools if you can't manage the short stroll to the sea; take your fill from the seven-course dining in the Lighthouse Restaurant (right)



**O**n any given holiday you are usually in two places at once. There is the actual beach, city, resort or mountaintop... And then there is the space occupied by the music you're listening to. Try to think about your favourite Ibiza vacation and your head will immediately be filled with at least half a dozen chill-out classics, while the recollection of a US road trip could send you hurtling back to the Seventies, via the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac and Tom Petty.

With traditional beach holidays – the ones where you tend to be more concerned with what happens during the day than with how many nightclubs you can squeeze into at night – musical accompaniment appears to have paramount importance. At least it does in my house... And by my house, I mean one of the many old-skool iPods I keep in a box under the stairs for my annual trip to Baros in the Maldives. Of course, if you've paid attention you'll know that most people who listen to music while lying on their sun loungers use iPhones and the sort of huge headgear that looks as though it was self-assembled using some state-of-the-art Italian furniture and a pair of macaroons from Ladurée; but I find the idea of using large headphones on the beach laughable – especially if the music you're listening to errs on the soporific side.

Nowadays, most people I know use Spotify to underscore their holidays, allowing algorithms to wrap their taste around designated

geomusical positions. I still like using the shuffle bar on the iPod, pinballing between songs I've downloaded especially for the occasion, probably only having listened to them once (at most). Last summer, as I drove around Miami soaking up the sun as well as sucking up the culture, I listened to hardly anything apart from Jungle, in the same way that a few years previously I had listened to nothing but Hot Chip as I made my way down the coast to San Francisco from Seattle.

In the Maldives earlier this year, however, my head was awash with everything from Theme Park, Mark Ronson and Mac DeMarco to Frank Ocean, The Weeknd and Jess Glynne. Headphones are an obvious way to perform taxonomy on the past, too, and this holiday was no exception, as the tinny strains of "Fanny (Be Tender With My Love)" by the Bee Gees and "Baby I'm Scared Of You" by Womack & Womack could be heard by anyone straying too close to my lounger.

Lying in the sun makes you an incredibly forgiving customer, and songs that you wouldn't hum along to in the office, or in a bar, become perfectly acceptable when you have a tube of factor 30 in one hand and a cold Corona in the other. So while I've never been a fan of so-called guilty pleasures – if you like something then you like something, and you shouldn't be embarrassed about it – it's easy to perform a certain amount of R&D when your musical backpacking is done in private. Which means that as well as being assaulted

by the likes of the Zone, DJ Friction, Lushlife Project and Carmen McRae, anyone foolish enough to try my headphones for size could also be confronted by Acker Bilk, Air Supply and the Alessi Brothers (and I haven't even got to the B's yet...).

Like I say, the beach is forgiving, particularly if you're on a beach in the Maldives, which has the most forgiving beaches of them all.

The Maldives are so beautiful that collectively they are among the most Instagrammed tourist attractions in the world. In a survey last year they made it into fourth place, with 622,504 photos uploaded, after the Eiffel Tower (977,287), Times Square (773,569) and Big Ben (689,375). This is hardly surprising, as every atoll offers shallow aquamarine water, salmon-pink sunsets, lush green fronds and the kind of beautifully orchestrated seven-course meals that look great when framed in little boxes on your smartphones. Here in the Indian Ocean, under a baking sun, on long ➤

## Staying on Baros will give you an intoxicating feeling of omnipotence

thin tables covered in ironed white linen, food porn is everywhere: sand lobsters, blue swimmer crabs, Technicolor maki rolls, reef-fish sashimi, lagoon prawns, cuttlefish and palm-garden banana leaves. In the Maldives, a world of unbelievable landscapes and 3-D marine life, candy-coloured melodrama is everywhere.

There are no paradoxes, though: the place is simply beautiful.

There is still a sense that you need to visit the Maldives before they disappear, as by now most people know that the islands are slowly sinking into the sea. Six years ago, as a way to draw attention to the country's plight, Mohamed Nasheed, the first democratically elected Maldivian president, started looking for a place for the country's 400,000 citizens to move before their homeland becomes immersed in the Indian Ocean.

"We can do nothing to stop climate change on our own, so we have to buy land elsewhere. It's an insurance policy for the worst possible outcome," he said at the time. He tried to negotiate with the governments of Australia, Sri Lanka and India, and became so good at publicity stunts that he once held a cabinet meeting underwater, and then filmed it. His tenure was controversial, though, so much so that in March this year Nasheed was sentenced to 13 years under the country's Anti-Terrorism Act, a conviction that was immediately criticised by Amnesty International.

Not that you'd be aware of any of this as you visit the country. As tourism is responsible for 90 per cent of the government's income, in the Maldives it has become something of an art. And that art is exemplified on the island



**Lush for life:** The Baros Residence is set in a walled tropical garden and comes with its own butler; a bird's-eye view of the Water Pool Villas (below)

of Baros, a resort that regularly appears in Trip Advisor's top five Maldivian resorts. The islands here are some of the most spectacular holiday resorts in the world, and are still the places to go for that holiday of a lifetime. Tourism started here in 1972, and Baros was one of the first islands to open itself to international visitors; the experience shows.

Baros has its own reef – unlike many Maldivian resorts, where you need to charter a boat to find one – some of the best food in the southern hemisphere, a sandbank dining experience that will blow your Birkenstocks off, and the kind of relaxed atmosphere that a lot of resorts spend hundreds of thousands of dollars trying to replicate. It also has one of those wonderful buffet breakfast bars, the ones that are so comprehensive you have to be winched back to your villa (as the buffet tends to be free, you often see honeymooners stuffing their beach bags full of sausages). At this level – the once-in-a-blue-moon level

– you really expect everything to be perfect, from the quality of the food to the deference of the staff, from the quality of the air conditioning to the spa amenities.

And at Baros, it is. Relaxed, bewilderingly quiet and beautifully orchestrated, the Baros experience is unsurpassed. Having stayed at many other Maldivian resorts over the years, I can't really see how the experience could be improved upon. (One German couple agree with me, as they have made more than 50 return visits in the past two decades.) Staying here will give you an intoxicating feeling of omnipotence, as every one of your whims is taken care of: you whistle a melody and everyone who works here will spend the rest of the day trying to remember it.

I admit I am a spoilt traveller, and a sense of disappointment is almost pre-programmed, even at the very best resorts. However, the only disappointment I experience here is when I have to leave.

There are dozens of staff casually milling around, waiting to dole on you, and as soon as you lift your glass there's someone there with a coaster, waiting for you to return it to the table. At Baros, there are even people waiting to help you in case you've drunk so much punch, you can't actually remember which villa you're staying in. Not that anyone would behave like that here, as Baros is nothing if not discreet. This is not a party island, but an island for romance, low gears and downtime.

Which makes your choice of music even more important.

Each year, in the hours before going to the airport, I still pack way more clothes than I'll ever need, ever mindful of having to suddenly look smart and crisp and socially acceptable at the drop of a Panama hat (it never happens).

But with music, I never regret how much I can pour into my little white box. Come rain or shine – and when you're in the Maldives, it's usually the latter – you can never have too much music.

Ever. 

*Baros Maldives offers villas from £550 a night plus service charge and taxes, based on two adults sharing a room on a bed and breakfast basis. +960 664 2672, baros.com*

## This is not a party island, but an island for romance and downtime





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# EASTERN PROMISE

New openings in Jordan and Thailand for Gordon Campbell Gray, bold updates at three London locations, and a hospitality takeover on the Cap-Ferrat



Despite beating Ian Schrager to the title of London's first contemporary luxury hotelier – One Aldwych opened in 1998, a year before Schrager's entry into the capital with St Martins Lane – it took until 2009 for Gordon Campbell Gray, after going on to re-energise the Caribbean market with Antigua's Carlisle Bay, to finally put his own name above the door with the opening of Le Gray, Beirut. Now, in partnership with the Jordanian Audeh family, a **Le Gray** will open in Amman, **JORDAN**, in early 2017 within a residential/retail development due for completion at the end of that year. Other projects under way include a phased renovation of the historic Phoenicia, in Valletta, Malta, and the

redevelopment of the Machrie Hotel and Golf Links on the island of Islay, due to be unveiled in 2017.

[campbellgrayhotels.com](http://campbellgrayhotels.com)



Meanwhile, Schrager's **LONDON** launchpad, **St Martins Lane** (now owned by Morgans Hotel Group), has received a makeover, with newly designed rooms playing off Philippe Starck's original baroque/minimal approach and a new cocktail bar, Blind Spot, under the direction of ex-69 Colebrooke Row mixologist Andrew Loudon. *Rooms from £275. [morganshotelgroup.com](http://morganshotelgroup.com)*

Elsewhere in the capital, **London Marriott Hotel Park Lane** has undergone a comprehensive renovation with newly elegant Park-view rooms (*from £499. [marriott.co.uk](http://marriott.co.uk)*) and redesigned lobby, and **Corinthia London** adds to its David Collins Studio-designed portfolio of desirable hang-outs (which includes its flagship restaurant, Massimo, and the Bassoon cocktail bar) with an alfresco Garden Lounge hewn from its inner courtyard. Sensibly equipped with two fireplaces, the space offers all-day dining and a snug-like humidior. *Rooms from £426. [corinthia.com](http://corinthia.com)*

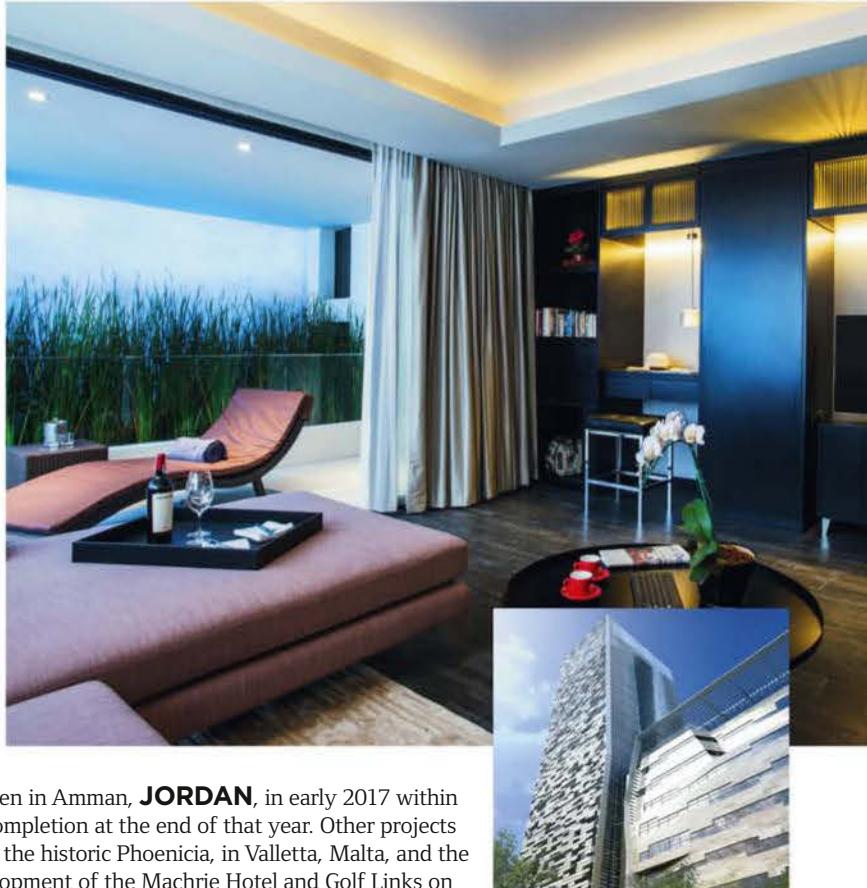


Further afield, Singaporean design house Manor Studio is the bold and colourful creative force behind **Akyra Manor**

**House**, which opens this month in the northern capital of **THAILAND**, Chang Mai. Sharing the brand's "courtyard within a room" concept, all 30 suites feature outdoor hot-tubs as their focal point. Three

nights in the larger of the two suite configurations costs £198 until 31 October when booked through [destinology.co.uk](http://destinology.co.uk).

Finally, Four Seasons has extended its footprint in **FRANCE** beyond Paris' George V, following its appointment as manager of **Grand Hôtel du Cap-Ferrat** (*not* to be confused with the Hôtel du Cap-Eden-Roc at Antibes). **BP** *Rooms from £550. [fourseasons.com/capferrat](http://fourseasons.com/capferrat)* ➤



**Mai space:** (top) Akyra Manor House is the Thai capital's new design destination; (above) Amman's Le Gray opens in 2017

**Hyde away:** Premium suites at the London Marriott Hotel Park Lane overlook Mayfair's largest swathe of open space



# BEAT THE RETREAT

Hidden away from the hordes, these luxurious **Saint-Tropez** sanctuaries are strictly for those in the know



SAINT-TROPEZ in high season isn't for the faint-hearted, but for those looking to relax there are two hidden gems: one set back from the port on Rue Gambetta, the other beyond the beaches buried deep in the foliated coastline at Ramatuelle.

North African influences aren't unusual on this part of the coast, but the charming Hôtel Pan Dei Palais goes in for something even more exotic. This former home – built by a French general just back from India, with his Punjabi princess wife and five children – is ideally placed between the authentic Saturday marketplace of Place des Lices and the port, yet somehow neglects to announce the splendours within: Asiatic-style decor, softened further by an intimate lobby and boutique basement spa.

The discretion doesn't end there. Sunk into its walled garden is a swimming pool, surrounded by daybeds, that by night becomes one of Saint-Tropez's most attractive – and low-key – destination dining spots.

However, if you find a more relaxing yet prestigious dining spot than La Voile at La Réserve Ramatuelle, then keep it to yourself – the last thing you need is the rest of the world descending on what can only be the second-best setting on the Riviera.

We say second best, because however incredible your secret rendezvous might seem, it won't compare to the location enjoyed by the middle sibling in La Réserve's perfectly formed family of properties. (The first overlooks Lake Geneva and the latest, in Paris, threw open its doors – quietly – late last year.)



Tropez day:  
Hôtel Pan Dei  
Palais' pool  
and (below)  
its must-visit  
restaurant



Chill factor:  
La Réserve  
Ramatuelle is a  
modernist haven  
with sweeping  
sea views

Ramatuelle lies south of Saint-Tropez, in the middle of a nature reserve overlooking the deep-blue Mediterranean, where La Réserve sits nestled between the cliffs. The stark modernism of this one-time private home is undercut by Asian-inspired calm and a decor that reads like a minimalist's colour chart. Thankfully, the service overrides the omnipresent "chill factor", and extends to a spa in what was once the property's private disco.

The good times (and bad mornings after) may have migrated down and off the coast, but La Réserve Ramatuelle luxuriates instead in La Voile, Eric Canino's Michelin-starred dining room. A disciple of "lean-cuisine" innovator Michel Guérard, Chef Canino has rebored Provençal cooking to remove all added fats and refined sugars, with many of the ingredients originating in the hotel's own kitchen garden. 

Rooms at Hôtel Pan Dei Palais start at £423. 52 Rue Gambetta, 83990 Saint-Tropez. +33 4 94 17 71 71, [pandei.com](http://pandei.com). Rooms at La Réserve Ramatuelle Hotel, Spa and Villas start at £560. Chemin de Quessine, 83350 Ramatuelle. +41 22 959 59 59, [lareserve.com](http://lareserve.com)



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## APP OF THE MONTH

From the pinafored chambermaid wagging a carpet beater rather suggestively while it's loading, the new app from the **Standard hotel group** – its response to the demand for last-minute rooms at a fair price – was never going to be aimed solely at those stranded by a snowstorm or avoiding an excessive Uber fare. Instead, as the name suggests, **One Night Standard** is targeting the impulsive local requiring near-immediate access to a room at a rate and via a relationship that doesn't require the reverse-walk of shame. After logging in, payment-card details are held within the app, allowing the booking to take just 30 seconds. Same-day bookings from 3pm with availability until 5am. Tinder is the night, indeed. [standardhotels.com/onenightstandard](http://standardhotels.com/onenightstandard)



The Big app: New  
York's Standard  
High Line hotel

**NIKON 1 J5**  
Boasting 4K capability, the J5 packs a punch

**DETAILS**  
20.8 megapixels, pictured with 10-30mm PD Zoom lens, £429.99

**NIKON D5500**  
Nikon's first DSLR with touchscreen functionality

**DETAILS**  
24 megapixels, pictured with 18-55mm VR II lens as standard, £719.99

**NIKON COOLPIX AW130**  
Built for sterner stuff, the AW130 is tough to its core

**DETAILS**  
16 megapixels, 5x Optical Zoom and 10x Dynamic Fine Zoom, £279.99

## SHOOTING TO THRILL

Call the shots with **Nikon** and its newest triumvirate of cameras, each in its own league

Now, more than ever, the challenge of mastering photography is at its most appealing. For those who are no longer content with channelling their creative spirit through a cloudy filter on a smartphone, Nikon is offering an impressive line-up of the latest camera technology, guaranteeing unrivalled picture quality every time. Ideal for capturing (and subsequently mastering) the very best moments, the **Nikon 1 J5** packs an almighty ability to shoot in 4K, alongside crisper-than-crisp stills. The **D5500**, the latest entry-level DSLR from industry-leading Nikon, has a touchscreen display that illuminates the camera's unrivalled ability in low-light scenarios, and lastly the **COOLPIX AW130** hurtles in as the ultimate survival companion. It's cold-resistant, waterproof to 30 metres, shock-proof and rust-proof. Or, if it's easier, life-proof. [nikon.co.uk](http://nikon.co.uk)

# Hail the Uber



The tech left have turned Uber into the newest ugliest face of capitalism

# imensch

The revolutionary app's road to world domination has been blocked by protests from licensed taxi drivers and conspiracy theorists – but still Uber thrives. Now this tech brand is not only challenging cab culture, but the very concept of car ownership itself

STORY BY **MICHAEL WOLFF**



Hire time: Black cab drivers take to the streets of central London to protest against Uber, 11 June 2014. Further protests took place in Westminster on 26 May 2015

was invited to a dinner in New York a number of months ago by my friend Ian Osborne, who advises technology companies on public policy issues and international markets. It was a dinner hosted by Uber, one of those efforts that tech companies often make to reach outside of their own limited circles – in this case to New York media people. Uber, instead of enjoying the adulation that greets most successful technology companies, has endured ever-increasing hostility. It was trying to

make nice, in other words. Ian suggested that if I had a colleague who might be interested in meeting the Uber folks, I should bring him or her along. (I saw Boris Johnson, visiting New York that week, and asked him. But he said it would be safer for him to be seen with Isis commanders than with Uber management.)

I thought of Ben Smith, the editor-in-chief of BuzzFeed, not least because BuzzFeed was another vaunted tech company of the moment invariably partial to other vaunted tech companies. Smith was enthusiastic about the invitation and, seated at the end of the long table from me, seemed, as far as I could tell, to be happily engaged in conversation with one of the Uber executives. The Uber exec, as more wine was poured, spent some time, as it happens, remonstrating to Smith about Uber's reliably negative coverage in the press and the many gotcha investigations directed at the company, pointing out – neither wholly unreasonably nor entirely soberly – that Uber, if it wanted to, could start to investigate journalists.

Smith, cat-who-swallowed-the-canary like, tiptoed from the dinner and shortly thereafter published an exposé quoting the executive and implying that Uber had plans to harass and impugn the journalists covering the company. The story became an instant *cause célèbre* at that unlikely nexus of the technology press and anti-corporate left (both now joined in a defence of journalistic freedoms) and was soon on the front page of the *New York Times*.

Message clear: Uber – on its way to being the most important consumer technology company since Google – was a right-thinking citizen's true enemy.

I don't know how to drive. This gives me perhaps a different relationship with Uber than if I had a car in my garage. For me, it is the best thing since sliced bread, and a technology product that makes my life easier instead of more complicated.

And hardly, it seems, just me. The impulse not to drive, to see driving and car ownership

instead of as the efficiency that defined the 20th century, but rather as something hugely inefficient and inconvenient, an ill-conceived and illogical act, may be the perception that animates the 21st century. *Not* driving could define the superior and modern sensibility.

Hardly yet coherent, without a catchy name, or media excitement, or zeitgeist awareness, a revolution in mobility is underway that might not only be larger in its effect than the information revolution, but larger than how, beginning a century ago, automobiles transformed human experience.

Uber is already one of the world's fastest-growing companies, on its way to being the world's largest transportation company, employing more than a million drivers. On its part, Google's management is said to believe that the company's driverless car will be more profitable than search.

Carl Icahn, among the most successful investors of the era, and as good a barometer of investment flows as any, is now the largest shareholder in Hertz, the rent-a-car colossus, and also a significant investor in Lyft, the ride-share competitor to Uber. Curiously, Icahn joins in Lyft one of his particular nemeses, Marc Andreessen, the founder of Netscape and among the most important technology investors. It feels like the sure beginnings of a sure roll-up to come. Smart money invests in Lyft, because that's probably the cheapest way into Uber, who will, inevitably, buy its competition. You invest in Hertz because its future customers are not you and me, but Uber drivers who fetch us from the airport.

All the signs agree: a new generation is eschewing conventional car ownership. The demographic rush is to urban centres, where car ownership is more expensive and less convenient; more cars remain idle (in expensive garages) far longer than ever before; urban

policies designed to lessen carbon footprints and traffic flows, discourage car ownership. Cars could be the new cigarettes.

Digital disruption, that take-down of established corporate power and transformer of market-driven behaviour, is, of course, the highest business and social mantra, defining a new tech-driven ideology and politics. Now, the world's capital structure and economic hegemony might most be disrupted by a radical decrease in car ownership. And yet, the tech left, with sudden cold feet, has rallied against Uber, turning it into the newest ugliest face of capitalism.

For Uber, it is a bizarre order of disconnect. It is embraced by a marketplace whose very foundation, car ownership, it might destroy; it is angrily opposed by eco-friendly, anti-materialist, anti-ownership anti-corporatists, whose social vision it might help realise. Uber's response, as in its New York dinner, has been an ambitious effort to get its PR affairs in order. It hired David Plouffe, the former Obama campaign manager, to run its communications strategy, then kicked him upstairs and brought in Rachel Whetstone who had performed this role at Google, and whose husband is Steve Hilton, the former Conservative Party political operative close to David Cameron. At Uber, they are confounded by how Google has got away with seeking worldwide dominance, and why Uber, with a similar intent to reorder the world, is on the hook.

Uber's intent, only magnified by its name, has suddenly made it the blowback company, or the tipping-point company. Twenty years of unchecked enthusiasm for technology in all its "disruptive" forms may now come crashing down around Uber. It's the inversion. Politically ambiguous technologies, swept up for a generation by the novelty of business culture but, curiously, ever-left-wing in their instincts and ideals, embracing disruption as somehow a left-wing business ethos, are now face to face with a real-world economic disruption. Bloody cars.

Google, surely among the most beloved companies in history – regarded somehow in the rosy light of Fifties corporate giants – has largely been able to function in a world of its own making. Its hegemonic control is over, in a sense, nothing. Virtual. A world in a box.

Uber, on the other hand, and soon enough Google cars, and the countless other iterations of actual real-life reordering to our physical selves, may be where the rubber meets the true emotional road of disruption.

C onspiracy theories, however wakadoo, create a unified system of evil, and are usually a good indicator of severe political alienation.

The beginning of a great Uber conspiracy theory came my way not long ago because I play a cameo role in it – and goes back to the dinner at the beginning of this piece. In other

## Uber's intention to reorder the world, only magnified by its name, has suddenly made it the blowback company

words, a dinner I can vouch for as entirely happenstance and convivial becomes, in the anti-Uber conspiracists' telling, one of the various nexuses of worldwide takeover. Of course, if I am a member of this conspiracy, I can hardly do any vouching that it is other than a conspiracy.

Anyway, PandoDaily is a tech media site that through particularly grating self-dramatisation has managed to achieve more presence than it might naturally deserve, suggesting an incipient hysterical side to tech life and politics. Part of its *raison d'être* has involved a campaign against Uber, which, PandoDaily believes is not only out to take over the world but has singled out Pando's founder, Sarah Lacy, for special harassment because of her principled opposition to Uber.

Pando's theory, and aha moment, was sparked by Whetstone's hiring: "It's... a story," according to Pando staffer, Paul Carr, in a long post on the site, "that telegraphs clearly how Uber intends to get more, not less, aggressive and shady in its dealings with both lawmakers and the media. If you were worried about Uber's power under Plouffe, you should be shitting yourself at what they'll be capable of under Whetstone." This is, worth noting, a giant power leap for the PR trade.

The background here, as in all conspiracy tales, involves efforts both to subvert government power and yet to insidiously use it – that is, you never know who's a friend and who is an enemy. (This is not so much a quaint frenemy in tech parlance, but a new, rough beast, its hour come round at last.)

While technology companies have benefited from the sense that they were anti-government – and capable of circumventing governments and old hat laws – and have used popular anti-government sentiment (both left wing and right wing) to help avoid new regulation, Uber has so excelled at circumventing regulations that anti-Uberists, many tech-leftists among them, are more and more demanding that governments do *something* to stop Uber's masterful work around of local regulations.

Accordingly, if you are of a conspiracy-theory persuasion, you might assume that Uber is doing all it can to subvert and co-opt governments to avoid a great clampdown – and that it is working its shadowy magic within other shadows. "The problem is," says Pando, "to tell the story properly, one needs to understand not just the inner workings of Uber, but also the surprising, and growing, global influence of a small group of Anglos and Anglophiles credited with guiding Britain's 'nasty party' from political exile to landslide electoral victory, despite being tangled up in Rupert Murdoch's international phone-hacking scandal."

All conspiracies not only default to a "small group," but grow from other conspiracies.

"The relationship," says Pando, "between Whetstone and the Camerons is by no means limited to 9-to-5 hours. Whetstone was godmother to Cameron's first child, Ivan, and

## There is a deep emotional connection between individual freedom and the right to own your own car

today Whetstone, Hilton and Cameron are all affiliated with the so-called Chipping Norton Set – a high status group of politicians, celebrities and upper class power-players all of whom have (second) homes close to the same town, not far from London. The *Daily Mail* has also referred to Whetstone and her friends as 'Cameron's Cronies'.

Thanks to an interview I did with David Cameron for *Vanity Fair* in 2008, and my attendance at the dinner I described earlier, I am now connected to Plouffe, Whetstone (whose grandfather, Pando points out, once shared an apartment block with economist and "libertarian icon" Milton Friedman) and Uber in a conspiracy that reaches into the highest reaches of the US and British government and beyond.

In this theory, supposing my connection to Uber and Cameron, and, my "closeness to Rupert Murdoch", this then connects Murdoch – or the "tight-knit transatlantic social group that includes Murdoch and his key lieutenants" – to Uber and its plans for ever-greater world domination. Oh yes, and in this theory, I am a card carrying member of the Chipping Norton set (where I am "accepted by the same people he claims to hate") and, as well, a Rebekah Brooks intimate. Aha indeed.

In some sense, the surprise is that the technology business is not more at the centre of ever-raging conspiracy theories. That perhaps is part of this PR-driven theory: the PRs are so successful that they are able to deflect everybody's attention from the real plotting going on. Indeed, part of this conspiracy theory, like most, involves the fact that no other press outlets, at least not the established ones, are willing to see it.

The message here – as in all conspiracies – is to be afraid. Uber, nefariously, is out to undermine your freedoms and subvert what you hold most dear.

As far as I can tell, that most-dear thing for some is car ownership. The digital revolution may have destroyed print and print culture, changed how we make relationships, altered how we shop and communicate, but all that is merely twaddle when placed next to the deep emotional connection between individual freedom and the right to own your own car.

Indeed, the implications of a worldwide decrease in car ownership alters, practically speaking, everything. The shape of cities, our central symbols of status, the most fundamental and time-consuming behaviour patterns of our daily lives, the nature of time and space – measured, of course, by driving distance – so many aspects of what we talk about (I can barely remember anyone talking about anything else where I grew up than preferred local highway strategies), and, as well, the economic basis of the world.

Modernity is about owning cars. Power is about owning cars – who makes them, who buys them. Cars are a geopolitical reality. Whoever makes more of them and whoever buys more of them rules. Any change in this equation is rife for conspiracies and for deep existential alarm. A world without having to own a car, or wanting to own a car, or aspiring to own a better car, is an entirely new one.

There are many things that have upset people about Uber: its elitist connotations, even when that has been confounded by Uber's ever-greater all-flavour options for all people. Its surge-pricing strategy, even though this is, arguably, a much more responsive way to meet over-burdened demand. Its effect on existing taxi fleets and labour pools, even though it breaks the worst kind of inefficient monopoly. Its safety and insurance issues, even though most of the worldwide livery industry has a terrible safety record and famously difficult insurance bureaucracies and procedures.

But all this, I believe, is just a greater sense of agitation surrounding the real issue which is, for most people, almost unimaginable: because of Uber, and the revolution that it has helped spark, many, if not most, of us won't need to own a car, or even learn how to drive. The central experience of modern life, a bond between parent and child, a world-view, the look and feel of the landscape everywhere, reality's organising principle – where to park – gone, uniting right and left in a perfectly understandable fear of the future.

It's true disruption and terrifying. 



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# The Lab

EDITED BY CHARLIE BURTON & STUART McGURK



## LARGER THAN LIFE

The latest virtual reality headsets are so convincing, they will transform how we watch films, play games and socialise. GQ gets an early preview of the best

**Plus** Sounding out in-ear headphones

**Max headroom:**  
Sony's Project  
Morpheus offers  
a less front-heavy,  
more evenly  
balanced design  
than its test rivals

## 1 Project Morpheus by Sony

When VR was first introduced in the Nineties, it swiftly died a death thanks to the lag time between the movement of your head and the movement of the visuals, which caused seasickness and punctured the illusion. Like all the sets on test, Sony has solved this issue. But its standout achievement – and it's a considerable one – is that it actually looks like a piece of consumer technology. The design integrates its smarts into something that resembles a crown more than an enormous pair of goggles and, by putting some of the kit at the back of the head, it feels more balanced. Sony also showed us the most interactive gaming experience: we tried a demo called *The London Heist*, which involves a *Time Crisis*-esque shoot-out. But while you can duck and weave, you can't walk around the room. Its visuals also seemed less sharp than the other two devices, but this was likely to do with calibration more than hardware.

*Out early 2016. playstation.com*

**Win:** Plugs into your PS4

**Fail:** Can't walk around freely (at this stage)



## 2 Vive by HTC

HTC may not be the most likely company to venture into VR, but boy has it come up with an immersive system. It uses two laser sensors in opposing corners of the room to track you without having to analyse a camera image (Sony and Oculus both depend on a front-on camera), allowing users to stroll around the virtual space at will, although the experience adjusts to accommodate the dimensions of your particular room. The demo, in which you stand on the deck of a wrecked ship while a giant whale swims past, was truly unnerving, and another where you draw 3-D images in midair (you can then walk around them, of course) was pure joy. If only all the kit wasn't weighted on the front of your head – and we're dreading the price announcement.

*Out later this year. htcvr.com*

**Win:** Highly immersive

**Fail:** Could be expensive



## 3 Oculus Rift by Facebook

This former Kickstarter project was bought by Facebook last year to much outcry, but the latest prototype shows that critics need not have worried. Far from the basic social networking device that some feared, the Rift is a thoroughgoing and impressive VR headset that makes you feel absolutely present in the virtual realm. One of the demos puts you on a ledge atop a skyscraper – look down and you get vertigo, and although we knew it was a computer-generated illusion we just couldn't bring ourselves to step off. Sadly, though, none of what we experienced was interactive. Other drawbacks are that it puts all the weight on the front of your head, and it will (likely) only run off a PC with some serious specs.

*Taking pre-orders later this year; out in the first quarter of 2016. oculus.com*

**Win:** Convincing "spatial" audio

**Fail:** Requires a gaming PC

### The BREAKDOWN

		Sony	HTC	Facebook
Field of vision	>	100°	110°	100°
Sensors	>	Gyroscope, accelerometer	Gyroscope, accelerometer, lasers	Gyroscope, accelerometer, magnetometer
Frames per second	>	120	90	90
Screen resolution	>	1920 x 1080 pixels	1200 x 1080 pixels	2160 x 1080 pixels

**OLYMPUS**

**OM-D**  
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\*CIPA Standards as of 12/2014

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Find out more at your local dealer or visit [olympus.co.uk](http://olympus.co.uk)

## 1 ASG-1Plus by Aurisonics

They may not be cheap, but the sound from Aurisonics' ASG-1Plus - which are made by a 3-D printer - is something to behold. A truly rich mid-range, a plush bass that is clear and defined, it feels more like listening to a quality old-school hi-fi separates system than any in-ear headphones we've tried before. Physically, they feel bulky and awkward at first - they loop behind and around your ears like sports earphones - but they sit flat and neat, and you'll soon forget the size when the sound is this great. £389. [hifiheadphones.co.uk](http://hifiheadphones.co.uk)

**Win:** Studio-quality sound; great build quality; light

**Fail:** Not cheap; not everyone will like the size

★★★★★☆☆☆

## 2 Astell&Kern Layla by JH Audio

How to rate a £2,000 pair of earphones? Well, you do get bang for your buck - just not in a good way. Those high-end drivers mean two gobstopper-sized chassis protruding from your earholes. But the sound is stunning - easily the best in-ear on the market. The bass is incredible - deep, rich and pure, and a crystal-clear, soaring mid-range makes even the vocals on your most-listened track feel like the first time you've heard them. The sound is a ten, but you'll look like a sci-fi extra. £1,999. [astellnkern.com](http://astellnkern.com)

**Win:** Stunning sound - the best in-ear headphones on the market

**Fail:** Too bulky; prohibitive price

★★★★★☆☆☆

## 3 ATH-CKR10 by Audio-Technica

Audio-Technica's ATH-CKR10 earphones strike a great balance between wearability (light, slimline, they don't need to hook around your earlobes) and sound. The latter isn't the best on test, but it's still pretty terrific - the bass is rich and weighty, the mid-range clear and true. Other hybrid-driver earphones on this test may be better, but these still blow nearly all other in-ear models out of the water. £200. [eu.audio-technica.com](http://eu.audio-technica.com)

**Win:** Amazing sound for the price; slimline and light

**Fail:** Feel slightly underpowered compared with the higher-end models

★★★★★☆☆☆

## 4 DN-1000 by Dunu

Where do we start? First, there's the design - two chunky earplugs that make the wearer look like Uhura from *Star Trek* wearing communicators in both ears. But far worse - in case you thought size equalled quality - is the sound, which gives no indication of the much-vaunted tech within. With a tinny bass and limited mid-range, they're actually inferior to Apple's new ergonomic EarPod headphones, which come free with an iPhone. Avoid. ☺

£180. [dunu-topsound.com](http://dunu-topsound.com)

**Win:** Um, they have a lot of earbud options

**Fail:** Everything - quality, price, appearance

★★☆☆☆☆☆☆



# NEW SOUND WAVE

A new breed of 'hybrid-driver' in-ear headphones are challenging expensive studio-quality cans. How do they fare?

The BREAKDOWN	Aurisonics	JH Audio	Audio-Technica	Dunu
Drivers	1 + tweeter	12	2	3
Driver size	14.2mm + tweeter	TBC	13mm	10mm
Impedance	11 ohms	20 ohms	12 ohms	10 ohms
Weight	17g	100g	16g	26g
Cable	Detachable 1.2m	1.2m unbalanced cable with bass adjustment	1.2m	1.2m

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# GQ DRESSEUR

OLIVER SPENCER + MONCLER + LOUIS VUITTON + VICTORINOX + VILEBREQUIN + STYLE SHRINK



## Oliver's army

He's conquered London, but now Oliver Spencer is ready to go global

OLIVER SPENCER is one of the highlights of London Collections Men and his uniquely British take on relaxed style has made him a growing success on the international scene.

He started out selling second-hand clothes on the Portobello Road, but a chance find of damaged ecclesiastical fabric in a disused warehouse changed his life. Thanks to a pattern created for him by a Turkish tailor in the East End, he started making waistcoats. His first venture, Favourbrook, was born in 1990 and four years later he was designing waistcoats for *Four Weddings And A Funeral* (1994) and was then firmly on the map.

He started his own label eight years later, and having become a success in London, he admits his next task is to become a global household name.

His first step towards world domination came when he did his first show in London in 2011. At first he was looking for sponsorship and spoke to Topman's design director Gordon Richardson about the possibility of some help. His reply was suitably straightforward. "He said, 'We couldn't sponsor an established designer like you but just do a bloody show and you won't believe what happens,'" explains Spencer. "So we did, in an old banana warehouse in Covent Garden. It was like someone had turned the lights on."

The aesthetic may be different, but Spencer's take on fashion has a similar appeal to Paul Smith's – providing clothes that are never scary but always cool to men who want to stand out from the crowd without shouting about it. Pretty much perfect, in fact. **RJ** 



# Style SHRINK

BY ROBERT JOHNSTON



## LETTER of the MONTH

**+** I am approaching my late thirties and, for the first time in an age, I am looking for clothes that are beyond mere "dad functional". Could you recommend some core pieces that will see me through the times I'm not at work?  
Brian, via email

How appropriate that Brian should be thinking of ditching the "dad functional" in the midst of the debate of the pros and cons of the "dad bod", an expression coined by Mackenzie Pearson, a 19-year-old student at Clemson University in South Carolina whose previous most famous alumnus was Strom Thurmond, a US Republican who served as a South Carolina senator for 48 years and thought that racial segregation was a jolly good idea. Brian should be looking for the weekend style equivalent of the dad bod – not too cool for school while not looking as if he has been dressed by his mum. First stop is a decent pair of raw denim selvedge jeans such as the **Nudie Steady Eddie** – roll them up with a pair of old-school sneakers such as the **Converse Jack Purcell** or classic **Adidas Stan Smith**. If you prefer a boot, look out for a **Redwing** rubber-soled leather boot. This summer, or, indeed, any summer, the essential look is a **Bretton** striped top. A fascinating fact to impress your friends is that legend has it the original top had 21 stripes to celebrate the number of Napoleon's victories. Whatever the number, a blue-and-white striped T-shirt is what you need for a summer's weekend. And if we are talking classic, opt for a red **Harrington** for that James Dean *Rebel Without A Cause* look, but if you feel this is a bit too retro, go for one of **Ben Sherman's** hooded Harrington styles – it will take a ton of dad years off you.

**+** I find myself travelling around on a regular basis with my new job to both warm and cold countries. Most hotels have pools – indoor or out – and I don't really want to take my work bag down to the pool or, obviously, my suitcase. What can you recommend, as a carrier bag simply won't cut it?  
Chris, Qatar

Perhaps one of the most peculiar notes I ever received originated in LA and was to let me know that screenwriter and director (and brother of Sofia) Roman Coppola was mad for totes. So mad that he had actually set up a company – **Pacific Tote** – to spread the love. Who knew a man could be so passionate about a bag? The point of this, however, is I have one of his much-loved totes and it is just the thing for your swimming gear, a towel, a phone and a copy of that new Ryan Gattis novel everyone is talking about. It also has the advantage that, as it is canvas, it is easy to pack



Bag by **Penfield**, £75. [penfield.com](http://penfield.com)



Follow Style Shrink on Instagram  
@roberttjohnston



Jacket by **Hardy Amies**, £495. [hardyamies.com](http://hardyamies.com)

flat in a suitcase (and can be a handy carry-on if needed). A particular GQ favourite is **Want Les Essentiels De La Vie**, a label created by twins Byron and Dexter Peart from Montreal, and a cooler duo it would be hard to imagine. Its Orly striped canvas and leather tote has a sophisticated poolside-to-bar vibe. Otherwise, a backpack is an ideal solution – and again great for carry-on as you can have that in addition to your normal allowance – unless you are on a beastly budget airline (though it doesn't sound as if this is the case for Chris in Qatar, thank the heavens). Tropical floral prints are very this summer, so take a look at the **Penfield Kitchener** patterned with palms.

**+** I have been invited to a black-tie event, but am considering wearing a grey suit with a crisp white shirt, thin black tie and black shoes. I certainly don't want to go the way of old-man tux, and I don't own a dark suit. Is this acceptable?  
Ryan, via email

You would be surprised at how many emails I receive asking much the same question as this. Well, probably not that surprised, as there is something slightly anachronistic about black tie in these more casual, democratic days. Indeed, the term "Hollywood black tie" was coined to describe the tie (rather than bow) look that actors often sport on the red carpet. Personally, I think this is a shame for two reasons. One, there isn't much chance for

men to dress up these days, so it is always a joy to wear something a little bit different. (I suspect women must feel the same way about ball gowns.) Two, and more importantly, black tie is so flattering and no man can fail to look good in it – well, there are a few people that spring to mind that wouldn't, but it would be unkind to name names. The codicil to this second point is that I am the proud owner of a rather beautiful dinner suit by **Hardy Amies** that fits like a glove and I have precious few opportunities to wear it. So, basically, if I were Ryan, I would jump at the opportunity to get into a dinner jacket. And I would stress that there is nothing even faintly "old man" about a tux (unless you've bought one from a Sue Ryder shop that last saw the light of day at the end of the pier in Southend). Do you think Daniel Craig is an old man? Mark my words, the tux is back in a big way. But to answer Ryan's question I think the grey suit will look fine, though skinny ties are passé, and black ones are funereal. It is much chicer to go for a slightly fuller tie in midnight blue, which under artificial light can look even darker than black. Otherwise, the outfit is just fine, and I doubt Dave will be the only invitee in this particular attire. More's the pity.

**+** I would like to upgrade my swimwear this summer to

something more tailored that will work both at the beach and the bar. What would you suggest?  
Matt, London

As you will read in Nick Foulkes' Luxury column about Vilebrequin (right), it is all about great swimwear right now. And one thing to bear in mind is that unless you have a penchant for the old budgie smugglers, your swimwear should have a dual function and take you from the surf to a sundowner in a local hotspot, so a tailored look is definitely the way to go. And at the risk of name-dropping it was my very dear friend **Adam Brown of Orlebar Brown** fame who came up with the concept, and his swimshorts (all named after dogs by the way) are still going strong – and while Brown has now often been copied, he has rarely been equalled. If you really want the shorts to be multifunctional it may be best to go for a flat colour – though it would be a shame to ignore all the great prints available. Talking of prints, another excellent swimwear brand is **Frescobol Carioca**, born in Britain but inspired by Rio and named after the bat-and-ball game the beautiful people play on Ipanema beach. I can't promise that when you wear a pair everyone you pass will go "oooh", but it certainly can't harm your chances.



Swim shorts by **Frescobol Carioca**, £225. At [matchesfashion.com](http://matchesfashion.com)

Submit your questions to our style guru: [stylehrlink@condenast.co.uk](mailto:stylehrlink@condenast.co.uk)

The author of our Letter Of The Month will receive a stylish black and rhodium Townsend fountain pen worth £190 from **Cross**. Cross is the maker of quality writing instruments and has a range of distinctive lifestyle accessories. [cross.com](http://cross.com)



Pool position (clockwise from left): Bal Harbour's Vilebrequin store, Miami; swim shorts, £180. Bikini top, £80. Bikini bottoms, £70. Bag, £40. Swim shorts, £160. All by **Vilebrequin**. [vilebrequin.com](http://vilebrequin.com); founder Fred Prysquel's Seventies archive design



## GQ LUXURY

### Short and sweet

From humble beginnings in Saint-Tropez to stores in every sunny city in the world, Vilebrequin swimwear is an indispensable part of high summer, says **Nick Foulkes**

IF YOU HAPPEN to be a French mechanic reading this, then you know that the word *vilebrequin* means crankshaft. However, to the rest of the world it is French for bathing costume. It shows how the French have a marvellous capacity to embellish even the most mundane of objects with a splendidly decorative name.

I am a great Francophile, but even if I weren't, I would like Vilebrequin. After all, founded in Saint-Tropez in 1971 and dedicated to leisure – what's not to like?

Given that the greatest luxury in life is time, and in particular time off on the beach, a garment that encourages you to loaf about under the sun, lunch long and late at Le Club 55, cool off with a swim and then a nap in the sun on the back of a friend's yacht, can only be a good thing. In fact, just thinking about a pair of Vilebrequins brings out my inner beach bum and makes me want to sit down and watch *Point Break*, the seminal early Nineties surfing'n'bank robbing flick.

Of course, Vilebrequin being French, it began with a story of seduction. Fred Prysquel was a motor-racing journalist who still had plenty of time to hang out at Sénéquier and on the Plage de Pampelonne chatting up women. It must have been a great time to be young and in Saint-Tropez, smoking still wasn't bad for your health, the place was not yet overrun by billionaires on boats that look like floating multistorey car-parks, and a man like Prysquel, who by the look of one photograph enjoyed smoking a pipe, could cut a dash not by dropping a few thousand francs on a round of drinks but by making his own bathing trunks.

In those days men's bathing costumes tended to be on the brief side so Prysquel set himself

apart by making himself a pair in the style of the board shorts favoured by surfers in the US. His twist was the use of bright-patterned fabrics that he had turned up in Africa. And so the Moorea short was born, and although it has been refined since its home-made beginnings, with such things as a back pocket and an improved inner lining, it has remained more or less the same since.

Given that there are now Vilebrequin shops wherever there is sunshine, sand and rich people, it can be safely assumed that Prysquel got the girl and, in the course of his amorous success, he founded a brand that has become an indispensable part of summer. Accessorised with a Rolex Submariner and a pair of Persols, it is the good-times go-anywhere look that you can dress up with the addition of a T-shirt.

Today, of course, Vilebrequin has grown well beyond its roots as one man's seduction tool and is now owned by an American textile group; so, as one might expect, the brand is being ever-so-gently extended. There is the contemporary art tie-up with Massimo Vitali, whose beachscapes are like a holiday to hang on the walls and whose work you can now wear as a pair of shorts or carry as a beach bag. There have long been father-and-son shorts, so there are now mother-and-daughter bikinis. And later this year there is the launch of an après-ski collection. Add to that a social-media campaign of year-round beach-blogging and you could be forgiven for worrying that it is getting a bit corporate, or at least I was worried, until I discovered that the CEO lives in St Barths, which shows exemplary dedication to the brand values and a thorough approach to understanding the way of life embodied by these colourful summer essentials. ☺

LOVE



The Talents  
On sale 27.07.15

Florence by David Sims and Katie Grand

[www.thelovemagazine.co.uk](http://www.thelovemagazine.co.uk)

## Two hundred, not out

Pringle Of Scotland is celebrating its bicentenary by making history

Cool wool: Actor Luke Treadaway and Stella Tennant model Pringle Of Scotland's anniversary line



Jumper by Pringle Of Scotland, £295. [pringleofscotland.com](http://pringleofscotland.com)



Jumper by Pringle Of Scotland, £850. [pringleofscotland.com](http://pringleofscotland.com)

**SUEDE OF GLORY**  
When Grenson's Triple Welt line came out this year, it was a triumph. To build on this, Northamptonshire's coolest shoemaker has brought out new styles for autumn. GQ's favourite is this monkey boot in suede, based on an original Grenson design (£440. [grenson.co.uk](http://grenson.co.uk)).



Coat, £1,495. Jumper, £650. Both by Pringle Of Scotland. [pringleofscotland.com](http://pringleofscotland.com)

IF there is something we Scots know how to do it is knitwear. Throw in a little Italian *sprezzatura* and it is no wonder that this year Pringle Of Scotland is celebrating its 200th anniversary, having started life in the town of Hawick making underwear and hosiery around the time that the Duke of Wellington was giving Johnny Frenchman a damn good thrashing at Waterloo.

To celebrate its bicentenary, designer Massimo Nicosia has joined forces with the legendary Scottish photographer Albert Watson – now in his seventies and considered to be Edinburgh's answer to Irving Penn – to shoot a series of images with actor Luke Treadaway, who won an Olivier Award for his recent run in the National Theatre's *The Curious Incident Of The Dog In The Night-Time* in London's West End. To be fair, Treadaway actually hails from Exeter but to keep up the Caledonian count, Pringle also shot model Stella Tennant, one of the best things to be conceived north of the border since steam power.

The latest collection is inspired by historic fabrics and jacquards that Nicosia discovered in Edinburgh's Prestonfield House and carries on his trademark of blurring the lines between knitted and woven to both root Pringle in its traditions as well as move it on to the next level. After all, even though we're wed to our history, we Scots have always been an inventive race (modern finance, modern philosophy, the Bank of England, the BBC... I could go on) – especially after that other great invention, a dram. RJ 



Suitcase by **Loewe**, £2,725.  
[loewe.com](http://loewe.com)

Suitcase by **Canali**,  
£1,920. [canali.com](http://canali.com)

Suitcase by **Gucci**,  
£1,640. [gucci.com](http://gucci.com)

Suitcase by **Louis Vuitton**, £2,000.  
[louisvuitton.com](http://louisvuitton.com)

Suitcase by **DSquared2**,  
£1,770. [dsquared2.com](http://dsquared2.com)

Carry-on by  
**Tumi**, £630.  
[tumi.com](http://tumi.com)

## The great escape

Whatever your summer destination, make sure you arrive in style – so pack wisely to stand out on the sand

Below, clockwise from top:  
 Watch by **Victorinox**, £499.  
[victorinoxwatches.com](http://victorinoxwatches.com).  
 Watch by **TAG Heuer**, £2,250.  
[tagheuer.co.uk](http://tagheuer.co.uk). Watch by **Boss**,  
 £229. [bosswatches.co.uk](http://bosswatches.co.uk)



Sunglasses by **RetroSuperFuture**,  
 £185. At [matchesfashion.com](http://matchesfashion.com)



Sunglasses by **Calvin Klein Jeans**,  
 £96. [calvinklein.com](http://calvinklein.com)



Sunglasses by **Polaroid**, £45.  
[sunglasses-shop.co.uk](http://sunglasses-shop.co.uk)



Sunglasses by **Ray-Ban**, £188.  
[ray-ban.com](http://ray-ban.com)



**Evening sun**

Shoes by **Sebago**, £89.99.  
[sebago.com](http://sebago.com)



**Beatnik beach**

Sandals by **Moncler**, £210.  
[matchesfashion.com](http://matchesfashion.com)



**Slip slidin' away**

Sandals by **Valentino**, £339.  
[valentino.com](http://valentino.com)



**Enter sandman**

Shoes by **Vans**, £55.  
 At [Size.co.uk](http://size.co.uk)

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# GQ Grooming

EDITED BY JESSICA PUNTER



Heart of the ocean:  
Limited-edition Cool Water  
200ml bottles feature a  
neoprene bottle sleeve,  
evoking the wet suits worn  
by Pristine Seas explorers

Photograph Mitch Payne

## Sea change

SO WHAT do you do when you have conquered the world as one of the bestselling men's fragrances of all time? Well, if you are the team behind Davidoff's Cool Water, you decide to help save it.

For the past three years it has partnered with the American National Geographic Society's Pristine Seas in a project that aims to protect fragile marine ecosystems across the world, as well as helping to restore marine habitats that have suffered degradation thanks to human activities. The partnership itself is entitled Love The Ocean ([love-the-ocean.com](http://love-the-ocean.com)) and it is already working. Inspired by the project's activities in his country's territorial waters, last year Gabon's president, Ali Bongo Ondimba, announced the creation of a huge new marine sanctuary.

This year's mission is to the islands of the Outer Seychelles and hopefully to help the government of this archipelago create the Indian Ocean's second-largest marine reserve (the largest – and the largest in the world – was created by the UK in the British Indian Ocean Territory in 2010).

Cool Water's latest spokesman is actor Scott (son of Clint) Eastwood. As a surfer and keen swimmer, he will be actively involved in the Love The Ocean campaign. "The ocean is where I'm most at home," he says. "When I'm away from it and landlocked, I long for the sea. There's something about it that makes me feel at peace." **Robert Johnston** £75 for 200ml. At Debenhams. [debenhams.com](http://debenhams.com)

# Smooth operators



## Past winners

1 **BIG-BRAND FACE WASH** 2009  
Liquid Facial Wash by **Clinique**, £16 for 200ml. [clinique.co.uk](http://clinique.co.uk)

2 **BEST NEW MOISTURISER** 2013  
Max LS Light Moisture Lotion by **Lab Series**, £40 for 100ml. [labseries.co.uk](http://labseries.co.uk)

3 **BIG-BRAND MOISTURISER** 2009  
Fatigue Fighter by **Clarins**, £31 for 50ml. [clarins.com](http://clarins.com)

4 **BEST SHAMPOO** 2009  
Pure-Performance Shampoo by **Aveda Men**, £22 for 200ml. [aveda.co.uk](http://aveda.co.uk)

5 **BEST NEW BEARD CARE** 2015  
Beard Moisturiser by **Murdock**, £24 for 150ml. [murdock-london.com](http://murdock-london.com)

6 **GQ.CO.UK READERS' AWARD - BEST**

**SKINCARE RANGE** 2014  
**L'Oréal Men Expert** - Hydra Energetic Quenching Gel, £10.99 for 50ml. At Boots. [boots.co.uk](http://boots.co.uk)

7 **BEST NEW SHAMPOO** 2012  
Organic Orange Blossom Shampoo by **Label.M**, £13.95 for 200ml. [labelm.com](http://labelm.com)

8 **BEST NEW ANTI-AGE** 2012  
Sisleyum for Men Anti-Age Global Revitalizer by **Sisley**, £165 for 150ml. [sisley-paris.com](http://sisley-paris.com)

9 **GQ.CO.UK READERS' AWARD BEST CLASSIC FRAGRANCE** 2013  
Terre D'Hermès by **Hermès**, £78 for 100ml. [hermes.com](http://hermes.com)

10 **GQ.CO.UK READERS' AWARDS** 2015  
Boss Bottled by **Hugo Boss**, £58 for 100ml. At Boots. [boots.com](http://boots.com)

AROUND this time of year it starts to get pretty hard to move in the *GQ* office as every available space is filled with the latest and greatest grooming products, all ready to be sent to the judges of our annual *GQ* Grooming Awards.

For the past seven years we have picked the best of the year's launches and let them slug it out to see who will be declared the winner in their particular category.

This is the most prestigious award in male grooming, and here you can see some past winners that have since become classics in the most soigné men's bathrooms.

This year on *GQ.co.uk* we will also be doing previews of judges' likes and dislikes as well as round-ups of the products we believe make a difference to your routine.

The winners of the eighth annual *GQ* Grooming Awards will be announced in the November issue of *GQ*.



# GQ LIVE

TRAVEL.FASHION.LIFESTYLE



**Pacific state of mind:**  
Dominating the skies,  
Cathay Pacific has  
become the signature  
airline for the  
best of the East

## FLIGHT MODE

Having to get from A to B (and back again) is a certainty in life, but the mode of travel is rarely celebrated as much as the destination. **Cathay Pacific** decide to shake things up for a fresher perspective

Travel is surely one of the finer experiences in life. Broadening horizons, discovering new cultures and uncovering parts of the world that may otherwise go unseen, the prospect of traversing the globe in the name of adventure is an attractive one. For the complete package, however, Cathay Pacific has strived to make the journey as important a memory as the destination itself.

Playing a vital part in a larger campaign to live as well as possible, the airline – which has been flying from the UK since the Eighties – takes a comfortable, more

considered approach to intercontinental air travel. Equipped with a philosophy to craft a “Life Well Travelled”, it has connected worldwide passengers to Asia, China and Australasia for more than 70 years, and now flies from London Heathrow or Manchester to a host of other international destinations.

A heavy investment in new products and a commitment to excellent service have consolidated Cathay Pacific's position at the very top of the plane game, making the brand the perfect choice if you want to travel in style – wherever you're going in the world.

Unsurprisingly, it was named World's Best Airline in the 2014 annual Skytrax Awards, marking the fourth time the airline has received the accolade. Cathay Pacific has pledged its devotion to a life both lived and travelled well, and helps to forge memories for every passenger with the impressive design of the interiors, a personable service and the anticipation of each and every need of its customers.

Championing routes to Hong Kong, Australia, Auckland, Manila, Ho Chi Minh City, Singapore, China and other destinations, Cathay Pacific is set to soar at an impressive altitude. [cathaypacific.com/lifewelltravelled](http://cathaypacific.com/lifewelltravelled)



### DESTINATIONS:

Cathay Pacific flies five times daily from London Heathrow and four times a week from Manchester to **Hong Kong**; and helps connect passengers to more than 80 destinations throughout the Pacific, such as **Australasia, China and Asia**.

## PORTFOLIO

FASHION • EXCLUSIVE EVENTS • GROOMING • NEWS • COMPETITIONS • WATCHES

1

## The perfect fit

If you're a fitness fanatic or simply looking to get in shape, then let us introduce you to a well-kept secret. **H&M**, the king of the high street, not only makes great everyday fashion, but it also makes a damn good sports kit. The latest sports collection includes quick dry T-shirts, long-sleeve training tops, technical training shorts and a technical jacket all made with lightweight, breathable materials. *T-shirt, £12.99. Shorts, £19.99. Leggings £14.99. hm.com*



2

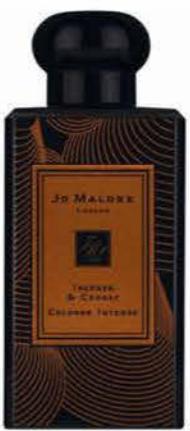
## Stepping up

When it comes to classic shoe design you can't beat a good pair from **Russell & Bromley**. But this season, the family-run business has offered some great alternatives to the more traditional styles including blue brogues with bright blue soles (above), woven leather slippers and leather strapped sandals. The summer collection is not one to be missed. £215. [russellandbromley.co.uk](http://russellandbromley.co.uk)



## Dual action

Set in a white-gold case with a self-winding, dual-time movement, the **Pierre Arpels Heure d'ici & Heure d'ailleurs** by **Van Cleef & Arpels** is the epitome of sophistication. First created in 1949, the latest version is just as impressive as its predecessor. £25,800. [vancleefarpels.com](http://vancleefarpels.com)



4

## Notes from Oman

Inspired by the rich, incense-based scents of Oman, **Jo Malone**'s latest fragrance combines fresh citrus tones with deep peppery and oud-based layers. Incense & Cedrat is by far the richest fragrance to join the ever popular Jo Malone family and if you're lucky you may manage to get your hands on one of the limited-edition bottles available exclusively at Harrods. £120. [harrods.com](http://harrods.com)



### 6 Print perfection

The luxury luggage champion that is **Louis Vuitton** has done it again with its latest holdall. The bag incorporates an iconic plaited print by the late artist and designer Christopher Nemeth which can be seen across much of the autumn/winter collection.

£1,100. [louisvuitton.com](http://louisvuitton.com)



### 6 Taking it tropical

Thanks to multiple appearances on the runway, Hawaiian prints have become a staple summer trend over the last few years. Wear this tropical print sweater by **J Crew** with khaki shorts or washed-out denim to complete the look. £128. [jcrew.com](http://jcrew.com)



### 7 Come prepared

If you need to take shelter from summer showers, you may as well do it in style. Wear this classic yellow, hooded, technical jacket by American brand **Penfield** with jeans and a white T-shirt and you're good to go. £120. [penfield.com](http://penfield.com)

# 8

### Happy camper

Pre-festival prep always involves a last-minute dash to an outdoor shop the night before you're set to leave, which inevitably results in you forgetting to buy everything you need or the shop being out of stock. **JD Sports** have resolved this issue with their new campers' bundle. Including a tent, sleeping bags, chairs, you will be totally sorted in one simple purchase. From £35. [jdsports.com](http://jdsports.com)



### 9

### The Riviera way

We make a very good shot at it, but no one does casual Riviera-style tailoring quite like the Italians. This grey, single-breasted, silk suit by **Corneliani** looks perfect teamed with sandals and a polo shirt, but would also look great with a simple round-neck white shirt and lace-up white trainers. From £1,200. [corneliani.com](http://corneliani.com)



### 10

### Believe the Hype

Nobody likes a tired-looking flip-flop, so if you're in need of an upgrade then investing in a pair of **Havaianas** is really the only option. Hype is the Brazilian brand's latest capsule collection which includes three photo print designs. £22. [havaianas.com](http://havaianas.com)

# What's all the ferrari

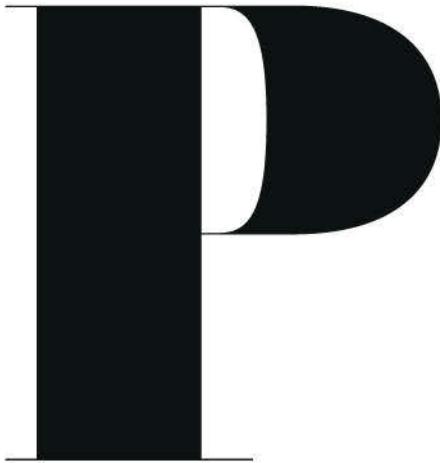
Merely to start up a Ferrari signifies that you have arrived – especially if you happen to be driving one in Italy, where the prancing horse is revered as a symbol of national identity. But what makes it such a marque of respect? And why do these cars get more and more valuable? There is only one place to find the answers: the factory in Maranello where dreams – and dream machines – are made...

STORY BY **DYLAN JONES**

Italian stallion: GQ Editor Dylan Jones takes the reins of a Ferrari California T in Emilia-Romagna

fuss about in?  
FERRARI?





People stare at Ferraris. Even here in Maranello, which is the home of Italy's most famous car marque, people stare. Stare as though staring at Italian sports cars were somehow going out of fashion. Which, obviously, in Italy at least, is never going to happen.

They stare in admiration, almost as though it would be unconstitutional to do anything else, unconstitutional to mock anyone driving one of the sexiest road cars in the world.

Too often these days, what used to be called "flash" cars just look too nouveau, too bling, too "Look at me, I'm wearing the world's most expensive Christmas tree." A few years ago, about to make my annual journey to Paris to visit friends at New Year, I took delivery of a brand new Rolls-Royce. I can't remember what breed of Roller it was, only that it was white and that, as my wife refused to get in it, we had to drive to France in the company Volvo. With a Ferrari, people tend to have more respect, and while any appreciation probably comes laced with an element of jealousy, it tends to be the right kind of jealousy (and yes, with cars, there is such a thing as the right kind of jealousy).

You know you've arrived in Maranello as there is a prancing horse in the middle of the roundabout just outside the Ferrari factory. This tells all visitors that the area belongs to Ferrari, in the same way that the gargantuan Emporio Armani sign at Linate Airport in Milan announces that the entire city belongs to Giorgio Armani.

Once inside the Ferrari complex, the branding goes on and on; there is a prancing horse on every flat surface, every flickering LCD screen – there are even Ferrari bicycles and buses to ferry you around. Of course, there is a shop selling all the Ferrari merchandise, and visit either of the nearby restaurants and you'll find Ferrari sugar, Ferrari napkins, Ferrari matches, Ferrari tablecloths, etc. As yet there are no little bars of Ferrari soap, though you sense that it's only a matter of time. Every 50 yards or so, you'll even see a rubbish bin complete with a silver Ferrari logo.

Not that the branded goods look tacky. Anything but. Seeing the Ferrari logo

everywhere gives you the same sense of empowerment you feel if you go to Apple in Cupertino, or Nike in Portland. The brand is big, and the brand breathes. In this part of Italy – the country's breadbasket – the national flag has been replaced by a steel prancing horse.

In many respects the Ferrari HQ is like a cathedral, a pantheon of automotive dreams. The factory itself is simply extraordinary, from the outside looking like a Hollywood movie lot, and on the inside looking like a hospital, albeit the cleanest hospital you'll ever visit. If you're going to fall ill when you visit, you'd be better off putting your trust in the engineers here than run the risk of dealing with Italian A&E. How clean was the Ferrari factory? As clean as the old kitchen in elBulli, which is about the biggest compliment I can pay it.

I had come to Maranello to find out what the Ferrari fuss was all about. I had always admired the cult of Ferrari, but had never really understood it. Sure, the cars looked amazing; everyone I know whose opinion I trust on these matters always said that

## The Ferrari HQ looks like a movie lot, and on the inside like the cleanest hospital you'll ever visit

these vehicles were spectacular, although I was never really sure why. I also knew that they were extraordinary investments, and for some of my friends had been better investments than wine, art or property. Someone I know bought a Ferrari for £25,000 in the mid-Seventies – being mocked by all and sundry – and then woke up 40 years later owning a car worth upwards of £7 million. Which is nice. For him.

A classic Ferrari 250 GTO was sold two years ago for \$52 million (£33m), officially making it the world's most expensive car. It is one of just 39 such cars built by the company. Nick Mason, the Pink Floyd drummer and classic-car collector, owns a similar car, which he bought in 1977 with the proceeds of *The Dark Side Of The Moon*. A few years ago he turned down an offer of \$35 million for it. As *GQ* said last year, the value of a vintage Ferrari, the dream machine of every generation since the Second World War, has soared higher than any other classic car. Models from the Seventies, such as the Berlinetta Boxer, are following Ferraris from the Fifties and Sixties into six or seven-figure values. The Eighties are next – and still relatively cheap in Ferrari

terms. The era's most iconic car, Don Johnson's wheels in *Miami Vice* and undisputed symbol of excess to a generation (honourable mention – the Lamborghini Countach), the Testarossa, is feeling the liftoff of collectability, according to numerous car magazines and price guides, which show a sharp uptick in recent months. Good Testarossas are almost impossible to find at reasonable prices.

So I had come to the church of all motoring churches to see if I could find, touch, drive and ultimately understand the holy grail of four-wheel transportation. I was given the California T to drive, the updated and much improved twin-turbocharged version of the company's previous folding-hardtop grand tourer. Ferraris are always overly scrutinised when they are launched, and both iterations of the California were subjected to many critical audits, yet in some respects it has become something of an entry-level car for the company, even though it isn't the cheapest (it costs around £150,000). It is also the Ferrari that is most likely to appeal to the non-Ferrari driver. Which is why I was here.

The California T is basically a point-and-shoot car, and whether you are the kind of driver who likes to drive automatic, or by using flappy paddles, this is an incredibly easy car to control. Because of the size of the engine (I looked in the manual and it said the engine was like the Large Hadron Collider on steroids, or something), it is stupidly responsive, so you only have to think about overtaking the annoying BMW in front of you and, by the time you've decided to go for it, the car has already done it.

Simples.

Again, other drivers appear to treat the car with an unusual amount of reverence, and instead of continually trying to cut you up or overtake you – things that tend to happen whenever I'm driving other fancy top-end cars – they stay out of your way or simply slow down to have a look at what you're driving.

**T**he California T is an important Ferrari. In 2008, the company revived a name last seen on one of its most iconic models – the late-Fifties 250 California Spyder (highly prized now, created specifically to satiate the emerging Hollywood hunger for thoroughbred Italian sports cars, and remembered by many as the Ferrari in which Ferris Bueller had his day out).

The new car was aimed at a different sort of customer, and designed to be less overtly sporting and masculine. Women loved it, and clients perhaps drawn to the Mercedes SL, Aston Martin DB9 Volante or Porsche 911 Turbo Cabrio embraced it. It was a big sales success, particularly conquest ones.

The new California T naturally aims to build on that. According to *GQ*'s motoring guru (→)



Mondo Ferrari:  
(clockwise from top)  
The Maranello HQ,  
workers on branded  
bicycles; the  
production line; the  
250 California Spyder;  
Sebastian Vettel after  
winning the Malaysian  
Grand Prix for Ferrari  
in March 2015



# ars technica uk

*[The Art of Technology]*

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Green on red: Plants thrive in the factory's new engineering facility, part of an initiative to create a holistic environment for Ferrari employees (left);

the factory entrance (right); materials ready for car interiors (below); the California T's retractable hardtop completes its journey in 14 seconds (bottom)



► Jason Barlow, a man who knows as much about cars as anyone I've ever met, the restyle has added a more chiselled dynamism to the original's softer appearance. "There is a higher quality feel to the interior, but most of all, it's faster than ever and handles better," he says. "This is down to its revised suspension and chassis, but mainly the new engine, a 3.9-litre, 552bhp V8, twin-turbocharged.

"This is Ferrari's first turbo engine since 1987's F40, and the technology is now so good that it delivers better performance and improved efficiency, as well as reduced fuel consumption. Cake and eat it time.

"It's still a Ferrari, though. And the California T is all about channelling *la dolce vita* and Sunset Boulevard simultaneously."

Having picked up my car from the factory, I drove back to my hotel in Bologna, using the trusty Ferrari sat nav, careering up into the hills, down treacherously winding lanes and then hurtling along the *autostrada*. However, as I drove into the city, my female computer companion started sending me into a labyrinth of one-way streets, which meant that after about 20 minutes I arrived at a dead end T-junction, with a link chain barring my exit. As I had just driven down a road that was narrower than most Italian pavements, it would have been one hell of a job to reverse all the way back to the main road. Just as I was resigning myself to doing exactly that, a man scurried along the road in front of me and did the sort of double take you see in old silent movies: he looked at the car, then looked at the link chain, and then



## Italians feel about Ferrari the way Brits felt about Rolls-Royce and Morgan in the Fifties and Sixties

looked back at the car, checking out the yellow logo and the prancing horse. He then looked again at the chain, saw that it hadn't actually been locked, and lifted it up so I could drive through. As he did so he beamed, as though he had just done his good deed for the day.

Would he have done the same thing if I had been in a Porsche or a Bugatti? I'm not so sure.

Driving my Ferrari was simply *stupendo*. I visited some marvellous places – Acetaia Giusti for instance, which produces the world's very best balsamic vinegar, and the Palazzo Ducale di Sassuolo, an exquisite baroque villa that is currently in the middle of its renovation – and ate in some extraordinarily fine restaurants, but the biggest thrill was always getting back in the car, back into a relatively small

jet-propelled suit of armour that was there at my beck and call. I rarely fall in love with cars, treating them as luxurious ways to get from A to B, yet there was something rather intoxicating about driving the Ferrari. I'm not so sure I would have felt so intoxicated had I been navigating the A505 between Baldock and Royston, but out in the Italian countryside, with a seemingly endless supply of roadside well-wishers to wave me on my way, I was in hog heaven.

And the allure? Well, having spent three days thinking about nothing else, three days in which I drove around Emilia-Romagna, zooting between the likes of I Portici, Osteria Francescana and Ristorante Marconi – some of the greatest restaurants in Italy (even meeting Massimo Bottura, the iconic author of *Never Trust A Skinny Italian Chef*) – I came to the conclusion that the fuss surrounding Ferrari can be supported by eight very particular pillars. First, national pride, and the affection in which the brand is held in Italy. Possibly this is how us Brits felt about Rolls-Royce and Morgan when British motoring was experiencing its heyday, back in the Fifties and Sixties, but it's something that's palpable in this part of Italy.

Second, it's impossible to forget when you're sitting in a Ferrari, or watching one scream by you, that the car is a ridiculously fast ➤



**Horse power:**  
Workers on the  
assembly line (left  
and above); the paint  
shop (inset, above  
left) where all Ferrari  
cars are painted

## Like every luxury product, Ferrari promises the good life: it exemplifies The Dream

► beast, a monster that can accelerate quicker than anything else that might be unfortunate enough to be sharing the same stretch of road. When you're driving at 125mph along the *autostrada* for more than an hour, you seriously start to believe that the world owes you a living. Yes, the car makes you want to overtake everything in front of you, but that doesn't necessarily make you a bad person.

Which brings me to the third pillar: the brand's uncompromising nature. A Ferrari isn't trying to be a 4x4 or a car for soccer moms; it isn't trying to be anything but a sports car. In that sense it is singular and obsessive.

Fourth, like every luxury product, Ferrari promises the good life: it exemplifies The Dream. Drive a Ferrari and you'll start to believe that dreams *can* come true, even for you.

The fifth reason is the fact that the car denotes success: for decades (Enzo Ferrari founded the company in 1929) the car has been in pole position on the mythical starting grid of popular road cars. Drive a Ferrari and the world knows you've arrived.

The sixth pillar is simply the name: three emphasised vowels that purr sex.

Seven: the sound. There is simply no sound like it. A mechanical animal waiting to zoom, waiting to pounce. And then zooming and pouncing at very high volumes.

The final pillar that has elevated Ferrari to its exalted position is its colour: few brands are so closely associated with a colour as Ferrari is with red. While many may choose to commission them in white, silver, navy, yellow or orange, even their owners know they are being deliberately contrary by doing so.

These eight reasons were more than enough for me to start believing the Ferrari legend, although Tom Wolfe actually said it all much better 50 years ago when, on his first journalistic assignment, he described what cars really meant to street-racers in California: "Freedom style sex power motion colour everything."

Everything.

After three days driving the car on the motorways, country lanes and city streets of Italy, I had come to realise and understand

what all the fuss was about, and when I finally drove back to Maranello to give the car back, I did so with a certain amount of reluctance. I felt as though I had been on some kind of transformative automotive holiday, a four-wheel, supercharged, turbocharged mini-break. And I felt good. As motorised mistresses go, I'm not sure I'm going to find anything better than a Ferrari.

As a coda, this couldn't have been better either: I checked out of my Bologna hotel, threw my bag in the boot, and got back in the car. As I was reaching for the Batmobile-style button that retracts the hardtop (14 seconds from soup to nuts), a burly thirtysomething chap started banging on my window. Thinking I might be about to run over his bicycle, his infirm grandmother or his tethered Neapolitan mastiff, I wound down the window.

And what I got was the world's biggest smile. "Magnifico machine," he said. "Magnifico!"



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# Watches

EDITED BY  
BILL PRINCE

1 Khaki Takeoff  
Air Zermatt by  
Hamilton, £920.  
[hamiltonwatch.com](http://hamiltonwatch.com)

2 Pilot Type 20 Extra  
Special in Bronze  
by Zenith, £5,200.  
[zenith-watches.com](http://zenith-watches.com)

3 Speedmaster  
Skywalker X-33 Solar  
Impulse Limited  
Edition Chronograph  
by Omega, £3,720.  
[omegawatches.com](http://omegawatches.com)

4 Airboss Mach 9  
Black Edition by  
Victorinox, £1,800.  
[victorinox.com](http://victorinox.com)

5 RM 39-01 Automatic  
Aviation E6-B by  
Richard Mille,  
£107,000.  
[richardmille.com](http://richardmille.com)

6 Aeroliner Chrono  
by Boss, £295.  
[bosswatches.co.uk](http://bosswatches.co.uk)

7 BR-0110th  
Anniversary by  
Bell & Ross, £3,300.  
[bellross.com](http://bellross.com)

8 Galactic Unitime  
Sleek T by Breitling,  
£5,710. [breitling.com](http://breitling.com)

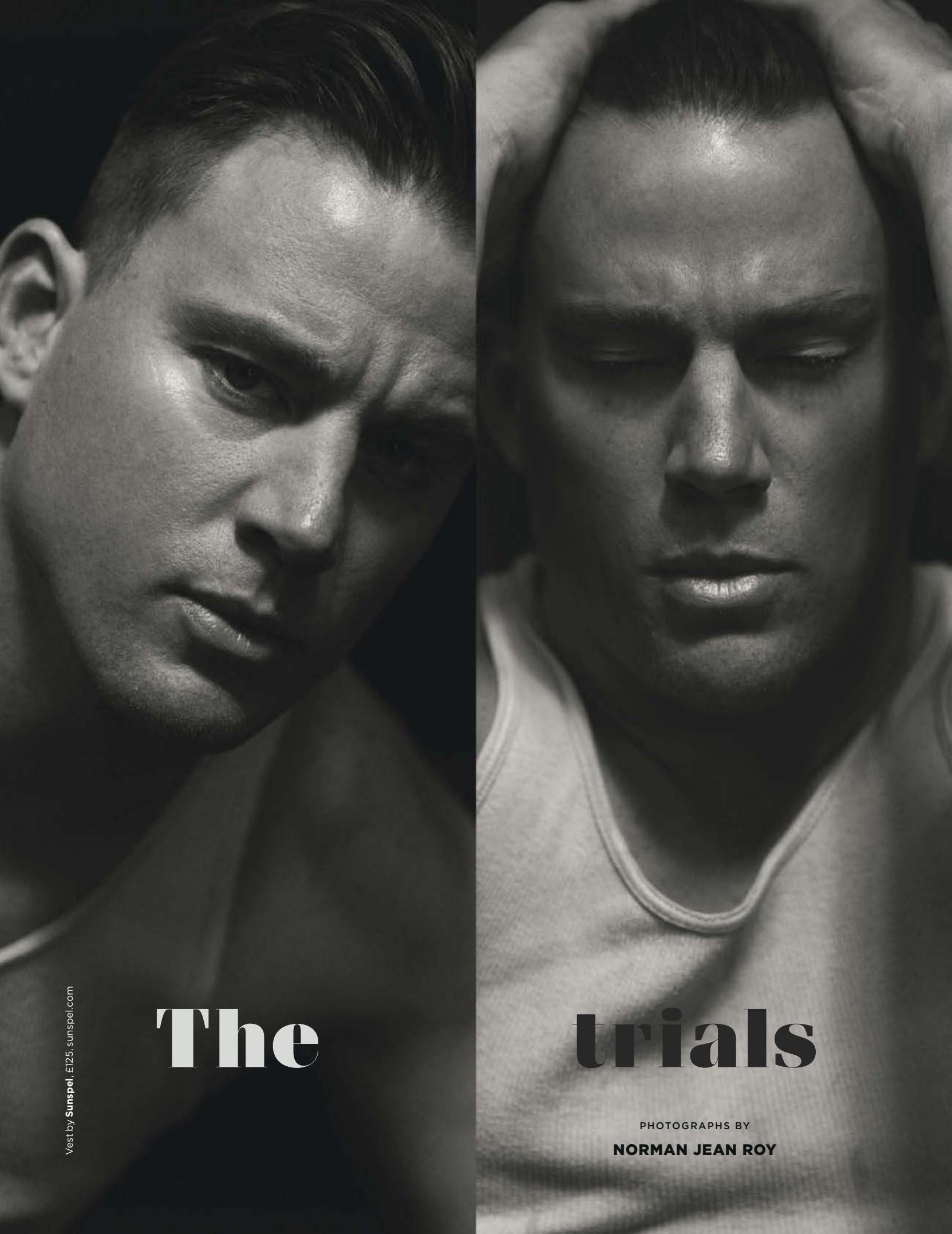
9 Wright Flyer by  
Bremont, £17,950.  
[bremont.com](http://bremont.com)



## FLYING START

Watches and aviators have been bedfellows since Louis Cartier created the earliest flight-proof timepiece for his Franco-Brazilian friend Alberto Santos-Dumont, one of the first magnificent men in their flying machines. Another pioneering example was the Zenith worn by Louis Blériot when he became the first man to fly the Channel in 1909 – and to this day Zenith is the only brand allowed to use the word “Pilot” on its dials.

Robert Johnston



# The trials

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
**NORMAN JEAN ROY**

From college dropout to male stripper to box-office big ticket... Channing Tatum has confounded his critics and become more than just the Hollywood hench-man. GQ lays bare the myths and meets a star whose power goes far beyond his build

of

Tatum

STORY BY

**STUART McGURK**

STYLING BY

**SIMON ROBINS**

## SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, OCTOBER 2009

It's just past midday. I have been standing on top of Scotland for several hours and it's so cold I can no longer feel my head. I'm on a mountain on the tip of the Highlands and I'm here to witness the filming of *The Eagle*, a gritty swords 'n' sandals epic from Kevin Macdonald, in which the crew/cast dynamic is something akin to an insurgency with captives. The whipping wind, coming directly from America and clearly in a hurry to get here, carries the rain sideways, arriving in our faces like rice through a leaf blower, and causing even the simplest sentences – "Can you move a little to the left?", "How was last night?", "What time's lunch?" – to be bellowed as if choppering out of Saigon.

The crew wear all-weather, duvet-thick coats, while the two young lead actors – currently wading through ice-cold streams and still the wrong side of a 13-hour shoot – are wearing what could charitably be described as casually adapted burlap sacks. I've been sent here to write a feature by the editor of a broadsheet supplement with a sense of humour, but I'm already thinking: *Will I get extra for writing the obits?*

One of the actors is Jamie Bell; the other is an American up-and-comer called Channing Tatum, who looks pained, haunted and broken. This is not solely down to acting: last week, he burned all the skin off his penis.

It was an assistant's job to run up and down the mountain, ferrying a freshly boiled kettle to the mountaintop, mixing it with river water and pouring it down Tatum's wet suit, which he wore under his costume to keep him just the right side of hypothermia. Then, one time, the assistant forgot to mix in the river water. It collected in his groin and did what boiling water does.

Later, we sat in his trailer – Tatum a little uncomfortably – and he attempted to describe the pain. "I don't even know how..."

But we spoke about something else too. It had just come out that he used to be a stripper. And Tatum, unbothered, told me, "It's not a past that I'm ashamed of whatsoever. I had an insane time." Indeed, he said, he had big plans based on it. "I hope to make a movie about it," he said for the first time. "People won't believe the things that go on in that world."

## LOS ANGELES, FIVE YEARS, SEVEN MONTHS, TWO WEEKS AND FOUR DAYS LATER...

Fame is a funny thing. One day you're an up-and-coming actor on a gritty swords 'n' sandals film in Scotland, the next you're clutching your badly burnt manhood on the way to the emergency room. Weird how it works out: it's the same manhood, he may have pondered, that he flaunted in another life as a stripper, a life that had just been outed, and – who knows? – could prove the very thing that screws a young actor's fledgling career. This troublesome member!

Unless, that is, you're Channing Tatum, who decides to put it all out there (creatively speaking) and, three years after we first met, does make a film about it (*Magic Mike*), which he part-funds, and which, on a budget of just \$7 million (£4.5m), makes a frankly absurd \$167m (£109m), a result that confirms him as a box-office draw, and sees him star in two comedies (*21* and *22 Jump Street*) that make more than \$500m (£325m) in total. Impressive enough: but Tatum then parlayed this into heavy-hitting Oscar-bait drama *Foxcatcher*, which, in turn, opened the way, later this year, to lead roles in both the latest Quentin Tarantino movie (*The Hateful Eight*), and the latest Coen brothers film (*Hail, Caesar!*).

As he says to me at one point, "What else do I do now?"

And that's without mentioning, of course, the small matter of the *Magic Mike* sequel this month, *Magic Mike XXL*, in which, once again, said junk in the trunk takes the co-lead.

Put another way: it was really important that Tatum's burnt penis was OK.

We meet for dinner in a smart Italian restaurant in Beverly Hills. He's just back, he tells me, from a guys' adventure trip on a glacier in Iceland, during which there was a white-out blizzard. They drank heavily, he says, "just to take their minds off how cold we were". The snow came sideways and crushed their tents; it was so deep they fell down constantly. The group lasted three days before they had to be evacuated by helicopter. It was the second coldest, he says, he's ever been.

I laugh. We've got, I say, to stop meeting like this.

"Haha! I know! What is that about?"

It's been five years since "the incident". I trust he's recovered?

Physically, he says, a hundred per cent. Tip-top. (Indeed, proof: he's had a daughter. But emotionally...

"Every time I'm cold, I think about it," he says, which must have made the Iceland trip even more fun. "It's not one of those traumatic experiences that you block out. No, it's real and it's never, ever forgotten. Though I still look at it as one of the funniest stories – just not one of the funniest experiences."

He remembers, he says, being in the back of a car as a guy from set drove him to hospital, "just trying to hold my sanity together, just crying, just screaming in pain".

He remembers the song that came on the radio – appropriately enough, "Sex On Fire", by Kings Of Leon. "My driver said, 'This might be inappropriate.'"

He remembers the initial inspection. "I'll never forget what the medic said. He was this sweet older guy, and he was like, 'I know it's no consolation now, mate, but it's a good thing it hurts so much, as otherwise you've got nerve damage – and then you've really got a problem.' At which point, you imagine, a fledgling film career is the least of his problems. Still, Tatum's reply at the time, "F\*\*\* you! It hurts!"

Morphine, he says, didn't touch the sides. Nor did a cold compress. "You know the feeling if you burn your finger, well..." But worse were the rounds of inspections. "There's nothing more humbling than sitting with your very burnt, blistered manhood, and a bunch of Scottish emergency room guys staring down at your junk. I remember thinking, 'This is the worst Friday night ever.'"

t should not come as a shock that Channing Tatum was a physical kid.

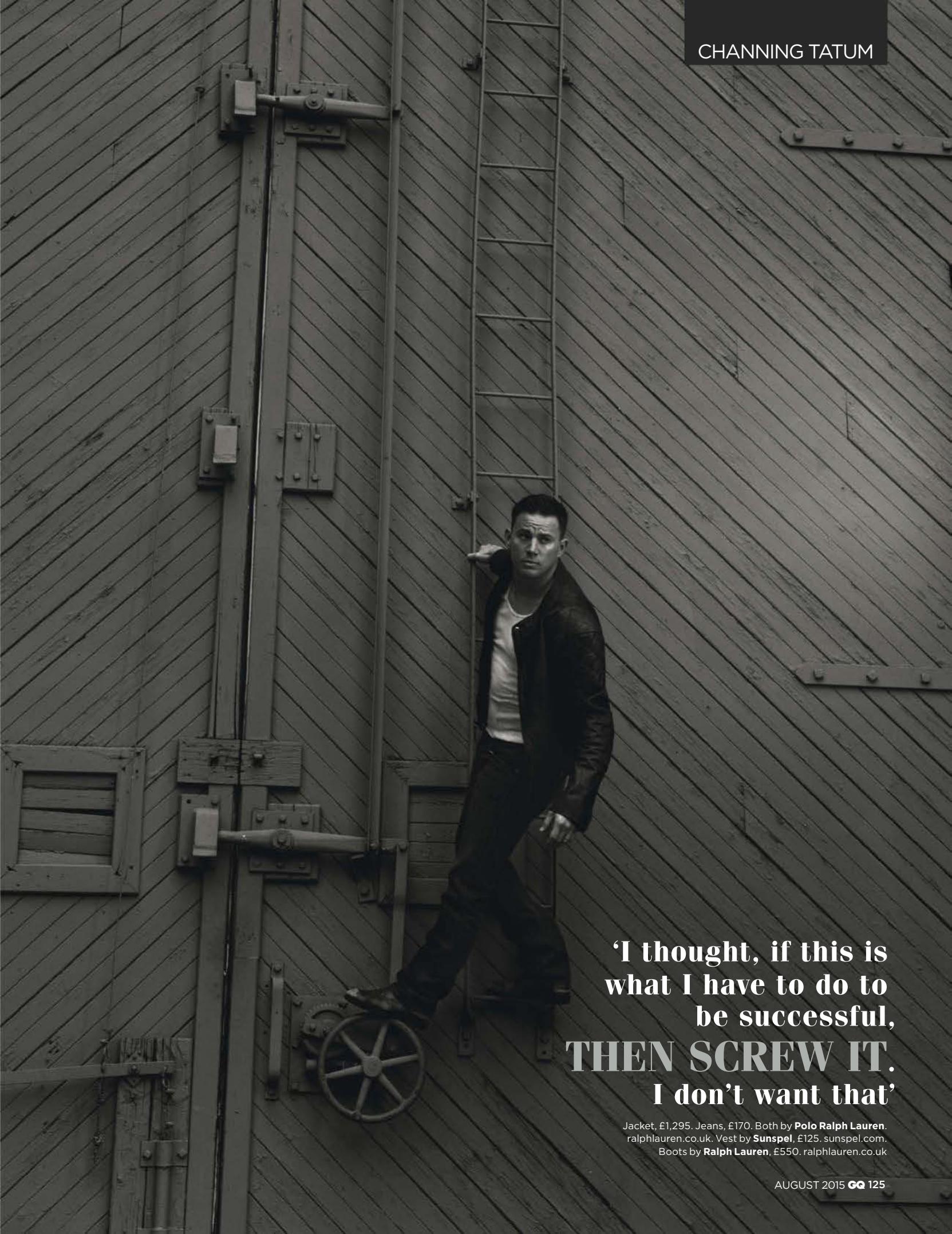
In person, the 35-year-old is bullbroad and goofily gregarious, with the easy self-confidence of someone who knows the weight of things, and can pick most of them up. Part frat boy, part good-natured jock, all bro. When he laughs, which is often, his whole body rocks, yet the body itself seems weirdly unbuilt for it, like a tractor doing wheelies. When he first considered modelling, his gateway drug into acting, he was picked up by a less than reputable scout, "who actually just wanted to f\*\*\* me. It was as straight up as that." But he wasn't worried. "Come on... it wasn't like I was going to get raped or nothing."

He was born in Alabama but spent his teenage years in Tampa, Florida. He was a restless child and his mother, an airline worker, soon gave him a nickname: Chanimal.

"I would eat anything, tear anything up. I was just a little animal. In every one of my pictures, I was covered in whatever I was eating and probably chewing on the wallpaper." He occasionally now asks his mother if he was a bad kid. "No," she replies, "you were just busy."

His parents first sent him to soccer (ie football), but it did not end well.

"All the parents came to my mom one practice and they were like, look, we love ➤



**'I thought, if this is  
what I have to do to  
be successful,  
THEN SCREW IT.  
I don't want that'**

Jacket, £1,295. Jeans, £170. Both by **Polo Ralph Lauren**.  
[ralphlauren.co.uk](http://ralphlauren.co.uk). Vest by **SunspeL**, £125. [sunspeL.com](http://sunspeL.com).  
Boots by **Ralph Lauren**, £550. [ralphlauren.co.uk](http://ralphlauren.co.uk)



IRRIPARABLE

# 'It's not a past I'm ashamed of. PEOPLE WOULDN'T BELIEVE what went on when I was a STRIPPER'

Vest by **SunspeL**, £125. sunspel.com. Jeans by **Polo Ralph Lauren**, £170. ralphlauren.co.uk



➤ Channing, but he's just hurting our kids. We think he might be better suited to [American] football."

His father was a physical man, the town tough guy ("No one wanted to mess with him"), and Tatum says he always won approval that way.

He dreamed, partly because it seemed the only way out, of becoming a footballer. But also because his father – a roofer who broke his back falling through one – wanted him to. Every day he'd walk his son to practice, despite every step causing searing pain. "And every time," says Tatum, "he had to come in afterwards and basically lay down for the rest of the day, because it was so taxing. It's only now I really understand how much it took."

It was left, oddly enough, to his older sister, Paige, to be the enforcer of the family.

"I mean, she was six years older, but she was the toughest, scariest person I've met in my entire life. And probably still is. Whenever I had scuffles or fights, I was like, yo, bro, don't make me get my sister, man. They would say, 'Screw your sister!' And so I would get her. She came to my rescue so many times it was crazy."

But there were some things she couldn't help with. Born with dyslexia and ADD, Tatum was not an academic child and his options were soon narrowing. He remembers getting shoved into classes with kids with Down's syndrome and autism. Did he really, he wondered, belong here? He took medication for it, but hated it. It made him feel fuzzy. People kept asking if he was OK.

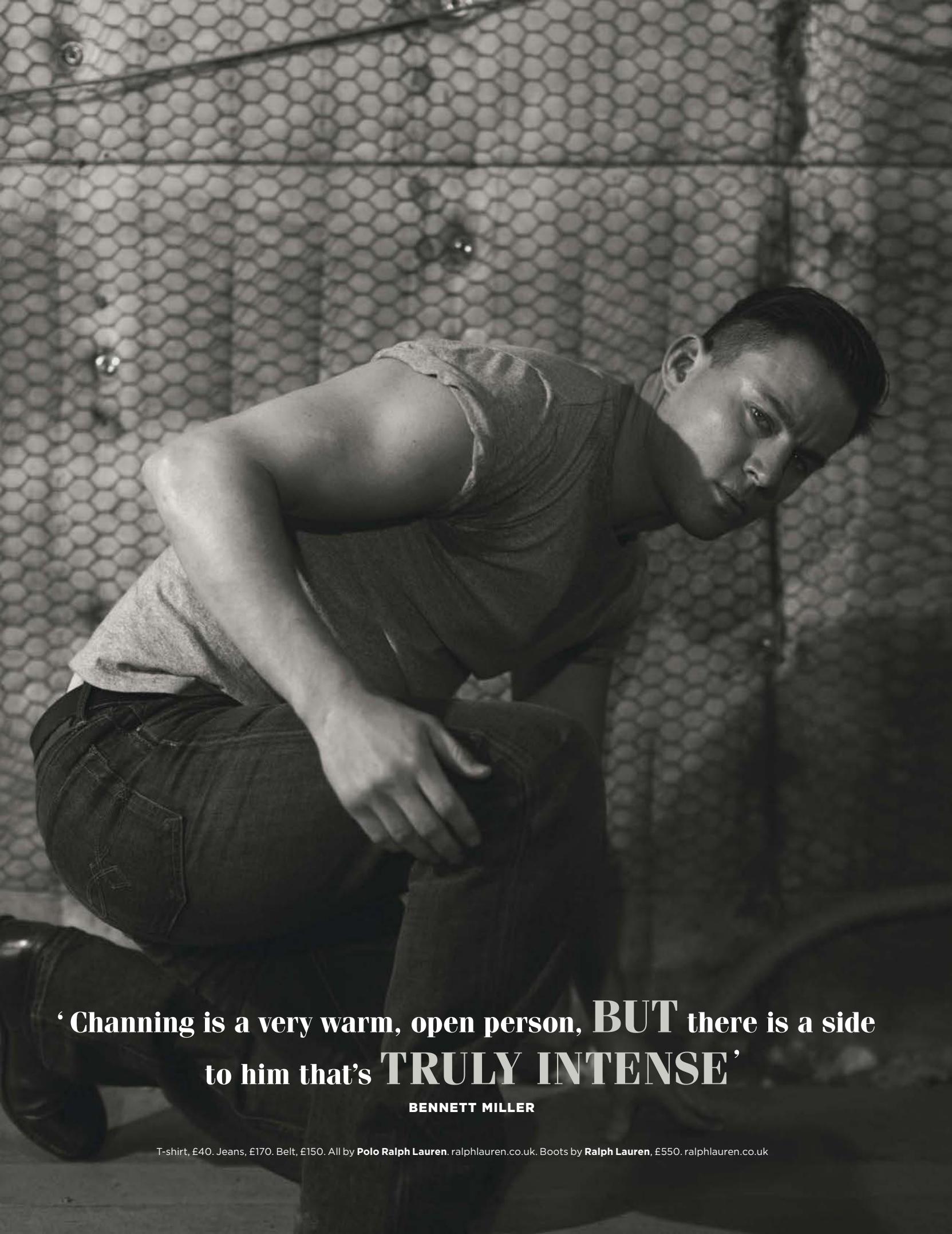
He eventually went to Glenville State College, in West Virginia, on a football scholarship, but soon dropped out. He joined a local community college, only to quit on the first day of algebra. "I was like, I just can't do this. F\*\*\* this. I felt like I couldn't breathe. And I thought, if this is what I have to do to be a successful person, then screw it. I don't want to be a successful person."

Still, some things came as naturally to him as algebra would forever be foreign. He loved karate lessons after school, spent hours tracing his hands through the air, again and again, until he perfected it. He has always, he says, had a high threshold for learning through repetition.

"I'm not good at doing something arbitrarily. I need to fully understand why it's useful. But then I'm really good at it. I can throw myself wholeheartedly into it, doing it again and again until I've got it right."

And from that to labouring in Tampa, to stripping in the local clubs, to modelling for everyone from Armani to Dolce & Gabanna, to dancing in the video for Ricky Martin's "She Bangs", to his breakthrough in 2006 coming-of-age indie *A Guide To Recognising Your Saints* (which also boasted a pre-comeback Robert Downey Jr and a pre-everything Shia LaBeouf), learning each on the job, practising each again and again, until he got it just right.

Some years later, he tells me, he ➤



**‘Channing is a very warm, open person, BUT there is a side to him that’s TRULY INTENSE’**

**BENNETT MILLER**

T-shirt, £40. Jeans, £170. Belt, £150. All by **Polo Ralph Lauren**, [ralphlauren.co.uk](http://ralphlauren.co.uk). Boots by **Ralph Lauren**, £550. [ralphlauren.co.uk](http://ralphlauren.co.uk)

CHANNING TATUM



discovered sculpting – he was working on Steven Soderbergh thriller *Haywire* in New Mexico, saw someone working on a figurine in a shop on his day off and instantly knew it was for him – and he describes the moment like this.

"I just thought I could do it, for some reason. You know, I think I can understand how to do that. Like, can I do a back flip? Yeah, I think I can. And I don't know why, but I just knew I could."

Partly, of course, this speaks to his finely tuned physical instincts and partly his creative temperament. But also something else too – it's also partly about failure.

"The nice thing about clay is I have zero responsibility to it. It doesn't care if I ever finish it. It's clay. It doesn't care if it's any good. You can smash it when you're done and it doesn't matter. I don't need to make a living off it. Make fun of it and it doesn't matter... It's clay."



pparances can be deceiving.

Anyone who saw the poster for the first *Magic Mike* film, released in 2012, could be forgiven for thinking it was a very different film indeed. Simply, a girl's night out flick. A male strip show for women who don't go to male strip shows. And with Channing Tatum and Matthew McConaughey stripping! The truth was a little different: a smart, underbelly-scratching snapshot by Steven Soderbergh, it showed a world of drugs and desperation, where nearly everyone was plotting their escape.

"You can't blame them; it was a genius move," says Tatum of the marketing. "But there is a disconnect there. They sell what will work, not what the truth of the movie is. I actually think the second movie is probably more like what people thought the first movie was." (GQ can attest to this). "I mean, look, male stripping is lame. It's still cop routines and fireman routines. And it hasn't changed since it began."

*Magic Mike*'s success, he says, has had unintended consequences.

"Women will come up to me and say, you know, no offence, but I would love to do you. You know: I would do whatever you wanted me to do. And I'm like, that is offensive! You do mean offence! I'm not an amusement park!"

Tatum's rise has been remarkable for a number of reasons, but perhaps the most telling is this: at every point people think they've got him pegged, he's pretty much proved them wrong. First, tween dancing guy (*Step Up, Step Up 2*), then all-action lunk (*G.I. Joe, White House Down*), then comedy dude (*This Is The End* and *Jump Street*) and now, finally, with *Foxcatcher* and the forthcoming *The Hateful Eight* and *Hail, Caesar!*, the go-to guy for Hollywood auteurs.

I speak to Bennett Miller, Oscar-nominated director of *Foxcatcher*, in which Tatum played Olympic wrestler Mark Schultz, who finds

himself under the control of a deluded, schizophrenic millionaire benefactor, played by Steve Carell.

Like most people, Miller says, he underestimated Tatum at first. He first saw him in *A Guide To Recognising Your Saints*, and just assumed he was the Queens meathead he was playing, "so when I met him, I was amazed to see it was something he completely created".

Who did he think he was?

"Someone who lacked self-awareness. Someone who people would encounter and they would understand something about him in a second that he would never understand."

Miller remembers one scene in particular. In it, Tatum's character had just lost a key match and is standing looking at himself in the mirror. Tatum asked for a shatterproof safety mirror, though Miller still wasn't sure what he was planning ("I truly didn't know"). Then he goes at it: smashing his head, again and again, harder and harder, in a violent rage, into the mirror. He did it so hard he even managed to shatter the safety glass. When they took it away, Miller says, there wasn't a dent in the wall behind, but a hole. "Luckily, the mirror was

## They sell what will work, not what THE TRUTH of the movie is'

hung between two support beams," he adds. Otherwise, he'd have knocked himself out.

"Channing is a very warm, very sweet and very open person, but there is another side to him which is truly intense," says Miller. "There were aspects of the role he had to work at and struggled to understand, but this was one instance where he understood exactly. It was a dream shattered. An opportunity wasted. And the punishment he administered to himself was something Channing knew."

I later ask Tatum what he remembers about the scene. Not much, he says. Only how important it was. Only how he didn't want to let anyone down. Only how shocked he was that Miller wouldn't let him do a second take. Or a third. Or a fourth. Even with this, he wanted to do it again and again until he got it just right.

"I was freaking out. This was the scene! I said, 'We've got to do it again. You can't just give me one take.'" He pauses briefly. "I wanted to do it some more."

**A**s is often the way of these things, Tatum can't talk in too much detail about the two dream roles he has coming up. For *Hail, Caesar!*, the Coen brothers farce, he can only say how much he's always wanted to work with them, even auditioning for Javier Bardem's role in *No Country For Old Men*, "even though I was 15 years too young for the part". For Tarantino's revenge western *The Hateful Eight*, he can only say how funny it was to learn the director knew things about his characters that had nothing to do with the script. ("Like, the colour suit my character wore when he first kissed his girlfriend; he actually knows.")

Next up – once they've got a director – he's set to star as Gambit, and be the latest superhero in the movie mega-buster conga line.

I ask him if he's changed. Not really, he says, and I can believe it.

He's still, he says, not great at small talk. He recently met Prince William, "and I could not have sounded dumber in my entire life if I tried. I mean, I cussed like 25,000 times. I said the F-bomb. I couldn't remember stuff. It was so embarrassing. It was a nightmare."

He still finds writing a struggle. When he works with his producing partner, Reid Carolin, on scripts, and emails him dialogue ideas, Carolin must – as Tatum coins it – "Chanslate" it.

"Sometimes I go back and read it and I'm like, what was I even trying to say in this sentence? So he has to Chanslate everything I write."

But, like everything, he's working on it, getting better. Practise, again and again.

He still finds email a struggle ("It takes a lot to even craft one") and when the Sony leak happened it was no shock that the leaked Tatum email read how it did. Three sentences then one long word, all in caps. It starts "F YOUTED!!!!" and it's an email sent in amazed delight about *21 Jump Street*'s remarkable box office, and how it has trounced Seth MacFarlane's talking-bear comedy. But more than that: he knows it's made him a star.

It's the one long word at the end that's best. The email is sent to Sony's former co-chair Amy Pascal, along with a few others, but could just as easily have been addressed to everyone who ever wrote him off.

The word takes up more than 280 lines and 14,553 characters.

"AAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHA" it begins, "HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA," it continues.

It goes on for pages.   
*Magic Mike XXL* is out now.



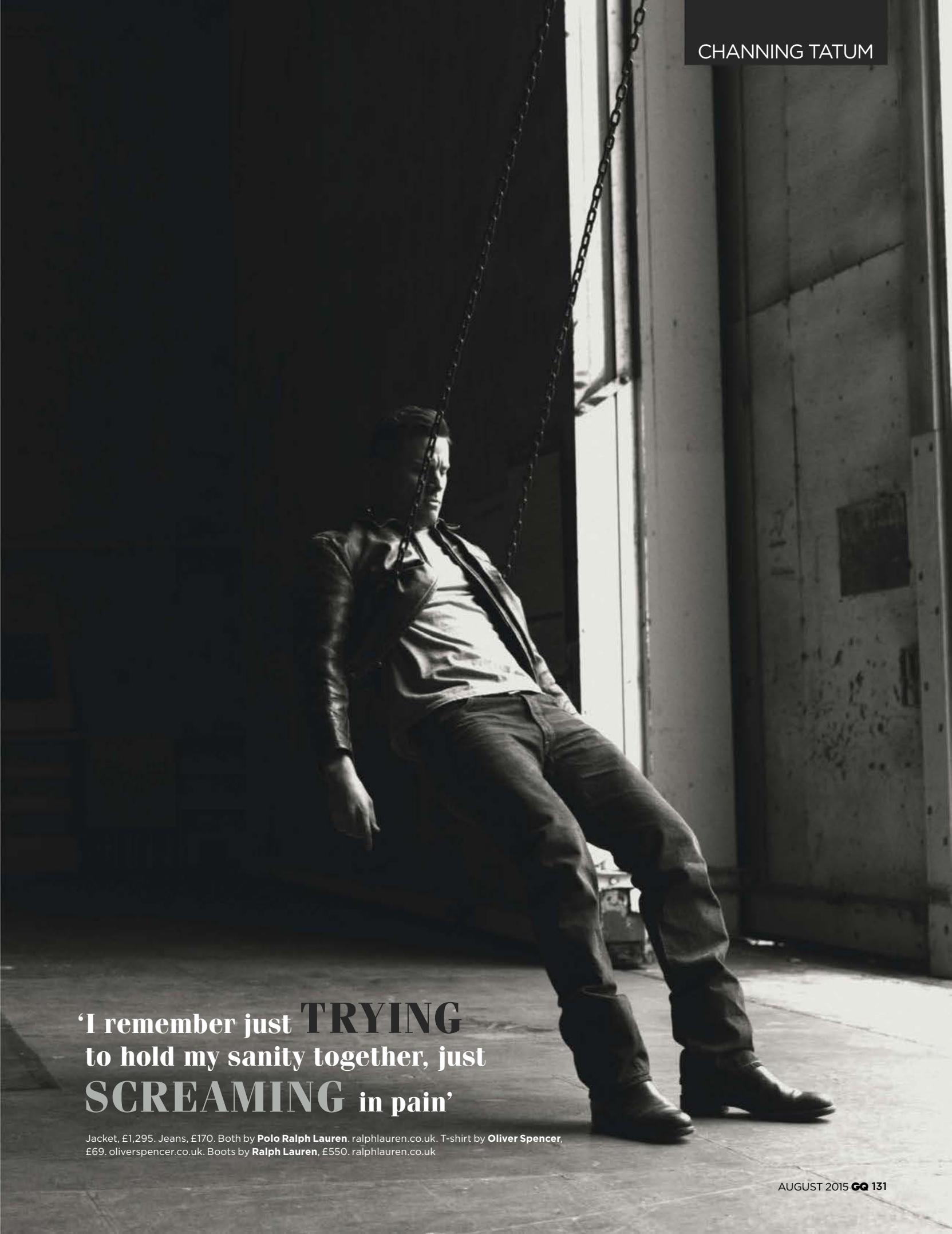
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**'I remember just TRYING  
to hold my sanity together, just  
SCREAMING in pain'**

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**RICHARD RAMOS**

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**JOANA DE LA FUENTE**



Is it hot in here, or is it **ANA BEATRIZ BARROS**?  
The Brazilian supermodel gives the sun a run for its money in GQ's  
summer swimwear special



Swimsuit by **Chanel**,  
£320. [chanel.com](http://chanel.com)

Opposite: Bodysuit by  
**Hervé Léger by Max Azria**,  
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Bikini by **Agent Provocateur**, £125.  
[agentprovocateur.com](http://agentprovocateur.com).

Sunglasses by  
**Polaroid**, £45.  
[polaroideyewear.com](http://polaroideyewear.com)

Opposite: Swimsuit by  
**Eres**, £315. At Net-A-Porter.  
[net-a-porter.com](http://net-a-porter.com). Sandals by  
**Etro**, £520. [etro.com](http://etro.com).  
Sunglasses by **Polaroid**, £45. [polaroideyewear.com](http://polaroideyewear.com)



Bandau top, £339.  
Bottoms, £515. Both by  
**Hervé Léger by Max Azria**.  
[herveleger.com](http://herveleger.com). Sandals  
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[stuartweitzman.com](http://stuartweitzman.com)

Opposite: Bikini bottoms  
by **Roxy**, £25. [roxy-uk](http://roxy-uk.co.uk). Sandals by  
**Stuart Weitzman**, £415.  
[stuartweitzman.com](http://stuartweitzman.com)

**Production**

Cayetana Villegas  
**Photographer's assistants**  
Carlos Givaja, Raúl Lorenzo  
and Mar Capella  
**Hair** Manu Fernández  
at Cool using Kiehl's  
and Shu Uemura  
**Make-up** José Belmonte  
at Cool using Bobbi Brown  
**Manicure** Luz Belenger at  
Cool using Ghetto Nailz  
**Fashion assistant**  
Juan Luis Ascanio  
**Production assistant**  
Marta Acevedo



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## Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro

"Both De Niro and Scorsese have the upmost respect for one another," says photographer Phillip Caruso. "Though De Niro will often defer to Scorsese's consultations when they're filming. He's very respectful of that; he will sit and rehearse the scene until he nails it. If it wasn't for De Niro I would never have met Scorsese or been involved in *Casino*. I got introduced to Scorsese after working with De Niro on *Backdraft*. De Niro came in for the first three weeks of filming, and in the second week he asked me to move to New York so I could come and work for him. I declined his offer at first, but he kept calling and, ultimately, once I'd finished the film I flew out to the set of *Cape Fear* and met up with De Niro, who later introduced me to Scorsese. I became De Niro's personal photographer and ended up on 22 different sets with him."

# Gambler's choice

Goodfellas? Fuggedaboutit. Martin Scorsese's true masterpiece is *Casino*, his bleak, complex portrayal of Seventies Vegas mobsters. Here, to mark the film's 20th anniversary, GQ presents an exclusive behind-the-scenes portfolio by Phillip Caruso – Robert De Niro's personal photographer – and the stories behind the pictures

STORY BY **JONATHAN HEAF**  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY **PHILLIP CARUSO**





House rules: On the set of Sam Rothstein's home, De Niro (right), in character as the casino's money man, takes direction from Scorsese

# In the casino, the cardinal rule is **TO KEEP THEM PLAYING** and to keep them coming back. **The longer they play,** **the more they lose,** and in the end, **WE GET IT** **ALL**

Robert De Niro as Sam 'Ace' Rothstein

**W**hen was the last time you saw Martin Scorsese's *Goodfellas*? Actually, don't tell me. Unless you're a student, on a particularly tame stag do, or currently serving time at Her Majesty's pleasure, no one actually sits down with the intention of watching Marty's mobster masterpiece a second time around.

No, after the first memorable screening, any repeat viewings are always opportunistic. And probably a little stoned. Second, third or 40th time a man hears the immortal line, "Never rat on your friends and always keep your mouth shut," he will be alone, slumped on the sofa in a crumpled suit, half cut on single malt and with one hand wantonly scrawling through an ex-girlfriend's Instagram feed.

We've all been there. You stumble in, crack open one last Asahi Super Dry and turn on the box. *Goodfellas* is on! Sure, it's halfway through, but you watch it anyway – as you always do and always will – basking your drunken yet undernourished masculinity in all its bravura performances and masterly direction.

You tap your foot to the soundtrack – the Shangri-Las, Al Jolson, Dean Martin – and smile knowingly at the main players. Joe Pesci as the hyena-like psychopath with a hair trigger, Robert De Niro as the terrifyingly cold hard-man mobster and Ray Liotta as the yarn's unravelling, soon-to-be-cocaine-addled, chopper-watching narrator, Henry Hill.

It's such an exquisite, violent, entertaining romp – gangster fantasy at its most gratuitous.

As Hill says: "For as long as I can remember I always wanted to be gangster. To me that was better than being president of the United States." *Goodfellas* made you want to be a goodfella.

The film was released in 1990. Five years later, however, Scorsese made *Casino*. Many critics believed it would be simply *Goodfellas* with a brassier budget, a white-collar gangster blow-out in the Nevada sands, a film that would seem flimsy when cast in the shadow of the earlier movie's blue-collar, gritty authenticity.

Many would still agree. To this day, if you ask any number of Scorsese fans which of the director's gangster flicks is the best, many will say the story of Hill's rapid rise and ultimate dethroning. They are, of course, all wrong.

*Casino* is Scorsese's most overlooked, most underloved masterpiece. Better than *Mean Streets*. Way better than *Gangs Of New York*. And, yes, better than *Goodfellas*. It's the brains of the outfit. When it comes to the portrayal of made men, black books, *consiglieri* and mob muscle, *Casino* is without doubt this director's greatest and most sophisticated achievement. If *Goodfellas* is a working-class version of *The Godfather*, then *Casino* is *The Godfather Part II*, a companion piece with a darker, deeper heart.

In *Goodfellas*, the mobsters were rarely more than two-dimensional hoodlums, whacking

their enemies and fumbling drug deals like two-bit crooks. There's an absurdity to the violence in *Goodfellas* – something that Joe Pesci brought beautifully to his role as one of the "Wet Bandits" in *Home Alone*, released the same year. Sure, as a viewer you're hugely entertained – peering into the intimate world of these almost cartoonish mobsters – and there's no doubt it's a wild ride, a slalom of blood, guts and gunpowder, but you can't help but feel Scorsese is almost too enamoured with all the mobster mythology, the criminal folklore. *Casino* is richer and ultimately more complex, because it is bleaker. More human. And with far greater scope. This isn't a story about local mobsters. This is a movie about the excess and corruption of America itself.

**S**creenwriter and author Nicholas Pileggi (his book *Wiseguy: Life In A Mafia Family* was adapted into *Goodfellas*) had wanted to write about Las Vegas for years, but just couldn't find a way in. "Suddenly a trial took place," explains Pileggi, "of skimming by the Chicago-Milwaukee wise guys. These men and the Teamster pension fund had put up all the money for the casinos in Vegas and the whole thing was laid out in court. Here I suddenly found a great story about the mob, their connections in the Teamster pension fund, buying a casino with a frontman, putting a brilliant gambler in charge of it, and the whole thing, which should have been magical but it collapsed. I jumped on it." (►)

**Sharon Stone**

"I remember this scene very well," says Caruso. "It was done just after Stone had been playing at the craps table and she threw all the chips into the air. She looked absolutely stunning in her dress. I saw her a few years ago and she still looked fantastic. Throughout the film Stone had about 40 different outfit changes, and each one was handmade for her. I think the only one that was bought off the rail was the chinchilla coat that she's wearing in this photo. Everything else was custom-made."



Stole the scene: In the car park of Las Vegas' Riviera Casino, where much of the film was shot, Stone makes her first appearance as Rothstein's girlfriend, Ginger McKenna

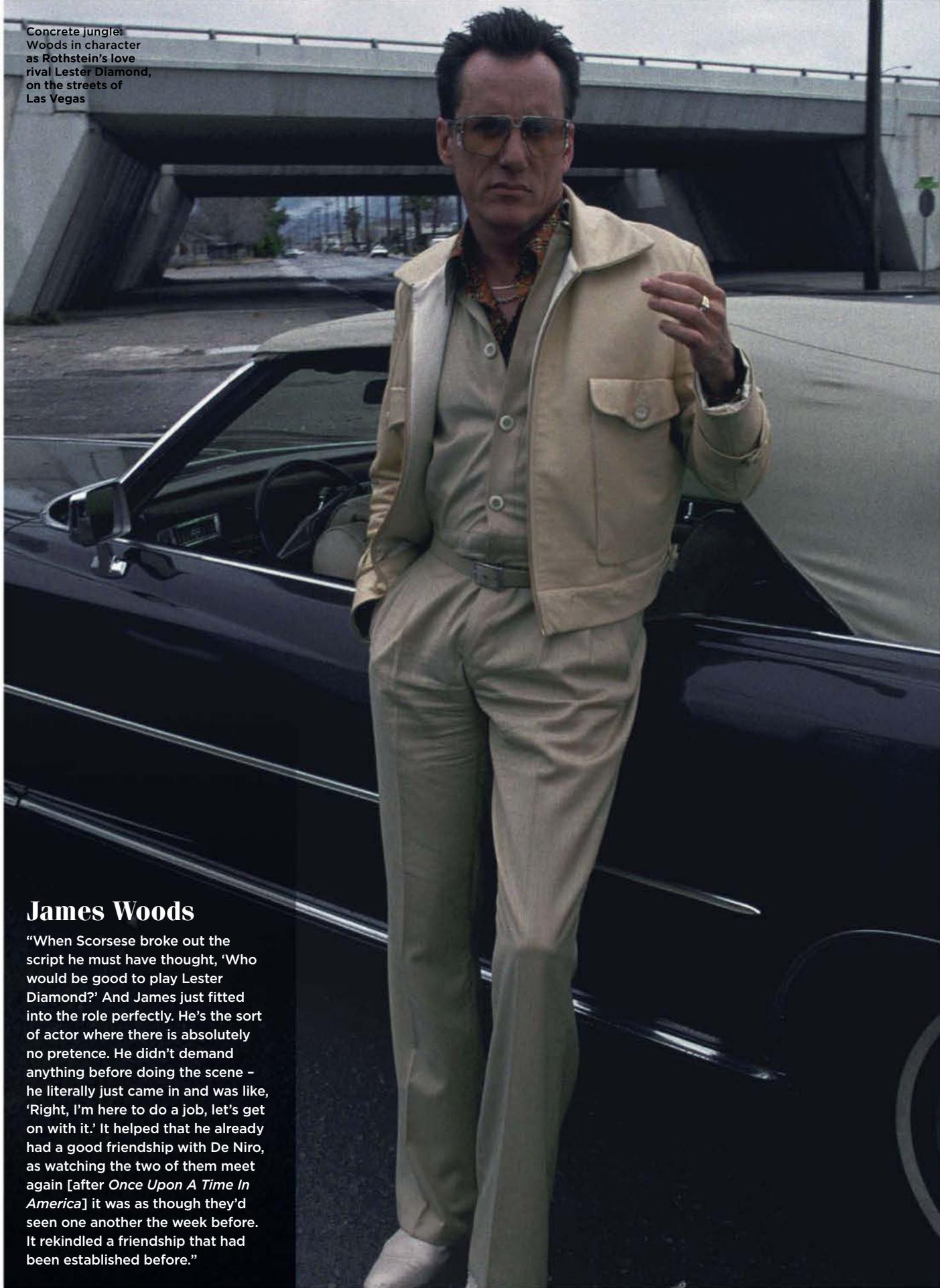
Gold leaf: Stone and De Niro on location at Park Paseo, Las Vegas, used by the film as the Vegas Valley Country Club



## Sharon Stone and Robert De Niro

"It's a cliché to say, but some actors can turn their character on and off at their will. De Niro and Stone were particularly impressive at this. There's one scene where Sharon is speaking in confidence with Nicky Santoro [Joe Pesci] and De Niro comes in the room and they have this massive fight. The scene was so physical. De Niro starts off throwing Stone's clothes out, before throwing her around the room. But Sharon was great, she just started beating on De Niro, and Marty was just sat there going, 'Wow!' When they were filming it the camera just followed the two of them around the house, as beforehand they had a pretty good idea where it was going to go, but then all of a sudden it just exploded. The only breaks De Niro and Stone took while shooting that scene were when they were panting and had to take off their dressing gowns to cool down."

Concrete jungle:  
Woods in character  
as Rothstein's love  
rival Lester Diamond,  
on the streets of  
Las Vegas



## James Woods

"When Scorsese broke out the script he must have thought, 'Who would be good to play Lester Diamond?' And James just fitted into the role perfectly. He's the sort of actor where there is absolutely no pretence. He didn't demand anything before doing the scene - he literally just came in and was like, 'Right, I'm here to do a job, let's get on with it.' It helped that he already had a good friendship with De Niro, as watching the two of them meet again [after *Once Upon A Time In America*] it was as though they'd seen one another the week before. It rekindled a friendship that had been established before."

► A documentary made in 2005, *Casino: The Story*, recounts the making of the film. "Nick [Pileggi] pitched the idea of Las Vegas in the Seventies to the Universal brass," recalls Scorsese. "They got very excited. The way I can remember it, when I did *Last Temptation Of Christ* at Universal, that led to a number of projects. I then went off and did *Age Of Innocence*, so I owed a film to Universal. Having had such a good time with Nick Pileggi on *Goodfellas*, I thought it would be interesting to revisit the genre but take it to another level, a national level, with Las Vegas representing America and in some ways representing Hollywood."

A deal was struck with Pileggi to write and research the book while Scorsese simultaneously shot the movie. The real-life story – the Chicago Outfit mobsters that hooked Pileggi in the first place – was, however, a tough nut to crack. After all, many of the men the writer-director duo intended to depict had little desire to spill the beans on their criminal pasts.

De Niro's character Sam "Ace" Rothstein was based on Frank "Lefty" Rosenthal, a man who made a name for himself in sports betting, first in his hometown of Chicago then later in Miami. The world of gambling being what it is, Rosenthal got to know some fairly unsavoury types and ended up working with the mob, specifically the Chicago Outfit. Despite a poor choice of work colleagues, however, Rosenthal was seemingly untouchable. Although arrested numerous times he only saw one conviction – for bribery associated with a college basketball game in 1963. Although both sharp and ambitious, Rosenthal was also a masterfully cautious tactician – traits that would lead to huge rewards both for him and his bosses.

On secretly taking over the Stardust, Fremont, Hacienda and Marina casinos in Vegas during the Seventies, Rosenthal pioneered two innovations: running an illegal sports book from within a casino, thus making the Stardust one of the world's leading centres for sports gambling, and allowing female blackjack dealers on the floor, an idea that in one year doubled the Stardust's income. (Rosenthal married Geri McGee in 1969. She would be renamed Ginger in the movie and played superbly by Sharon Stone.)

"A lot of these people were not co-operative," Pileggi admits, "including the Ace Rothstein character. What did he need with a book? He was very wealthy, very smart and he didn't need his ego played around with in such a way. But then word got out that Marty and me were going to do a casino movie next and Marty had mentioned that Bob [De Niro] would play one of the parts, and somehow that got in *Variety*. This guy [Rosenthal] is in Florida and I get a call from him asking, 'Are you guys going to turn this into a movie?'"

With Scorsese and De Niro rumoured to be attached, doors started opening and the former mobsters keeping schtum started singing.

Pileggi remembers Rosenthal in particular being blown away by the prospect of De Niro playing him on the big screen. Pileggi recalls the conversation: "Robert De Niro," he told me, "is the greatest actor of his generation." Well, I'm not going to argue with him. Then he said, "Can I meet Robert De Niro?" Of course you can meet him! And I realised this was an opening. I called Marty and he told Bob De Niro and he got on a plane and he went down to see this guy 'Ace' in Florida, and they really hit it off. And when the movie was announced it suddenly became easy to get information for the book. And people who had slammed doors in my face, hung up and got their lawyers to call me, they were calling me up to meet Bob De Niro, Sharon Stone, Joe Pesci and Martin Scorsese."

When shooting began in September 1994, Pileggi was still writing. Scorsese and Pileggi would sit for hours figuring out the key scenes so filming could begin prior to the book being finished. If you go back to read the book, the narrative seems fairly chronological, but what Scorsese did was use the story arch as a spine and then spin off with numerous refined asides.

## With Scorsese and De Niro rumoured to be attached, THE MOBSTERS started singing

The use of voice-overs was once again crucial, although rather than using just one – such as in *Goodfellas* – three or four were employed, layering the story with wise-guy colloquialisms, all genuine conversations recorded by Pileggi. This gave not only more authenticity but also a depth of character the likes of which is absent from *Goodfellas*.

In the movie, we follow De Niro's character, a small-time gangster drafted in by the mob to run the Mafia-owned Tangiers casino in the Seventies, as he cuts and schemes his way through Vegas, a criminal Wild West where the risks were as big as the rewards. A Western is exactly what *Casino* is, in fact, with De Niro as both sheriff (kicking out the cheaters) and outlaw (breaking their bones while he's at it). It's a world of gluttony – for sex, for money, for control – far more so than the fairly parochial criminality represented in *Goodfellas*.

Joe Pesci (playing Nicky Santoro, the part based on Anthony "The Ant" Spilotro, a close

friend of Rosenthal) is back and, as ever, is one meatball short of a traditional Italian-American Sunday lunch. His unpredictability still verges on the psychopathic – he hardly breaks stride between the two movies. Again, here in *Casino*, although still De Niro's sidekick, he is a loose cannon who might cause the whole house of cards to come crashing down.

And then there's Ginger, played by Sharon Stone, who at the time was white hot in Hollywood, relatively fresh from her successes and controversies in movies such as *Basic Instinct*, released three years earlier. If you could aim one criticism at Scorsese's work as a whole it's that strong, complex female characters are few and far between. Stone's turn as the savage, plotting, unhinged junkie wife upends the entire movie. She injects a human quality, a reflection of our fallibility, which is absent from *Goodfellas*. She takes the role of the mobster wife – a part no doubt shaped and informed by the magnetism and belligerence of Michelle Pfeiffer in *Scarface* – and heaps on Ginger's cracked emotional instability and paranoia, all fuelled by alcohol and drugs.

Aside from all the ditch digging and "trips to Florida", it is the lustful tussle and power-brokering that goes on between Stone and Pesci, Stone and De Niro, De Niro and Pesci that glues the viewer to the screen. Here, De Niro's fusspot manager is overwhelmed, and indeed undermined, by the passion and fury of Ginger, a woman who, as movie critic David Thomson recalls, "won't be overlooked".

If the women in *Goodfellas* always come secondary – either long-suffering gangster Wags with six screaming kids, or fly-by-night "goomahs", a conga line of stand-up perms – then *Casino* is something else. Stone's performance gives *Casino* if not its soul then certainly its pounding, bleeding heart. The real revelation? That Ginger is badder, madder, harder and tougher than Ace ever could be. She is more gangster than he, or any goodfella for that matter, ever was.

After Nick Pileggi had finished on the movie set he had to rush back to New York to finish the book. "I had to get the book out before the movie – and that's hard!" As he typed frantically and Marty continued to shoot, Pileggi already knew he and Scorsese were close to illuminating a time when the Mafia in America was all-powerful – halcyon days for the mob that would never be seen again. The movie marks this seminal, criminal moment in history like no other. "I can't imagine the mob getting to a better position than they were in Vegas in the Seventies, before they lost it all," the author concludes. "[Casino] is *Paradise Lost*, really."

To mark the film's 20th anniversary, GQ has exclusive imagery of *Casino* from behind the scenes. Provided by Phillip Caruso, Robert De Niro's photographer, they offer a vivid insight into how Scorsese's most under-appreciated masterpiece was made. Here Caruso talks us through the movie's most intimate moments.

Direct approach:  
During the scene in  
which Rothstein first  
arrives at the casino,  
Scorsese (right)  
discusses the shoot  
with De Niro



## Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese

"This was taken inside the Riviera Casino, our location for the Tangiers [the casino in the film]. During the preliminary discussions there was talk of building a Tangiers set, but eventually Universal stumped up the money for us to be able to film on the floor of the Riviera. This meant we had to start filming at midnight and would finish at 9am, so as not to disturb the gamblers in the casino. We also had to strike the set every night, meaning everything you saw in the casino set that said Tangiers had to be laid every night before being taken away the following morning at 10.30. At one point, Universal contracted a set of clowns, and I mean that in the literal sense, not metaphorically, to come into the casino and help aid the regular customer traffic by keeping them away from the filming."

**Hot property:**  
Taking shade from the  
Nevada Desert sun,  
De Niro (left) and  
Pesci prepare for a  
confrontational scene  
between Rothstein  
and Mafia boss  
Nicky Santoro



## Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci

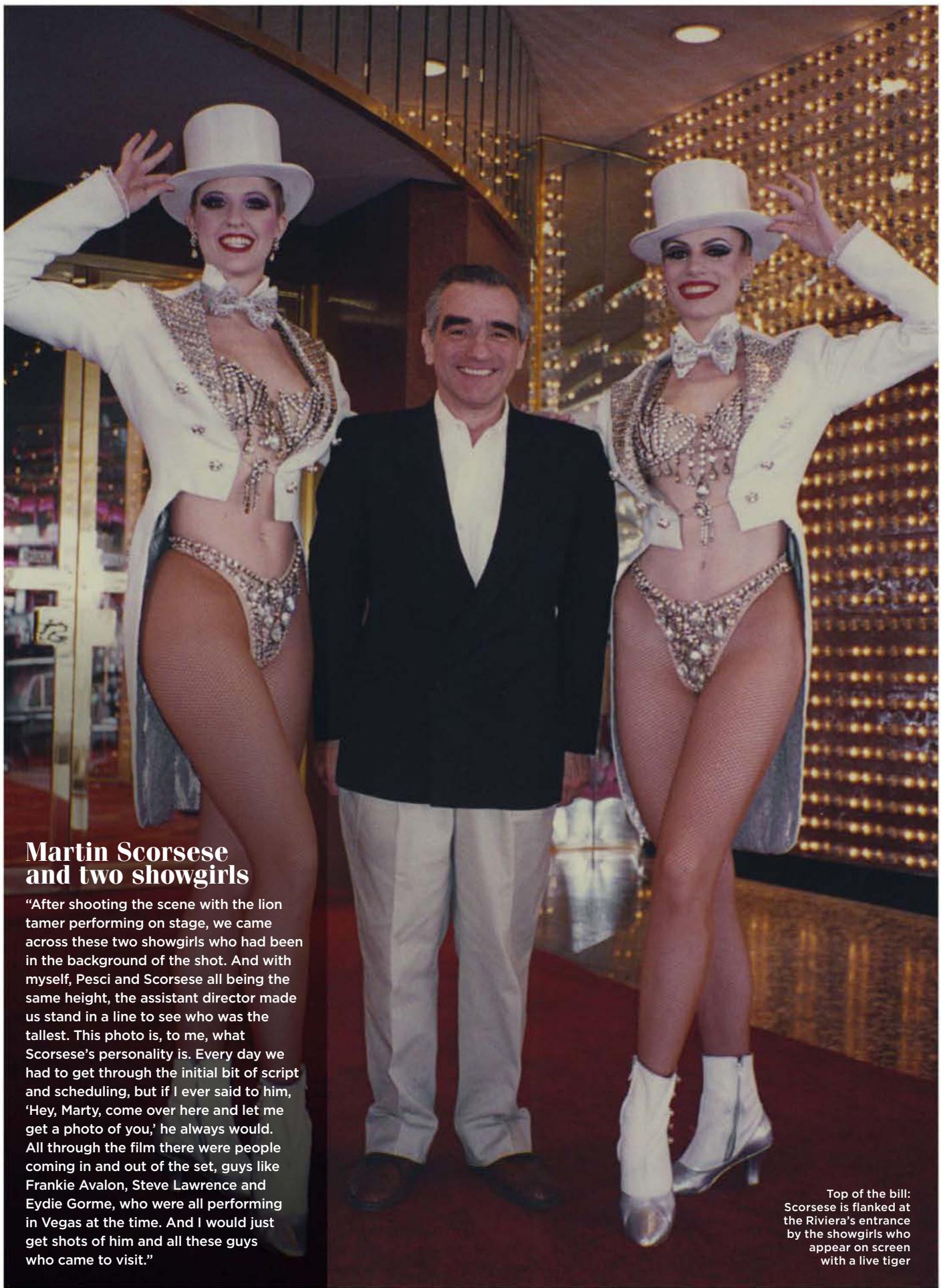
"For this photo we were out in the desert shooting the scene where Pesci confronts De Niro over his 'I'm the boss' interview. The two were shooting one of the most intense scenes of the movie, so they would take breaks in a tent. They were doing it so they could stay out of the sun and keep their composure, to make sure they could give the intensity the scene needed. But as soon as they stepped off set they were able to break rank quite easily. In one of the scenes, De Niro and Pesci were having an intense conversation with the casino floor manager. The guy playing the manager was real tall, so his head was close to the light fixtures. Then all of a sudden his hair just started smoking, and in the middle of this intense scene De Niro just cracks up and starts laughing at this guy because his hair was on fire. All it would take is for one moment like that for them to turn off the intensity, but when the cameras were rolling they were so professional."

Clear blue skies: Stone's Ginger steps on to a private runway in Las Vegas, ahead of the character's escape to LA with Rothstein's millions



## Sharon Stone

*"Casino* was one of Sharon's best films. She was nominated for an Academy Award for her role as Ginger and I think it's still her only nomination for an Academy Award. In that role, and at that moment, she was just stellar. When Sharon wasn't filming she would come and hang out at the casino with the crew. It was crazy; nobody could believe that Sharon Stone was hanging out with all the grips, electricians and sound engineers. Under Nevada law, the props department isn't allowed to alter the machines in the casino, so while we were shooting we had all these live machines around us. In between setups you would see the actors with chips in their hand playing on the craps tables or at the slot machines."



## Martin Scorsese and two showgirls

"After shooting the scene with the lion tamer performing on stage, we came across these two showgirls who had been in the background of the shot. And with myself, Pesci and Scorsese all being the same height, the assistant director made us stand in a line to see who was the tallest. This photo is, to me, what Scorsese's personality is. Every day we had to get through the initial bit of script and scheduling, but if I ever said to him, 'Hey, Marty, come over here and let me get a photo of you,' he always would. All through the film there were people coming in and out of the set, guys like Frankie Avalon, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, who were all performing in Vegas at the time. And I would just get shots of him and all these guys who came to visit."

Top of the bill:  
Scorsese is flanked at  
the Riviera's entrance  
by the showgirls who  
appear on screen  
with a live tiger

Made men: Rothstein's home was a real address near Las Vegas National Golf Course. Outside, De Niro (left) and Scorsese (right) are joined by Giorgio Armani

## Robert De Niro, Giorgio Armani and Martin Scorsese

"Giorgio Armani came by for a visit one day; he literally just walked onto the set to come and see Scorsese. The pair had been friends since *Made In Milan*, and had worked together since on shooting a couple of adverts for Armani. He spent a couple of hours on set with everyone and walked us all through the details of the clothes that had been designed by Rita Ryack, the costume designer. De Niro had a total of 54 wardrobe changes in the movie, and each item was a piece of art in itself. He had all these different shirts and ties made up for him, all in the same material. It was unbelievable. It was totally overwhelming how well De Niro wore the clothes; they looked as though they'd been painted onto him - it was beautiful. I would have loved to own some of the clothes from the movie; the red linen suit he wore at the end of the movie was amazing. We all loved that suit." 



## The Alastair Campbell interview

‘Gazza’ was not just the most gifted and loved English footballer of his generation, he was the tragicomic clown whose tears changed the game forever. But then came alcoholism, paranoia, domestic violence and depression. Here, sober and sanguine, he talks about the ‘blips’ and the battle to save his life from the press – and himself. Oh, and the time he took an ostrich to training...

# Paul Gascoigne



Paul Gascoigne used to be a footballer. But then, he shed tears in the 1990 World Cup in Italy, when a semifinal yellow card meant he knew his tournament was over, and he became, universally, Gazza. Gazza, now 48, was more than a footballer. He grew into a national treasure, whose popularity transcended his skill as a player, and whose vulnerability made football people want to nurture his talent and the rest of us protect him from himself – and from the world. Being Gazza was harder than it seemed, and for all the laughter and the adulation, he was gradually falling victim to alcoholism so severe it has almost killed him more than once and, unless he can keep the demons at bay, might yet do so.

I have known Gazza for years. Like many people, I have long urged him to get and stay off the booze. I played a small part in his successful pursuit of newspapers illegally hacking his phone, in that I persuaded him to get my lawyer to take over his case, and in May he was awarded £188,250 in damages by the Mirror Group. Like many people, I have found something irresistible in his child-like generosity of spirit, and his love of life when life is good. But like most chronic alcoholics, Gazza can be a hard man to help. Some can never forgive the domestic violence against his former wife Sheryl. But she also knows that when he is sober and well, Gazza is as nice as they come. It is when the drink takes him over that he loses the personality that makes him loved by so many – never more clear when, a couple of years ago, a rumour spread that he had died.

Gazza now lives in Sandbanks, Dorset, close to the Providence Projects rehab centre that has helped him stay or climb back on the wagon. He still has to work to live, not least because he gives so much away to his family, and we met to discuss a new documentary, titled simply *Gascoigne*, which, with a feature film to follow, he hopes will herald the next stage of his life being Gazza. He was sober, but had recently had what he calls “a blip”, meaning a heavy bender. He was looking OK – his face clearer and smoother than it might be because of a propensity for Botox – though his hands were slightly shaky, and there was an occasionally intense pain clear in his eyes. He insisted he was happy and, most of the time, I was almost convinced. He is one of those people who makes you long for his happiness to be real. ➤

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE NEAVES

Alive and kicking:  
Paul Gascoigne  
photographed  
for British GQ  
at Sandbanks Hotel,  
2 May 2015



‘I am getting followed more now than when I played football. They want to think I am like George Best’

**AC:** So, how are you?

**PG:** Good, apart from the press telling lies about me all the time. I go to a shop and buy cigarettes, but the press say I am buying booze as well, and then I lose work, and it builds up and when I do have a drink, I end up regretting it and I cry my eyes out.

**AC:** When was the last time you had a drink?

**PG:** Two weeks ago, a one-day bender, then after that the therapist comes round and we just sit and talk.

**AC:** What is the longest you've ever gone without a drink?

**PG:** I've been three years sober, then two years, three years, two again, one-and-a-half years, then two-and-a-half, nine months, year and a half, recently six months, then I've had this blip. I've got good support here. But the lies in the press get me down.

I had this friend and I found out she was giving stuff to a guy from the *Sun*. He rang up saying horrible stuff, so I went on Twitter and hammered him, and then the police came round and I got done for harassment. They banged me up for 22 hours, and then I spent four days in hospital and I'm saying, "Hold on, I was using Twitter, not using alcohol."

**AC:** Do you feel like a drink every day?

**PG:** No, I can go for ages, but then I have these blips.

**AC:** How do you feel when you know you are falling off the wagon?

**PG:** When I get the bottle of gin or whatever, I start crying. I'm shaking before I open the bottle, because I don't want it, I really don't, but then after a couple of mouthfuls I feel OK, but then I regret it and I start crying again.

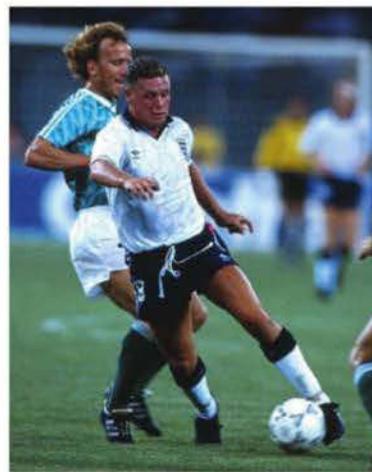
**AC:** So what drives you to it when you know you will regret it?

**PG:** It builds up. The press outside all the time, this woman giving information to them, then I get banged up. This time I was lucky because I just rang the hospital, went there, checked my liver was OK, and then I done a bit of fishing, played golf, and I was OK again. Recently I was supposed to open this lap-dancing joint for my daughter Bianca, so I went to London and then realised it wasn't a good idea as the press were all going to be there: "Gazza opens a strip joint", so I decided not to.

**AC:** Bianca said she was disappointed you didn't turn up.

**PG:** Yeah, I know. But I have to think about myself, too. I was worried with

# The only time I felt free was when I was on the pitch'



the press being there. When I have a situation where I can't buy a packet of fags without them saying I am on the drink, you can guarantee some of those lap-dancing girls would have been round me, taking pictures, and they're off talking to the press and before you know, it's a real mess.

**AC:** How is the relationship with the family right now?

**PG:** I've not seen them for a while.

**AC:** You get very upset when the kids talk to the press about you.

**PG:** It upsets me big time. I don't think they should talk to the press at all after what they've done to me – the hacking, the following and the lies. Then I heard Sheryl was down here, five minutes away, and she never came to see me. Bianca was down too and I heard about it from someone else.

**AC:** What do they say when you say "don't speak to the press"?

**PG:** I don't speak to them. But then not speaking means it is bad on me because I don't get to see the kids, and bad on them because they don't see their dad.

**AC:** In the documentary Gary Lineker says he warned you to be careful when you came back from Italia '90. Did you realise what he meant?

**PG:** Nah. I remember he said, "Gazza, be careful," and I said, "What do you mean? I've done nothing wrong. I've done well in the World Cup," and we get off the plane and there were all these people singing my name, and I started to realise something big had

happened. Suddenly I am opening shops, people are sending us guitars and jewellery through the post, buying my dad cars. It was mental, and I'm thinking, "How do I handle this?" But do you know what f\*\*\*s me off? I am getting followed more now than when I played football.

**AC:** What do you think that is about?

**PG:** They want to think I am like George Best.

**AC:** What? They're on death watch?

**PG:** Yeah, they did it to Lady Diana and they are doing it to me. I have drunk two years out of 18, but they're following me around waiting for the next time.

**AC:** Did you enjoy the adulation as a player?

**PG:** I loved the bit where I was giving money to my family. I was just happy playing football.

**AC:** But were you conscious of being seen differently to other players?

**PG:** Yes. I was at the Player Of The Year awards last year, and I am sitting there with ex-players who have four or five people around them asking for an autograph and I've got 50. I like that. What I don't like is all the lies. It drives me nuts. I have to get on the phone, tell everyone it's not true, and someone will say, "We'll see you when you're better" and I'm like, "I am f\*\*\*ing better, it's lies."

**AC:** Looking back at your whole life, when were you happiest?

**PG:** Being on that green grass for 90 minutes. The only time I felt free was when I was on the pitch. Or in rehab. Then I feel free, and I feel safe, at least I will get breakfast for 28 days. When I am like this, happy and sober, and I've got my golf and my fishing, they can't touch me. I am happy when I don't have a drink.

**AC:** Can you imagine a whole life without drink?

**PG:** I can. I have had loads of years of being sober, if I add it up.

**AC:** Of all the mental health issues – depression, bipolar, OCD, alcoholism, psychosis – what has been the worst?

**PG:** The press make me depressed but I can get over it. I can speak to the Provvy [Providence Projects], speak to someone like you, speak to Terry [Baker, Gascoigne's agent], and I am over it. The worst was the psychosis through cocaine, ten years ago, when my sister got me sectioned. The paranoia was unbelievable. I was frightened to

World at his feet:  
Paul Gascoigne with his step-daughter Bianca (left) and now ex-wife Sheryl in 2008; (top) on the ball against West Germany during the 1990 World Cup semifinal



touch food. I was up in Gateshead with my dad and I'm going, "Dad, that bloke's f\*\*\*ing looking at me," and he says, "You're Paul f\*\*\*ing Gascoigne, course he's f\*\*\*ing looking at you." I get home, I get to bed, and I've got a couple of packets of wine gums and I wake my dad up and I say, "The wine gums are f\*\*\*ing looking at me," and he says, "Eat the bastards and get to bed," so I eat them and then I find another packet and I get him up again and I say, "Dad, there's another packet f\*\*\*ing looking at me," and he went, "For f\*\*\* sake, eat the bastards and get to sleep." I thought my lighter was listening to us. I had a Rolex and I threw it out the window because I thought it was listening to us. I had six mobiles and I was sure they were all being tapped. Of course I was right about that one. But I was well gone.

**AC: What was the nearest to dying you have ever been?**

**PG:** Two-and-a-half years ago, I'd been on a bender and they got me to Cottonwood [rehab centre] in Arizona. I had the shakes for two days, not too bad, but the third day there was nothing they could do to stop the shakes. I was rushed to hospital, and I heard a doctor on the phone to Cottonwood and he said, "This guy is not going to make it, he will die," and I said, "Please don't let me die – I need to water the plants back home." [Laughs.] They were injecting my heart and my lungs to keep me alive.

**AC: Who was with you, family-wise?**

**PG:** Nobody. Cottonwood wouldn't let anyone in.

**AC: Was that the time the rumour went round that you were dead?**

**PG:** Yes.

**AC: Did you get a sense of how much you meant to people?**

**PG:** After three weeks I came round, I phoned a friend and said, "I'm ready to come home" and he said, "You're f\*\*\*ing joking, you've been in hospital for 20 days." I had no idea. I rang my mam and she went, "F\*\*\*ing hell, Paul. At every football match they were putting up number eight Gascoigne shirts," and that is when it hit me how stupid I'd been and how much I meant to the fans. I don't mean to let fans down. I can promise everyone in this country I do not mean to drink and I am going to try really hard, really hard not to.

**AC: Have you always been very emotional?**

**PG:** Yeah, and I know when I am getting well, because I can have normal emotions. I was watching a film yesterday, about two Indian kids who went to play baseball and I cried because they made it. I do miss my family badly. I used to go up every three months and see them, but I've not been for five months. I miss my dad's dog Maggie the most, and going out for a run with her in the morning.



**Special treatment:**  
Chelsea manager  
José Mourinho  
once invited  
Gascoigne to  
train with his team

**AC: Do you think your parents would rather you had never been famous?**

**PG:** No, because I always wanted to be a top footballer and I said they would never have to work again and they haven't. What they want is for me to stop the blips. I don't mean to have them and I shouldn't. It's not nice when the press are outside our house every day. The police come round and say we will deal with it and that is all you need to hear.

**AC: At least they deal with it.**

**Not like when you did "The Sash"** [a Loyalist ballad] as a Rangers player and got IRA death threats?

**PG:** That was scary. They went to see this guy and they came back and said yeah, he's serious about killing you. They gave us a thing to look under the car for bombs. They told me to watch out opening the mail, and I said to Jimmy ["Five Bellies" Gardner, long-time friend], "Do you fancy coming down and I'll pay you a hundred quid a week to open my mail?" That was when we were still speaking...

**AC: Have you fallen out?**

**PG:** Yeah, he did a story with the press. I wasn't happy.

I don't speak to him any more.

**AC: I noticed when you were at Rangers, they had McEwan's lager as the shirt sponsor. Do you think alcohol has too big a grip on football?**

**PG:** Footballers get better wages because of it, and it won't stop them having a few drinks if you take that message off. I am just unfortunate because I am an alcoholic.

**AC: When was the last time you went to a match?**

**PG:** Can't remember. Ages.

**AC: Last time you watched on TV?**

**PG:** Chelsea-Leicester. Great match. If I watch a game and it's crap after 20 minutes I turn it off. I like the Discovery channels.

**AC: Which players remind you of you?**

**PG:** I know Wayne Rooney thinks the world of us, Steven Gerrard's been a great player, but I don't think they get near us. Frank Lampard, f\*\*\*ing hell, if he had had my personality, he would have got the same treatment, but he keeps himself to himself, he's sensible. What a player though. More than a hundred goals from midfield. Amazing.

**AC: So it's your personality that took you to that different level? (→)**

## ‘It’s not nice when the press are outside your house every day’



**Case history:**  
Gascoigne leaves Stevenage Magistrates Court after being charged with common assault, 5 August 2013

In good company: Gascoigne holds two giant cut-outs of Argentina's Diego Maradona and Holland's Ruud Gullit, 1990



**PG:** Yeah, but I wouldn't be me without my personality. I lose my personality when I have a drink.

**AC:** Who was the best you played with or against?

**PG:** Bryan Robson, both. I called him "dogshit" because he was everywhere. When I first played for England he said to me, "Gazza, I am at the end of my career so let me do all the hard stuff, the tackles, the battles in the air, you just play great football."

**AC:** You didn't listen did you?

**PG:** [Laughs.] Yeah, 36 operations later. Maradona of course, he was unbelievable. I played against him when I was at Lazio, a friendly against Sevilla. I scored a great goal and then he scored a freekick and he winked at me because I think he knew we were both pissed. Then they asked us to do the press conference and he said, "No way, I can't speak," and I said, "I can't speak either," but they made me do it and I got fined £40,000 for being pissed.

**AC:** Best manager you had?

**PG:** Bobby Robson was great to me, a lovely guy. Terry Venables was a great coach. And Walter Smith was on a par with him. What he did at Glasgow Rangers was incredible. When I was leaving Lazio, [coach] Dino Zoff said Chelsea, Aston Villa and Rangers are in for you. I said I'll speak to Chelsea and Villa but I'm not signing for f\*\*\*ing Queen's Park Rangers. He said, "It is Glasgow Rangers, not QPR." I said, "Get them over."

**AC:** Why were you so keen?

**PG:** Because of the players they

## The police said yeah, he's serious about killing you'



Playing the fool: Gazza celebrates scoring for Rangers against Celtic by miming 'The Sash', which led to IRA death threats, 29 July 1995

already had, but also the fans. Walter came over and he said, "Let me tell you about the club" and I said, "I'm signing," and he said, "Aye, but let me tell you about the club," and I said, "You don't need to, I am coming."

**AC:** Best fans?

**PG:** Hard to tell. Always had great fans. Even the away fans loved us. Lazio fans were brilliant. I scored that header against Roma in front of 105,000 people. I went back five years later for a holiday, they were still singing my name. I was getting pestered in town so I went to a little bar in a village in the countryside. There was just the owner in there and I asked for a beer. He says, "You're Paul Gascoigne," and I says, "No I'm not, gissa beer," and he looks at me and then at this picture of me on the wall, and then he goes out the back, and I'm saying I want my beer, and by the time I'd finished it there were 6,000 fans outside.

**AC:** Who are your best mates in football?

**PG:** Chris Waddle, Peter Beardsley. Kenny Wharton.

**AC:** Do you still miss the banter of the training ground?

**PG:** I do, yeah. Harry Redknapp was always asking us to go to QPR to train. José Mourinho offered for us to train with him too.

**AC:** He says amazing things about you in the documentary.

**PG:** I went to Everton-Chelsea a few years ago and he chased after me saying, "Gazza, Gazza, you are the special one," and I said, "No, José, you are the special one," and he goes, "No, no, no, Gazza, you are the special one," and I go, "José, I'm telling you, you are the special one," and he says, "No," and I says, "If you are on an advert with that f\*\*\*ing big platinum credit card, I am telling you, you are the f\*\*\*ing special one." [Laughs.] When he was at Inter Milan, he sorted me tickets and I went to the team hotel and said, "Paul Gascoigne, José Mourinho has left three tickets for me," and they said, "No, nothing under that name," and I was going mental, and then I said, "Hold on. Have a look and see if there is an envelope for 'the special one'." And sure enough, there was.

**AC:** Would you have loved to play for him?

**PG:** Oh yeah, he is phenomenal. He wins the [Premier] League for Chelsea, goes away, they haven't won the league for five years, he comes back, they win it. What he does in that dressing room, on that training ground, I would love to see it.

**AC:** What was your best prank as a player?

**PG:** The ostrich takes some beating. I went to the zoo and I said, "Can I borrow an ostrich?", and I put a Spurs shirt on it, stuck it in the car and took it to training. I waited for the players to start warming up. Terry Venables thought I hadn't turned up but I shouted, "Gaffer, got a new player for you." This f\*\*\*ing ostrich was copying the players running side to side. Got me fit, mind. We finished training at 1pm, and I finally caught the ostrich at 5pm. Another good one – I had a .22 gun and when I was signing for Lazio, the club secretary was taking a pot of tea to the club president and I shot the teapot.

Another time, at Tottenham, it was a boiling hot day, so I drove to training wearing just a tiny pair of swimming trunks. Some guy hooted the horn at me, so I waved, and then shit, I hit the car in front of me and this woman gets out and says, "Come and see the damage," and I says, "How much do you want love?" but she made me get out and look. So I'm wandering up and down in this skimpy pair of trunks.

**AC:** Do you still get recognised everywhere?

**PG:** Everywhere. I will stop for anyone. If I can make someone happy, I am happy. Also, being an alcoholic I try to do three good deeds every day. Give a bit of a cash to a tramp. I always buy the *Big Issue*. If I see someone struggling with the drink I might get them half a bottle of whisky.

**AC:** Is that sensible? You wouldn't want people giving you drink would you?

**PG:** I'm talking about when they're drunk or withdrawing maybe. There was a tramp I saw recently, he didn't know who I was, said he was just out of jail, I gave him a tenner, then got him a bit of drink and a sandwich, and then another tramp comes over and he gives the money, the booze and the sandwich to him! [Laughs.]

**AC:** How do you feel seeing footballers a 100th as good as you earning a fortune?

**PG:** Yeah, sometimes I can't handle that, a shit player on 80 grand a week. I was on good money but I gave a lot away.

**AC:** How much money have you lost down the years?

**PG:** Not as much as you think drinking. I can drink for free anywhere I go. It's what I have given away. Family. My divorce. Maybe £200,000 in rehab.

**AC:** Are you OK financially now?

**PG:** I've had times when I've struggled. The PFA [Professional Footballers' Association] have been great. Terry [Baker] gets me work and he helps me out. I'm OK for money, I'm not greedy. If I was greedy I would have three million in the bank. As long as I am sober I am happy. The Providence Projects is brilliant for me.

**AC:** Is that why you live here?

**PG:** No. I was done for drink driving and I had to get rehab as part of the sentence, and then stay in the area for a year, and I loved it. I was supposed to get my licence back, then I go to the DVLA and they say, "You've been drinking again," but it's the papers lying. Anyway, as long as I stay sober, I get work. I have got the documentary coming out, then the film, *Gazza: British Raging Bull*.

**AC:** Who do you want to play you?

**PG:** Sean Bean. He's from up north, and he is not a bad footballer. I wouldn't fancy being the actor who has to play me on the piss, mind.

**AC:** Now what about the time with Raoul Moat? [Gascoigne tried to meet the gunman during a police

manhunt.] What was that all about?

**PG:** I was gone, man. I thought he was my mate. The taxi driver was the funniest. I get in the cab with some chicken, fish, fishing rod, fishing jacket, some bread and four cans, and when the driver sees a sign to Rothbury he says, "You're not going where I think you are, are you?" and I say, "Yeah". We get there and I say, "Just hold on, I'll be back in two minutes and I'll pay you then," so I get out and next thing the cab has screeched round and he's off. [Laughs.] So I say to the coppers, "Raoul is my mate and I can calm him down," and they say, "He's just blown someone's face off," and I say, "Yeah, but he's my mate. Give him the loaf of bread and the chicken and he'll be all right." I get home and I've got about 500 texts and I thought, "F\*\*\*, what have I done?" and I turn on Sky News and oh my God! I phoned home and my mam said, "You mad f\*\*\*ing bastard, what are you doing?" and I said, "I thought I knew him," and that's when I knew I had to get help.

**AC:** When you look ahead, is it one day at a time, or do you have a sense of where life will be in ten, 20 years?

**PG:** I just want to be happy really.

**AC:** What about getting reconciled with the kids?

**PG:** Yeah, I'll do that. They know I will. At the moment it's hard though, because of the stuff in the press.

**AC:** Are you done with working in football?



**In and out of control:** Gascoigne managing Kettering Town FC, 5 November 2005; (below) the Sun reports on his spell at Cottonwood rehab centre in Tucson, Arizona, 10 March 2013

**PG:** Yes. When I was manager at Kettering, I was on the back pages more than Premier League managers. When I did my coaching badges, you have to watch games, and I'd go along and I couldn't watch the games because I'm getting mobbed.

**AC:** But on balance, being Gazza has been OK for you?

**PG:** Yeah, brilliant.

**AC:** Do you think you would have had such a big alcohol problem regardless, even if you hadn't been a footballer?

**PG:** No. I drank with my mates, and none of them are like me. I drank normally till I was 33. One day, I was at Middlesbrough at the time, I had a drink with the lads, went to bed at 11.30pm, fell asleep, woke at six, craving a drink, I went to the shop, got a drink, drank for a few hours, fell asleep again, woke up 8pm, craving a drink. I realised I had to do something. I went to rehab and they said, "You're an alcoholic," and I said, "No way am I an alcoholic."

**AC:** When was the first time you admitted you were an alcoholic?

**PG:** Around then, 33. Three years sober after that. Blip for a month or so. Always had these little blips. I don't like it when I drink. I didn't ask to be an alcoholic. I get on my knees morning and night and I pray for a sober day and I pray to get to sleep. I would not wish being an alcoholic on anyone. Well, people who give me stick for being an alcoholic, maybe I wish it on them, all the pain of being an alcoholic.

**AC:** Did you find God through your rehab?

**PG:** It's the 12-step programme. I like to think there is a god but it's a question of how many there are. People get down on their knees to different gods. I can have God as I want God to be. I am not upsetting anyone when I say the Lord's Prayer.

**AC:** It helps you?

**PG:** Yeah. Six months sober and then these stupid little blips. Why did you do that? I didn't need it. Would be nine months. But I have done well for the past week. And I keep smiling. When I lose my smile that is when I worry.

**AC:** But you're OK now?

**PG:** Yeah, I'm happy today, sober, I'll go home and watch a bit of telly, then down three bottles of gin and I'll see you later and we'll have to do a different interview. [Laughs.]  *Gascoigne is available on DVD and Blu-Ray now.*

**'I said, "Please don't let me die – I need to water the plants"**

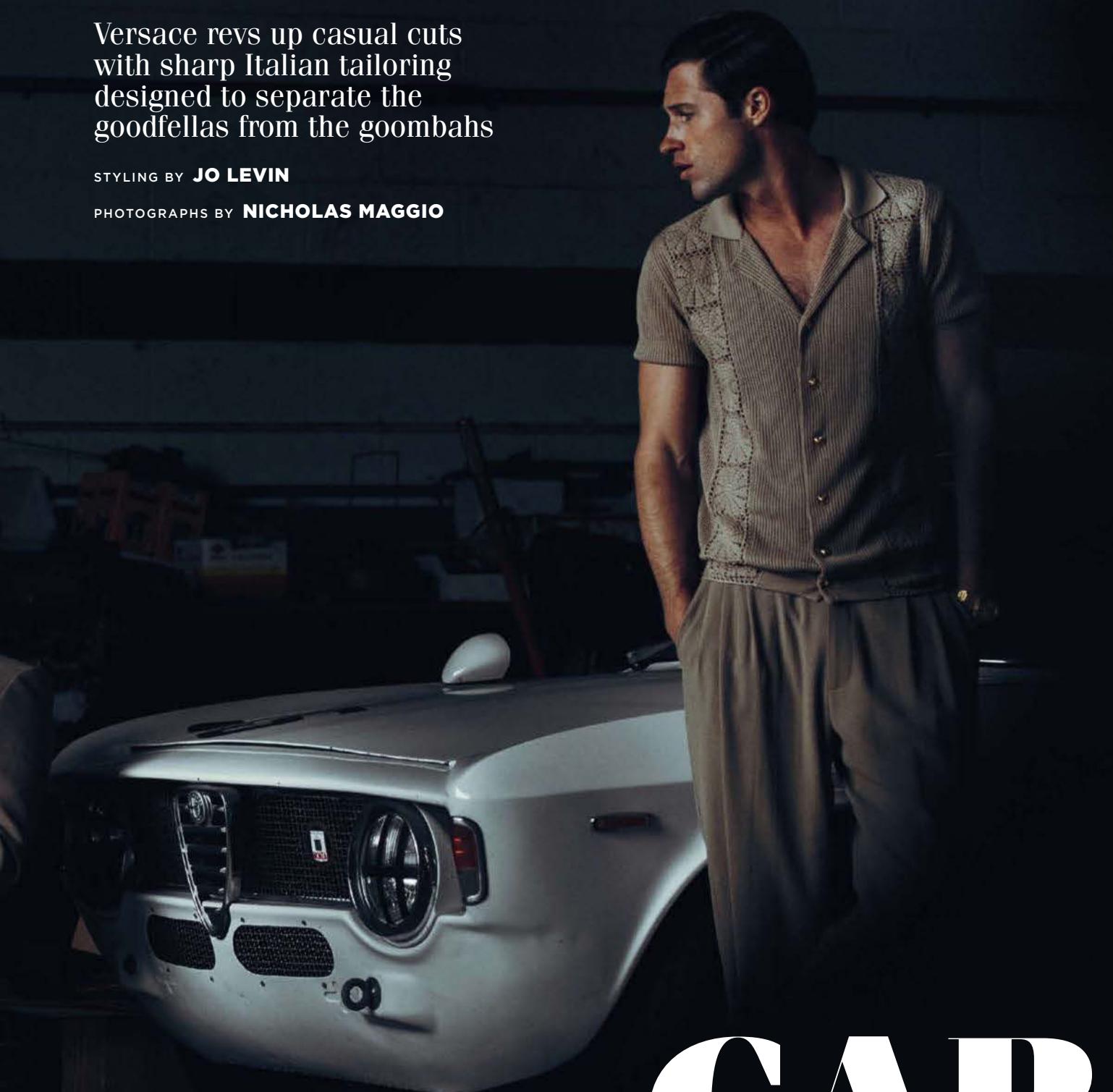


From left: Jacket, £2,601.  
Top, £166. Trousers, £419.  
Shoes, £732. Sunglasses,  
£146. Bag, £1,029.  
Jacket, £1,176. Shirt, £146.  
Trousers, £492. Shoes,  
£658. Shirt, £918.  
Trousers, £345. Watch,  
£955. All by **Versace**.  
[versace.com](http://versace.com)

Versace revs up casual cuts with sharp Italian tailoring designed to separate the goodfellas from the goombahs

STYLING BY **JO LEVIN**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **NICHOLAS MAGGIO**



# CAR TROUBLE

From left: Blazer, £1,065.  
Shirt, £146. Trousers, £345.  
Shoes, £661. Suit, £1,100. T-shirt,  
£588. Shoes, £658. Sunglasses,  
£146. Pocket square, £88. Watch,  
£1,030. All by **Versace**. [versace.com](http://versace.com)



Blazer, £1,102. Shirt,  
£146. Tie, £102.  
Trousers, £418. Shoes,  
£661. Pocket square,  
£88. All by **Versace**.  
[versace.com](http://versace.com)





Jacket, £1,065. Shirt,  
£618. Sunglasses, £146.  
Bag, £1,029. All by  
**Versace**. [versace.com](http://versace.com)



Jacket, £1,764.  
Shirt, £146. Trousers,  
£146. All by **Versace**.  
[versace.com](http://versace.com)

**Production**

Grace Gilfeather

**Fashion Assistant**

Holly Roberts

**Models** Michael and  
Chris at Ford Models  
LA; Rob Healy at  
Click Models LA

**Hair and grooming**  
Tara Jean at JK Artists

Special thanks to  
Anthony Rimicci at  
Santo's Italian Car  
Service, Los Angeles.  
*GQ* stayed at the  
Beverly Wilshire.  
[fourseasons.com/beverlywilshire](http://fourseasons.com/beverlywilshire) 

# HAUTE CUI

With its new home in Milan, Fondazione Prada is turning the city into a mecca for international art

STORY BY **SOPHIE HASTINGS**

**A**s everyone knows, the art world has gone crazy, all oligarchs, spectacle and pseudo-glamour. Dodgy governments rinse their reputations with contemporary art sponsorship, super-galleries eat their way across the globe while not-for-profit spaces drop like flies; museums struggle or remain unbuilt; starchitects are commissioned to create dramatic temples that overshadow the art collections they house.

And then, occasionally, something wonderful happens. Fondazione Prada's first permanent home in Milan is the result of ongoing conversations between Miuccia Prada, her husband, Patrizio Bertelli, and the artists they have supported, collected and befriended over 20 years. Characteristically, it opened in May with a question: what is the use of a cultural institution?

The answers are so brilliantly conceived that I am blown away when I arrive on the first day the Foundation is open to the public. The head of programmes, Astrid Welter, shows me round the 19,000 sq m of abandoned industrial space that was once a distillery. Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas has added three new structures – a glass-walled exhibition pavilion, a 60-metre white cement tower (still under construction) and a cinema clad in mirror – and restored seven of the original buildings, the tallest and most dilapidated of which he dubbed the Haunted House and covered in gold leaf.

Ideas for the Foundation are mulled over by a panel called the Thought Council, which includes Nicholas Cullinan, newly appointed director of the National Portrait Gallery, and the Italian critic Germano Celant, famous for coining the phrase "arte povera" in the Sixties.



Why the Orwellian titles? "We thought the names sounded fun and interesting," laughs Astrid. "Thought Council seemed better than think tank."

Cullinan has curated one of the seven inaugural exhibitions, *In Part*, exploring the use of body parts to refer to the absent whole. He shows works from the Prada Collection by Baldessari, Hockney, Pistoletto, Klein and Picabia, and has borrowed others by Nauman, Man Ray, Rauschenberg and Serra. The most haunting piece is Charles Atlas' 1998 video portrait "Teach", featuring Leigh Bowery's brashly made-up face and pierced mouth lipsynching to Aretha Franklin's "Take A Look".

The theme of the fragmented body is reiterated throughout: Robert Gober's permanent installations include a glowing red heart that appears to beat beneath a drain set in the floor of an otherwise empty room, and are juxtaposed with Louise Bourgeois' "Cell (Clothes)" (1996), a room of dark childhood memories, peopled by clothes on hangers, like so many suspended limbs. Inside the Cisterna, I come across "Lost Love" (2000), an abortion vitrine by Damien Hirst, with live tropical fish swimming around a surgical chair with stirrups, jewels on a table and shoes on the floor.

The most thrilling exhibition, though, is *Serial Classic*, curated by renowned scholar Salvatore Settis. Seventy iconic classical statues, including nine versions of Discobolus and several sexually charged crouching Venuses, fill Koolhaas' vast glass space, and are placed at eye level, on clear acrylic stands. "I wanted to show that these statues are of human beings, like us, made by human beings, like us," explains Settis as he walks me through.

What the Prada Foundation does so well is to open up the discussion, to provide us with a space for thought as well as extraordinary content. "There will be a library above the café, probably open all night," says Astrid, "as well as an education centre." Roman Polanski has devised a two-month film festival to inaugurate the cinema.

Where governments are cutting back or are simply not present at all, brands such as Prada are filling the gap. It's a postmodern response to a clear need and aeons away from the social circus that is cannibalising the art world. ☺



**Front-row seat:**  
Damien Hirst's  
*Lost Love* is one  
of the highlights at  
Fondazione Prada's  
new art institution  
in Milan (left)

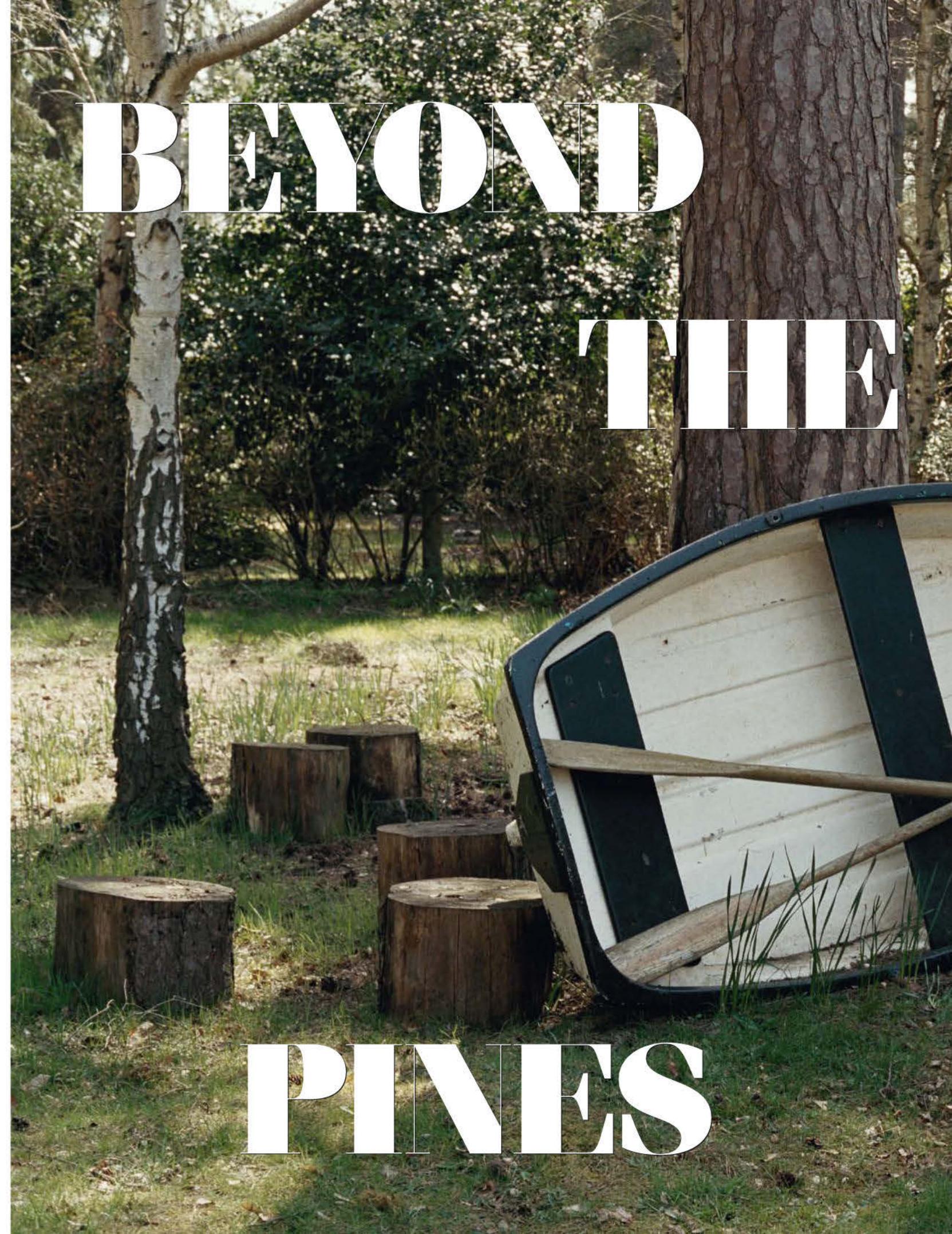
# ENDURE



It asked:  
What is the  
use of a  
cultural  
institution?

BEYOND  
TIME

PINES





PHOTOGRAPHS BY **SEAN THOMAS**

STYLING BY **JO LEVIN**

**Emerge from the shadows with cool, crisp khakis and lightweight knits for a relaxed alternative to summer tailoring. Put it in neutral and begin the adventure...**

From left: Ollie wears shirt, £25. Belt, £15. Both by **Next**. next.co.uk. Chinos by **John Lewis & Co**, £59. johnlewis.com. Shoes by **Church's**, £295. church-footwear.com. Watch by **Ben Sherman**, £60. bensherman.com

Chris wears shirt by **Richard James**, £165. richardjames.co.uk. Trousers by **Diesel**, £100. diesel.com. Shoes by **Next**, £45. next.co.uk. Belt by **Topman**, £15. topman.com. Watch by **Shinola**, £515. shinola.com



From left: Chris wears polo shirt by **Aquascutum**, £75. aquascutum.com. Shorts with belt by **Gap**, £34.95. gap.co.uk. Watch by **Next**, £25. next.co.uk

Marc wears polo shirt by **Next**, £18. next.co.uk. Shorts by **J Crew**, £75. jcrew.com. Belt by **Next**, £15. next.co.uk. Watch by **Ben Sherman**, £60. bensherman.com



From left: Marc wears cardigan by **Tommy Hilfiger**, £165. tommy.com. Vest by **John Varvatos**, £55. johnvarvatos.com

Ollie wears cardigan by **Faconnable**, £826. faconnable.com. T-shirt by **DKNY**, £80. dkny.com



Polo shirt by **Gap**, £19.95.  
[gap.co.uk](http://gap.co.uk). Chinos by  
**Michael Kors**, £175.  
[michaelkors.com](http://michaelkors.com). Watch  
by **Ben Sherman**, £65.  
[bensherman.com](http://bensherman.com). Belt  
by **Next**, £15. [next.co.uk](http://next.co.uk)

Opposite: Shirt by  
**Gant**, £90. [gant.co.uk](http://gant.co.uk).  
Watch by **Shinola**,  
£710. [shinola.com](http://shinola.com)

FASHION







Jacket by **Topman**, £45. topman.com. T-shirt by **SunspeL**, £60. sunsbel.com. Trousers by **Massimo Dutti**, £44.95. massimodutti.com. Shoes by **JM Weston**, £395. jmweston.com. Belt by **Next**, £15. next.co.uk. Watch by **Marks & Spencer**, £29.50. marksandspencer.com

Opposite: Jumper by **Canali**, £510. canali.com. Polo shirt by **J Crew**, £42.50. jcrew.com. Chinos by **Diesel**, £160. diesel.com. Watch by **Hermès**, £1,950. hermes.com

**Production**

Grace Gilfeather

**Fashion Assistant**

Holly Roberts

**Hair and grooming**

Gary Gill for Emotive, using Wella Professionals SP Men and MAC Pro.

**Hair assistants**

Patrick Forini and Rob Czapka

**Models** Chris Poulter

at Select, Ollie

Mann at Models 1 and Marc Schulze at Premier. With thanks to Nanette Newman



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#HowToGetAhead

**GQ**

# Life

## MANAGEMENT OF BODY & SOUL

### RING THE CHANGES

Follow Jake Gyllenhaal's Southpaw regime and fight your way to super-stackdom

EDITED BY PAUL HENDERSON

**1**

Morning work-out  
TRAINING AND TECHNIQUE

- WRAP HIS HANDS LIKE A FIGHTER
- STRETCHING AND WARM-UP EXERCISES

1,000  
SIT-UPS

15 min  
JUMP ROPE

8 - 12 ROUNDS  
HITTING THE FOCUS MITTS

3 rounds  
Footwork drills  
Defence drills

2+  
Hitting the heavy bags  
Hitting the double-end bag  
Hitting the speed bags

Afternoon work-out  
STRENGTH AND CONDITIONING

**2**

Run 8 miles, 5 days out of the week  
40 miles a week | 1,000 SIT-UPS

100  
PULL-UPS

100 dips  
Hitting the tire with a 20lb sledgehammer

3 rounds  
Hitting the tire with a 20lb sledgehammer

200 SPEED SQUATS

20 x 300lb TYRE FLIPS



## TRANSFORMATION

# The school of hard knocks

GQ meets the boxing guru who got Jake Gyllenhaal fighting fit for his role in *Southpaw*. By Alex Godfrey

**I**N *NIGHTCRAWLER*, last year's drama about a nocturnal amoral news videographer, Jake Gyllenhaal was a scrawny husk of a man. Gaunt and greasy, he lost 30lbs for the role by living on kale salad and running 15 miles a night. This made the mountain to climb for his next role even higher. *Southpaw* tells of a desperate, widowed boxer who finds salvation in fighting, and director Antoine Fuqua wanted total authenticity from his lead – every second of every fight was to be 100 per cent Gyllenhaal. He'd be up against real boxers, so needed to become one. To this end, Fuqua made a phone call.

Terry Claybon runs the LB4LB (Pound For Pound) gym on LA's La Cienega Boulevard; its clean, bright exterior looks like a sport shop. There's no chest puffing here. Inside, finishing a sparring session with a client, Claybon ambles over, greeting me with the soft handshake of a man who

doesn't need to over-assert himself. For the sake of my Dictaphone he asks his receptionist to turn down the techno, batting away my fear of disrupting the guys going at it on the bags. "They don't need the music. They're here to punch."

A former boxer, Claybon fought 39 amateurs and won the Golden Gloves title three times, then went pro. His trainer also trained Mickey Rourke, then riding high with *Rumble Fish*; and Rourke became Claybon's manager. "I'm the only fighter he ever managed," Claybon says. "He was young and strong, we had good sparring sessions." Claybon fought five professionals then retired undefeated to become a trainer. He worked with a few soap-opera actors and writers, and word got around. He helps regular Joes, Hollywood A-listers, professional boxers, NFL and NBA stars and supermodels to achieve various goals.

Having met Denzel Washington at Rourke's gym, Claybon prepared him for Rubin Carter biopic *The Hurricane* and Fuqua's *Training Day*, and still works with him. He also trained Matt Damon for the *Bourne* films. "He wasn't using boxing to be a boxer,"

says Claybon. "These actors use boxing to get the aura of confidence, to know they can protect themselves. They don't wanna act tough, they wanna be tough."

And so to *Southpaw*, for which Claybon had Gyllenhaal training six hours a day for six months. Boxing came first; brawn followed. "As you learn boxing skills you get in shape," says Claybon. "Your body develops. Then with the strength training I was putting Jake through, and a high-carb diet, and running... we worked out six, seven days a week. We started out an hour and a half for each work-out, twice a day. After the second month we were doing three-hour work-outs, one in the morning and one in the evening. In the mornings we did strength training with cardio, and in the evening boxing, or vice versa."

Was Gyllenhaal *Nightcrawler*-thin when they started? "Not that thin, but not in shape. He was soft. Antoine said he wanted me to make a fighter out of Jake. I told Jake I'd train him as long as he did whatever I needed him to and gave 110 per cent, which he did. He showed a lot of heart. He was determined to be a fighter."

**BEFORE**  
Movie: *Nightcrawler*



**AFTER**  
Movie: *Southpaw*

Claybon put him through his paces with boxing, strength training, speed and agility. He had him hitting the weights, working sledgehammers, throwing medicine balls, flipping 200lb tractor tyres, doing 2,000 sit-ups a day: "One thousand in the morning, 1,000 at night. And different types of sit-ups. We're talking about hanging upside down. Intense strength training. We moulded him into a fighter."

It was "full-on commitment", said Gyllenhaal recently. "I hadn't boxed a lot in my life. There have been a lot of extraordinary boxing movies and I knew the bar was really high. I trained like a boxer, tried to do training camp and get myself in

shape and what I would consider, as an actor, to be a fighter." According to Fuqua, Gyllenhaal spent so much time in the gym, he split from his girlfriend.

Fuqua and Claybon took him to some of 2014's biggest fights: Pacquiao vs Bradley, Cotto vs Martinez, Maidana vs Mayweather, to give him

a feel for the crowds. "When you see that excitement of the crowd, it's a lot of pressure," he says. "For the movie, Jake had to come out into live audiences. He was nervous in the dressing room before he went out for his first scene. If you look bad with your punches or make the wrong moves or don't follow the fight choreography, it can throw your whole rhythm off. So going to those fights gave him a bit of an edge. It made him more eager to display himself as a professional boxer."

Fuqua decided to shoot *Southpaw*'s four fight scenes in the first two weeks, allowing Gyllenhaal to remain in the boxer's state of mind and as ripped as possible. And all the work paid off. "They're the best boxing scenes I've ever seen," says Claybon. "And I've seen every boxing film out there." What is it that puts *Southpaw*'s fights above *The Hurricane*, *Raging Bull* and

•**The skills of boxing are not only for the body, they're for the mind'**

*Rocky*? "They're more authentic. Each time a fighter fights he has a different opponent. It'll never be the same fight, he has to adjust to the opponent. Of the four fights in *Southpaw*, you'll see a different fight each time."

With this film, people's perception of Gyllenhaal is going to change, says Fuqua. The actor's perception of himself seems to have changed too; inspired by his work with Claybon, he recently said he'll box for the rest of his life, enthusing about what it's done for him mentally as well as physically. "The skills of boxing are not only for the body, they're for the mind," said Gyllenhaal. "I was trying to train myself to have the unconscious. And all those skills I learned in the ring I've started up again." Sure enough, says Claybon, Gyllenhaal is still training. Claybon says boxing would change my life too. "You should try it," he says as we wrap up. I have boxed before, during personal training. A bit. "Yeah, but you need to box with me," he says. "See if you're doing it right." 

*Southpaw* is out on 24 July.



## BALANCE

# Agassi's match points



We live on a tight schedule. My day starts at **6.30am**. I wake up before the kids and help them with breakfast, and Steffi [Graf] and I take turns with the school run.



**My decision, when my world ranking had dropped to 141, not to quit. I started over again, and my career lasted until I was 36. I almost did throw the towel in, though.**

It's the ability to accurately define what **success** means. Champions understand that success is a by-product of hard work.



I do my best work when I'm **most in fear**, pressured and concerned. It's part of my **strength** and a downside of being a tortured professional. If I care about something, it consumes me. Dominic Bliss 

Take a life lesson or two from... tennis legend Andre Agassi

Are your decisions based on instinct or information?

How do you start your day?

Who do you consider to be your biggest inspiration?

What is the most important decision you have made in your professional life?

What is the "secret" of your success?

What separates winners from losers?

What is the best piece of advice you've ever been given?

When do you do your best work?

I have a gut instinct – a feeling for what I want to do. Then I feel **committed** to doing it.

### Nelson Mandela

He believed that **no journey is impossible** and everyone is important. When I met him I didn't know what I could ever achieve again. It was 1997, at an event for his foundation in Johannesburg. He made me feel I could be better than I was that day.



I don't ever land. I don't ever arrive. I don't ever win.

**I live.** I fight. I try never to give up on setbacks: the health of people you love, the disappointment of your own circumstances; ailments, trials, tribulations.

I would encapsulate my life by saying it's not done. Nor will it ever be done. And at that stage I don't think I'll care any more anyway.



It came from my coach **Brad Gilbert**.

He always focused on the importance of controlling what it is you can control. If something's out of your control then it's important you spend no energy worrying about it. That advice helped my tennis and my post-tennis career too.

Day 90

# Well done!

You made it. Now set some new goals.

Day 74 | MANAGING UP

You forgot the most important workplace advice of them all – that of Homer J Simpson. You failed to say, “Great idea, boss!”



Day 52 | DONE DEAL

“You master a way of doing your core work in 40 hours. That’s key.” JT O’Donnell

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Day 33 | GROWTH INDUSTRY

“You’re looking to learn from the job. Treat every new job as an apprenticeship.” Steve Blank, co-author of *The Startup Owner’s Manual*.

Day 30

## Ask, don’t tell.

AMBITION

# Game of life

Your first 90 days in a new job are crucial: new opportunities, new pitfalls. Follow GQ’s advice and head up the career ladder of success rather than down the poisonous snake of work-place failure. **John Naughton**

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Day 87

“Listen to everyone you meet.”  
Richard Branson

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Day 77 | WORKING OUT

You compare yourself with others to your detriment, you bring your work home and you let your relationships suffer. All no-no’s according to wellbeing expert Deepak Chopra.

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Day 67 | CHIEF TALENTS

“Arrange a meeting with the CEO,” says Richard Branson. “If he’s too busy to see you, that tells you something about the company.”

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“Under promise,  
over deliver.”  
Guy Kawasaki



Day 45

You start coming in late, thinking people won’t notice. They do.

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Day 33 | GROWTH INDUSTRY

“You’re looking to learn from the job. Treat every new job as an apprenticeship.” Steve Blank, co-author of *The Startup Owner’s Manual*.

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Day 14 | BACK TO THE FUTURE

“You keep telling everyone how you used to do things at your old job. Don’t. No one’s interested,” says JT O’Donnell.

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Day 12 | CUT THE CHAT

“You avoid becoming bezzie mates with the gossip-mongering colleague who’s made a beeline for you. Well done. Keep ‘em at arm’s length,” says HR expert JT O’Donnell.

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START

Day 1

2

Day 3 | EARLY START

“Meet and develop objectives with your boss so you hit the ground at full speed.” Maynard Webb, Chairman of Yahoo



## + GEAR

# Ride high

Boost speed and safety on track, road and cycle path

**Smart Helmet****by LifeBEAM**

Wearable tech company LifeBEAM are masters of bio-sensing consumer gear. Their crowning glory is a bike helmet that measures your biometrics – heart-rate, calories, skin temperature, cadence, etc – and transfers the data to your smartphone or GPS tracker.

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**Adizero cycling kit by Adidas**

Cyclists, the weight is over. Adidas' new range – jersey, bib-shorts, socks – adds just 200g to your frame, making it the lightest ever made. Jersey, £100. [adidas.specialtysports.co.uk](http://adidas.specialtysports.co.uk)

**SH-R321 by Shimano**

Sleek, aerodynamic and offering a near perfect fit thanks to its click fastening and "Surround" upper, Shimano's newest road shoe is for aspiring riders keen to catch up with the peloton. £299. At [madison.co.uk](http://madison.co.uk)

**XXX LE Road Shoe by Bontrager**

Bontrager's road shoes are light and fearsomely stiff, but the real witchcraft is the black reflective panel that illuminates when caught in headlights. £229. [bontrager.com](http://bontrager.com)





Can buy a thrill:  
It's worth investing in  
toys made from the  
best materials - such  
as high-grade silicone  
- when giving pleasure

## SEX SHRINK

# Take a position of influence

Rebecca Newman fields your most intimate entreaties, from the trouble with tribbing to the Curling Y

**My darling has a habit of fellating me during long road trips to help pass the time. Good ways to thank her?**

*JB, by email*

I will, obviously, conclude that neither of you would ever play sex games while driving. But, should you have a captive partner within easy remote-control reach, it would be my pleasure to introduce you to the new Adrien Lastic Smart Dream Remote Control Vibrating Egg (£60. At [lovehoney.co.uk](http://lovehoney.co.uk)). With the satisfying roundness of a usual love egg, designed to sit in the mouth of her vulva, this little chap also has a flexible arm which reaches round

to satisfy her clitoris. Bring out this toy, made of high-grade silicone with ten vibrating functions, and you'll have her at your mercy – personally, I'd choose to put her through her paces in a very public place.

**I pretty much know my way around the Sex A to Z, but what, please, is the position of the Curling Y?**

*WG, by email*

You may well ask. I can assure you it's an esoteric thing, but perhaps one that as you curl together before the fire in your Gstaad love nest next winter may be worth exploring: she will surely

## THE NUMBERS

# 12

The average number of partners **MEN** aged between 16-44 claim to have had.



# 7

The average number of partners **WOMEN** of the same age claim to have had.

thank you for its marvellous G-spot stimulation.

You will lie down on the bed, resting your upper-body weight on your elbows and with your legs bent to rest your feet on the floor. She may as well start by taking you in a little lovely reverse Asian cowgirl, such that you can admire the taut curves of her ass. Now, she leans back, her calves lengthening to lie on top of yours, and her torso arched against your chest. The position really comes into its own as part of a long love-making session, since it is more about pressure and full-body contact rather than thrusting per se. Glorious additions might be a We-Vibe 4 (£79. At [lovehoney.co.uk](http://lovehoney.co.uk)) to maximise her arousal with secondary stimulation of the clitoris, or massage oil to help your bodies slide together.

#### Oracle, please enlighten me on the subject of tribbing.

GT, by email

More usually used among the sisterhood, tribbing or tribadism is the delicious mutual masturbation when a girl frots herself against her partner.

Also known as scissoring (hence, as you'll recall, the Scissor Sisters).

It is also a handy set-up if you are engaged in a threesome: a good position might be girl A sitting with her legs spread and one knee raised; girl B sliding between her legs – one leg extended under A's knee and the other bent over A's straight leg. Easier than it sounds, and particularly good when you happen to be standing over them, affording both A and B fabulous things to do with their mouths.

#### Phthalates. Difficult to pronounce but, I hear, even worse for the libido?

BR, by email

You hear truly, friend. These little suckers, which effectively come from degrading plastic, are not good for one's health. Most recently they've been associated with a dip in the female libido, in a study done at the University of Rochester School of Medicine. But previously they've been linked to a low sperm count and the "feminisation" of young boys. Certainly they are best avoided – and are one

of the reasons this column endlessly advises you away from cheap plastic sex toys (they contain chemicals which, for example, are outlawed in dog toys as being toxic. If they smell funny or have a sticky, jelly-like texture, be especially concerned; aside from any more lasting damage, they can cause immediate allergic reactions).

#### Should The Giving Tree be a part of one's repertoire? Or is it rather jumping the shark?

SM, by email

Probably the latter, truth be told, unless you happen to be blessed with the body of Chris Hemsworth and a nymphet for a lover... It is hard to see what the position – effectively a standing 69, with you holding your beloved upside down so she can fellate you as you kiss her sex – gives, beyond a massive headrush. That said, for a few moments of exhibitionist entertainment, it may be a high-octane prequel to a position such as the wheelbarrow (in which you take her from behind, her legs wrapped round your waist and her hands, taking most of her weight, on the floor).



**A good egg:**  
Reciprocate the fun with the remote-controlled Adrien Lastic Smart Dream

## SEX LIFE

### The not-so-secret agents

Ever since the reality show *Gigolos* aired, business has been booming at Cowboys4Angels, the "elite straight male companion agency", whose sole mission is to "please women". Based in Las Vegas, the agency will soon arrive in London. And it's hiring.

If you're looking to get into this line of work, here's the skinny. "Cowboys need to be presentable, well-groomed, stylish, **very attractive**, dedicated to a top level of fitness, charming and desirable," says Garren James, owner of the agency who hooks up trophy boys with successful women. "Cowboys need to be confident but not arrogant, emotionally mature, stable and possess a genuine respect for women." James himself is a former fashion model, stripper and escort – a résumé that would look rad on LinkedIn.

What, I ask, about **penis size**? Because I know in the porn world the "industry standard" is seven inches minimum. "We are not selling sex here," he says, annoyed with me already for asking sex questions. "We have no criteria for that. It's not about

the sex. Women are paying for male companionship and time. What we do is 100 per cent legal," he says. Good to know they're not selling anything but male companionship, because I always feel pathetic paying for sex.

So I'm confused, I say. On the TV show, the gigolos are shown having **full-on sex** with real clients, like sticking it in and everything, right on camera. "The sex is simulated," James' publicist tells me. "We are not selling sex," he insists. "But if there is a romantic connection once the weekend begins, then that is up to them." The going rate for "companionship" is £225 an hour (with a two-hour minimum), £1,800 for an "overnight", £4,750 for a weekend, and £13,000 for a week away.

In addition to supplying the studs for the *Gigolos* television show, now filming its sixth season, the agency provides hot dates for alpha women: doctors, barristers, judges and corporate executives who want the "**boyfriend experience**". Its typical client is in her forties, married or recently divorced, slightly lonely, and a bit horny.

What will paid escorts do? Do they kiss? Do they tell women they love them? Do they let women strap on a dildo and take them from behind? "**Hollywood Madam**" Heidi Fleiss once told me that her rich Saudi Arabian clients wanted 18-to-22-year-old blonde girls who were willing to have unprotected anal sex.

So if I'm going to pay someone a load of cash, I'd want him to do

things I might be shy about asking a new lover to do, like, for instance, my butthole. I call **Gentlemen4Hire**, the UK's premier straight male escort company: "Our male escorts cater for all occasions from dinner dates, work functions, weddings to weekend breaks. Our escorts offer companionship for your required occasion."

"What are you looking for?" they asked. I explained I was looking for someone who would lick me everywhere. And I mean everywhere. But he'd be welcome to use a dental dam, of course.

"We don't offer sexual services," they said, and hung up.

Next I rang **Cavendish Knights**, "the non-sexual male escort agency". They offer men for "that important dinner date, business function, wedding, or purely for good company" (much like gay "walkers" in the fashion and social scene do when their husband has no interest in a charity gala or society ball). I ask if they have a man I can take to a wedding. "Of course!" they said. So I asked: how much extra would it be if he went down on me after the wedding? They hung up.

"Cowboys4Angels started five years ago and I had no clue of the amount of success it would have," says James. "There was no agency in the United States that offered male companionship strictly for women. There were many male escorts catering to men who occasionally catered to women. They were labelled

in the industry as bisexual male escorts. Women were very turned off by this. Women felt the men were into men and were faking the experience they were sharing with women. We also had some major male porn stars who wanted to do this, but found out that women didn't want that." (It's just that we don't want someone whose chlamydia has crabs.)

Tommy, a Cowboy companion from Florida who calls himself a romantic, says he provides the "boyfriend experience". "Sometimes a woman just wants to hold hands and walk down the beach," he says. But what are the downsides of the job? What's it like when she's a real fatty? How do you perform with that?

"It's doesn't matter what she looks like," he says. "It's about making her feel special. I've never not been able to show up," he says, like a real pro.

And I also wonder what happens if you spend two weeks with someone and at the end she says: "I think I'm falling in love with you." What do you say back? "I remain professional and distance myself," he says. "I tell her, 'There's no woman I'm spending more time with than you.'" Which is the best gigolo line ever.

"Sometimes I feel bad when I've just spent a week on vacation with someone and when we go to say goodbye at the airport, I can see she has fallen for me," he says. "I see the reality set in. It's like a drug. And then I feel bad. It was all just a fantasy for her." It's a tough life being a man whore. **Anka Radakovich** ☺



PERSONAL TRAINER: #7

## Mind over matter

IF YOU want to spend less time in the gym and still get results, Escalating Density Training could be the answer to your prayers. Developed by Charles Staley, EDT is a high-density work-out that isn't just physically demanding, but mentally challenging as well. The aim is to keep the muscles under constant tension, working between two exercises with no rest (or minimal rest) for 15 minutes. This will increase intensity (and yes, it's going to burn), expend energy and shred fat, plus it will encourage your body to release more muscle-building, fat-stripping growth hormone and testosterone.

You can use EDT as a standalone work-out, where you use four exercises split into pairs (perform each pair nonstop for 15 minutes), or insert the protocol into your current programme. First, you'll need to find your "ten-rep maximum" for each exercise – this is the weight you will use. Gradually increase the intensity and stick to five-rep sets. Note the number of reps performed for each exercise; once this increases by 20 per cent, increase the weight by five per cent and begin again. **Jonathan Goodair**

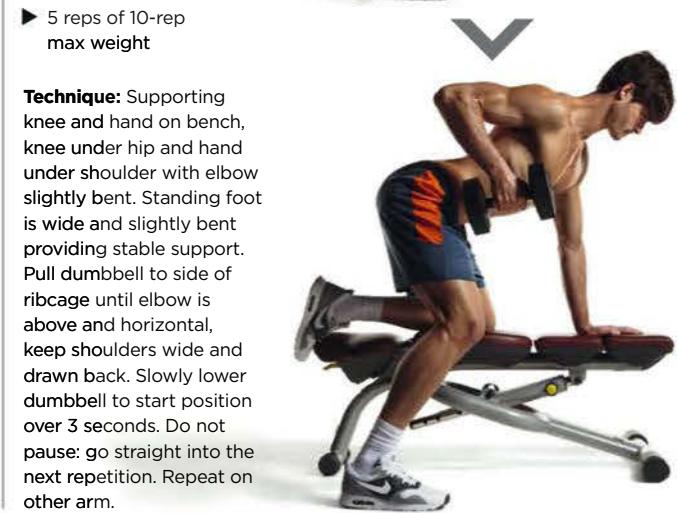
For more information, visit [jonathangoodair.com](http://jonathangoodair.com) or [homehouse.co.uk](http://homehouse.co.uk)

## A BACK

### One-arm row

► 5 reps of 10-rep max weight

**Technique:** Supporting knee and hand on bench, knee under hip and hand under shoulder with elbow slightly bent. Standing foot is wide and slightly bent providing stable support. Pull dumbbell to side of ribcage until elbow is above and horizontal, keep shoulders wide and drawn back. Slowly lower dumbbell to start position over 3 seconds. Do not pause: go straight into the next repetition. Repeat on other arm.



## B

### CHEST

#### Dumbbell chest press

► 5 reps of 10-rep max weight

**Technique:** Lying on your back on the bench, with your arms straight and dumbbells over shoulders, palms facing forward, slowly lower dumbbells to sides of chest, reaching elbows out to sides. Lower over 3 seconds. Return to start position over 1 second and repeat without pausing.



### Chest, shoulders, hips

Lunge position, left foot forward.

**Heel of right foot turns in, square hips.**

Clasp hands behind back, arms straight.

**Hinge forward, bringing right shoulder to right knee. Tuck chin, reach crown of head to floor.**

Keep arms straight – raise to back of head.

**Hold for 30 seconds.**

Repeat with left leg.

## POWER UP



### Pre-work-out GREEN SMOOTHIE

by Love Taste

Combining protein, good carbs and healthy fats, this smoothie was created for GQ by David Dunne, who is the performance nutritionist for Harlequins, QPR and the GB canoeing team. [lovetaste.co](http://lovetaste.co)

### Ingredients

- ¼ head of broccoli
- Handful of spinach
- Half a mango, peeled and cored
- 1 slice of pineapple
- 1 banana
- 250ml of almond milk
- 30g of rolled oats
- 1 scoop vanilla whey protein
- 1tbs coconut oil

### Method

1. Blend all the fruit and vegetables with the almond milk until smooth.
2. Add remaining ingredients and blend for 20 seconds.



## +

### BEAR GRYLLS #3: SETBACKS

# How to overcome obstacles

Easy Street never leads anywhere worthwhile, says GQ's smart survivalist. Whatever the hurdles, aim high and always get back up

WHEN I was a kid, I vividly remember my father taking me horse riding on the beach one cold winter's day on the Isle of Wight. We walked for a bit, then trotted, then finally started to canter. I was loving it, but then suddenly, before I knew it, I was flying through the air and landing in a heap in the cold, wet sand – winded and scared. When I finally recovered my breath and had stood back up again, my father stepped back and started clapping with a big smile.

"That's what deserves the applause," he said. "It's not about how good or bad a rider you are, it's about how many times you can get back up when you fall down. That's what counts in life... and horse riding."

You see, Dad knew that if we attempt anything worthwhile in life, chances are that at some point we're going to find ourselves face down in the wet sand. In fact, consider it a marker that you are heading somewhere significant. Because Easy Street rarely has anything to trip you up. That's why most people are on it. It's easy. But it also doesn't lead anyone anywhere very exciting. The road less travelled is always rocky, but it is the path that takes us to the summits we aspire to. What counts is our ability to stand up, dust ourselves down and get back on the horse of life. Time after time.

Fast forward a decade or so. I'd put myself up for 21 SAS Selection. It was the toughest thing I'd ever done, and I wanted to succeed more than anything else. But I failed. I can't tell you how gutting it was, after all the months of effort and pain, to be told that

I hadn't made the cut. The easy thing to do would have been to give up on SAS Selection, to have remained face down in the sand. That's what most "smart" people would do. Why put yourself through the pain again?

But I remembered my father applauding after I fell off the horse, encouraging me to climb back on. And I was determined to try Selection again. And to pass. SAS Selection is a process of attrition, where only the

Winston Churchill once said: "Success is the ability to go from one failure to another with no loss of enthusiasm." There was a man who truly knew that setbacks and failures are necessary. They are vital steps on the road map to success. I can look back now and see many of my failures (with some pride, I might add) as markers that I was doing something right. Because never give up, never give in.

The world is full of people who will criticise you for aiming high. Starting your own business, running a marathon, getting that promotion. You will encounter opposition for having a dream that is above and beyond the norm, and then for going for it. I call them the "dream-stealers". They'll watch and snigger as you struggle in the sand. It can be tough dealing with them. It is so much easier to stop fighting the current and to turn and swim with the tide of mediocrity.

But don't. Hang tight. Remember: nobody ever raised a statue to a critic. Nobody remembers those who point out the stumbles of those who are giving life their best shot. Be dogged in the face of adversity. It is the mark of a champion. Understand that worthwhile things don't come easy. You will fall down. But get back up. Keep going. The dawn often comes after the darkest hour. And as Churchill also said: "When you're going through hell... keep going!"

**'Success is the ability to go from one failure to another with no loss of enthusiasm'**



The courage to continue: Sir Winston Churchill knew a thing or two about overcoming adversity, says Bear Grylls

determined succeed. Everyone who goes through it is brought to their knees at some point. It requires so much more than just fitness; it is about heart and endurance and a willingness to keep giving your all when you are dead on your feet, beat up and in pain. Can you keep going? Can you get back up? Again and again.

Finally, months later, I passed. That was many years ago, but what's funny is that not many people know about

that "failed" attempt. People tend just to see our final successes. It taught me a valuable lesson: "Never give up, never give in." In other words, you miss 100 per cent of the shots you don't take. If you quit, you've already lost; if you stick at it, you've still got a chance. And every failure, no matter how tough to swallow at the time, is really just a stepping stone towards your goal – if you choose to keep going.

I promise you this: you'll gain far more by trying and failing, by stepping up and falling down, than the cynics ever will by pointing and sneering. The dream-stealers might think you're dumber than them for enduring the lows in order to reach the highs. But you'll know different, when you reach the top.

And it feels good. ☺

Bear Grylls' novel, *Ghost Flight* (Orion, £16.99), is out now. [beargrylls.com](http://beargrylls.com)

# 75%

of successful entrepreneurs worked as employees at other companies for more than six years before going it alone

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+49 (0) 151 2520 3637



BOXER SHORTS €42 PER PAIR  
FYNE GARMENTS  
[WWW.FYNEGARMENTS.COM](http://WWW.FYNEGARMENTS.COM)  
MAIL@FYNEGARMENTS.COM



NATURAL BAMBOO SUNGLASSES AWAY £60  
RADIKALVIP  
[WWW.RADIKALVIP.COM](http://WWW.RADIKALVIP.COM)  
HELLO@RADIKALVIP.COM  
[WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/RADIKALVIP](http://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/RADIKALVIP)  
@RADIKALVIP



£189.99  
MARBEK  
[WWW.MARBEK.CO](http://WWW.MARBEK.CO)  
020 8742 9605



JS207 NAVY CHECK JACKET £129  
(ALSO AVAILABLE IN RED)  
[WWW.STEELANDJELLY.COM](http://WWW.STEELANDJELLY.COM)  
INFO@STEELANDJELLY.COM



FIRENZE BLACK XXL £155  
DETOMASO WATCHES  
[WWW.DETOMASO-WATCHES.COM](http://WWW.DETOMASO-WATCHES.COM)  
SERVICE@TEMPOREX.DE



£39.99  
GAMBINO CLOTHING  
[WWW.GAMBINOCLOTHING.BIGCARTEL.COM](http://WWW.GAMBINOCLOTHING.BIGCARTEL.COM)



MONA \$14.99  
ODD SOX  
[ODDSOXOFFICIAL.COM](http://ODDSOXOFFICIAL.COM)



CAT VEST £25  
[WWW.THEKILLINGTREE.CO.UK](http://WWW.THEKILLINGTREE.CO.UK)  
HELLO@THEKILLINGTREE.CO.UK

**35. Galet.** Handmade in France, these 100% canvas, machine-washable loafers are perfect for this summer. Featuring anti-slip stitched rubber soles, they offer supreme comfort, flexibility and durability. Galet is a French luxury brand that specialises in casual men's loafers known for their iconic motifs. The shoes are handmade in an atelier outside Paris using traditional techniques passed down for generations. Shop online at [www.galet.com](http://www.galet.com) **36. CBLstone** makes custom leather jackets in Toronto, Canada. You pick the style, leather and hardware, and they will construct and send the finished jacket to your door. Determined to revolutionise the industry from mass consumption to made-to-order, bespoke pieces, CBLstone is breaking through today's world of fast-fashion. Wait time is approximately 4-6 weeks. For more information, visit [www.cblstoneleather.com](http://www.cblstoneleather.com) or email info@cblstoneleather.com **37. 883 Police.** The Brade 181 13oz selvedge denim by 883 Police is elaborately detailed to ensure the true selvedge quality remains. The contrasting stitch with an embossed shield logo individualises the Brade original slim fit Denim. Visit [www.883police.com](http://www.883police.com) or email info@883police.com **38. Julius eRrol Flynn.** A classic silhouette with a contemporary twist is what Berlin-based tailor Julius eRrol Flynn had in mind when he designed his Summer 2015 collection. "Boat Ready" is one of the highlights of his eponymous label, a semi-slim fit shirt made of the finest 2-ply Egyptian cotton, woven in Italy. Hand-sewn buttons, a unique curved sleeve, and an appreciation for traditional craftsmanship are all elements of his approach towards perfection, with all shirts made in Portugal. Shop online at [www.juliuserrolflynn.com](http://www.juliuserrolflynn.com) **39. FYNE Garments** offers a unique fusion of tailoring and day-to-day pieces. The designs stand out through a "sartorial comfort" style, sophisticated workmanship, exclusiveness and a sustainable approach. For the full collection visit [www.fynegarments.com](http://www.fynegarments.com) **40. Radikalvip** presents the finest hand made bamboo and wooden sunglasses with its eco-friendly and eco-lux style, 100% UV400 protection and polarised lenses for a perfect vision under the sun. Available with classic and mirrored lenses. Radikalvip bespoke accessories, the "must have" that complement your outfit this summer! Be Radikal Be VIP! #RadikalvipFriends **41.** Contemporary streetwear brand **Marbek** have now released a new collection which juxtaposes what we normally associate with summer. The London based brand have a collection titled 'ARCTIC SUMMER' and here is one of the piers de resistance. **42. Steel & Jelly** are an independent British menswear brand specialising in high quality shirts and blazer jackets. The full collection of their Spring/Summer 15 collection is available online at [www.steelandjelly.com](http://www.steelandjelly.com) **43. Detomaso Watches** present their Firenze Black XXL watch, designed with a thrilling combination of the power of motorsport and the passion of Italy. Detomaso's timepieces demand perfection in both design and the materials they are built with. Purchase online at [www.amazon.co.uk](http://www.amazon.co.uk) **44. Gambino Clothing** is an independent brand committed to designing clothing which is subtlety attentive to detail. Founded in 2013 G.C operate from an online store [WWW.GAMBINOCLOTHING.BIGCARTEL.COM](http://WWW.GAMBINOCLOTHING.BIGCARTEL.COM) **45. Odd Sox** is produced by dreamers that believe in bringing fashion to socks. With unique designs and comfort, they are the brand to cover your feet. Socks are the latest look in style. Stand Out, Be ODD. Visit [ODDSOXOFFICIAL.COM](http://ODDSOXOFFICIAL.COM) **46. INTRODUCING 'Cat'** from exciting Independent style collective **The Killing Tree Clothing.** Printed on the highest quality cotton/poly blend longline vest, it provides an ultra-soft, worn in feel and SUPERIOR drape. Only available at [www.thekillingtree.co.uk](http://www.thekillingtree.co.uk) Artwork by Uncanny Designs.

**The Fashion Collection...** Continued

**EDGAR** €129  
**REZIN**  
[WWW.REZINWOOD.COM](http://WWW.REZINWOOD.COM)  
+33 (0)7 83 43 89 59



**COOGAN LONDON**  
**SILVERSTONE SLIP ON** £38  
[WWW.COOGANLONDON.COM](http://WWW.COOGANLONDON.COM)  
020 8945 5745



**SLOW JO 26** £190  
**SLOW WATCHES**  
[WWW.SLOW-WATCHES.COM](http://WWW.SLOW-WATCHES.COM)  
JO@SLOW-WATCHES.COM



**HOVE DENIM JACKET** £149  
**FOX WILSON FOR ORRO**  
[WWW.ORROBIKES.COM/FOXWILSON](http://WWW.ORROBIKES.COM/FOXWILSON)  
INFO@ORROBIKES.COM



**PATEK PHILIPPE NAUTILUS REF: 5711**  
AVAILABLE FOR £15,995  
**WATCH BUYERS**  
[ENQUIRIES@WATCHBUYERS.CO.UK](mailto:ENQUIRIES@WATCHBUYERS.CO.UK)  
[WWW.WATCHBUYERS.CO.UK](http://WWW.WATCHBUYERS.CO.UK)

**47. REZIN** is a wooden sunglasses brand born in Paris which aims to explore the beauty of the matter. Made from three varieties of wood: Ebony, mahogany and birch, the EDGAR model of sunglasses is created thanks to a new manufacturing process called layering, the sunglasses are built on very thin wooden sheets. Weight 24 gr. Polarized Lenses £129. Available on [www.rezinwood.com](http://www.rezinwood.com) **48.**

**Coogan London** create exclusive leather shoes available nowhere else, with no 'pleather' in sight. From Limited Editions, to every day formal and casual designs. Shoes for every man and for all walks of life – at amazingly accessible flat prices, free UK delivery and a 30-day money back guarantee. Shop online at [www.cooganlondon.com](http://www.cooganlondon.com) **49. Slow Watches.** The legendary Swiss made 24 hour one hand watch from slow is now featuring bi-colour nylon straps to create a fresh summer look. It for sure reminds you to stop chasing the minutes and live for the moment. More on [www.slow-watches.com](http://www.slow-watches.com) **50. Fox Wilson for Orro.** Collaborating with the expertise of the cycling specialists at Orro, Fox Wilson have developed a range of clothing for the modern urban cyclist, combining the best in style and comfort and utilizing innovative materials for the upmost in fit and function. For more information visit [www.orrobikes.com](http://www.orrobikes.com) /FoxWilson **51. Watch Buyers.** Patek Philippe Nautilus ref: 5711. The shape of the case is said to be inspired by the shape of a portal on maritime vessels; a subtle nod to the nautical theme of this classic yet modern timepiece. Perfect, boxed with papers £15,995. Visit [www.watchbuyers.co.uk](http://www.watchbuyers.co.uk) **52. Sebago.** Nothing beats a well crafted shoe. Sebago serve up an unbeatable, classic style that will last you all through summer and beyond. Shop online at [www.russellandbromley.co.uk](http://www.russellandbromley.co.uk) **53. WoodMy** is the awesome new brand offering handcrafted wooden sunglasses which combine the quality of high end luxury with a reasonable price tag. Each pair features beautiful UV400 polarised lenses, have extremely lightweight frames and are fitted with spring hinges for a secure and comfortable fit for most face types. You will also get a free bamboo gift box! Each month the team look at the photos shared on social media and refund one lucky chosen person! View the range at [www.woodmylondon.com](http://www.woodmylondon.com)



**SPINNAKER IN COGNAC/NAVY** £115  
**SEBAGO**  
AVAILABLE AT  
[RUSSELLANDBROMLEY.CO.UK](http://WWW.RUSSELLANDBROMLEY.CO.UK)



**'CLUBMASTER WOODEN SUNGLASSES'**  
£69.99  
[WWW.WOODMYLONDON.COM](http://WWW.WOODMYLONDON.COM)  
CONTACT@WOODMYLONDON.COM

**Fresh Faced... Perfectly Polished!**

1



2



**1. GATSBY MOVING RUBBER** is Japan's No1 Men's Hair Wax, series of hair wax styling products skilfully developed through cooperation by expert stylists from top salons featured frequently in the Japanese media. MOVING RUBBER is recognised for its unique ability to create a wide range of hairstyles with less stickiness. From casually arranged to elaborate styles, GATSBY promises that any desired hairstyle can be made easy with this product and now available at [amazon UK](http://amazon.uk). For more information visit [www.gatsbyglobal.com/uk/](http://www.gatsbyglobal.com/uk/)

**2. Your Go-To Skin Experts! The Skin Specialist** at **The Laser Treatment Clinic** in Harley Street London, have been providing advice and treatment for men's skin concerns since the clinic opened in 2000. Hi-tech Cutting Edge treatments combined with advanced Marine Skincare Products for the best results! A full range of non-surgical skin solutions are available to help achieve healthy, clear more youthful looking skin. Their most popular treatments for men include Laser Hair Removal, Acne Treatment, Acne Scar Treatment, Tattoo Removal, Stretch Marks Treatment, Scar Treatment, Pigmentation Treatment, Thread Veins and Black Skin Care. To find out more visit: [www.thelasertreatmentclinic.com](http://www.thelasertreatmentclinic.com) or call them on 020 7307 8712.

**3. Stimulate your body and arouse your senses with APPLE & BEARS** Natural and Organic Luxury Body Wash, available in four invigorating fragrances. Retails from £18.00. Visit [www.appleandbears.com](http://www.appleandbears.com) for stockist details.

**4. Natural, paraben-free, organic and vegan.** Their twist on masculinity sets the standard for what it means to be a man. **Buckskin & Mane** caters to your Anything but Ordinary lifestyle. For more information visit [www.buckskinmane.com](http://www.buckskinmane.com) or email [info@buckskinmane.com](mailto:info@buckskinmane.com)

**5. Beard Oil by Leven Rose.** Leave your beard to the best – made with only 100% pure Jojoba Oil + Argan Oil, their Fragrance Free Beard Oil is #1 on Amazon.com for their natural true manliness. Shop now at [LevenRose.com/Beard-Care](http://LevenRose.com/Beard-Care).

**6. The Beard Shed.** Everything you need for growing an awesome beard. Premium beard oils, balms, washes and accessories from the finest brands across the globe. Great beards don't just happen, they are made at [www.thebeardshed.co.uk](http://www.thebeardshed.co.uk)

**7. Gentlemen's Swag** holds steadfast to the belief that a beard represents each man's individual unique style, personality and individuality. They have created a line of handcrafted and all natural products to maintain and bring out the best beard in you. Visit [www.gentlemensswag.com](http://www.gentlemensswag.com) for more information or call +1 (504) 247.3460.

**8. Hay Fever?** STOP the pollen before it gets in! **HayMax™** organic allergen barrier balms have been proven to trap more than 1/3 of pollen before it gets in. Prevention not cure. 36 Awards! Available at Boots, Holland & Barrett, Waitrose, Booths, Morrisons and independent pharmacies and health stores. For more information visit [haymax.biz](http://haymax.biz) or call (01525) 406600.

**9. Bolin Webb.** The X1 Cooper Red – a vibrant addition to the award-winning Bolin Webb collection. This razor looks fantastic and wants to be seen. Fitted with Gillette's Fusion ProGlide blade and sent to you in an exclusive gift box. Compatible with the innovative magnetic stand in black. Available for £65 from [www.bolinwebb.com](http://www.bolinwebb.com) and from leading UK retailers. or call 01572 868005.

**10. Since 1854, Taylor of Old Bond Street** have produced and sold the finest in Luxury Men's Grooming Products and accessories, creating a brand which is synonymous with British style and quality. Visit their store at 74 Jermyn Street, St James's, London, SW1Y 6NP, call 020 7930 5544 or visit them at [www.tayloroldbondst.co.uk](http://www.tayloroldbondst.co.uk) and [www.selfridges.com](http://www.selfridges.com)

**11. White Glo.** Want to whiten your teeth without any hassle? Simply switch your ordinary toothpaste with White Glo! White Glo toothpastes use special micro polishing particles which work to lighten discolourations and yellowing on tooth enamel to whiten teeth. White Glo Professional Choice is an Australian Dental Association approved product for its safety and efficacy. Look out for White Glo Professional Choice in a fresh vertical packaging design with brand new bonus X-Action toothbrush! Available from Boots, ASDA, Amazon, Superdrug, and pharmacies. RRP £3.99. Visit [www.whiteglo.com](http://www.whiteglo.com) or call 00 44 20 8274 1238.

**12. The Claudia Louch Natural Skin Clinic.** Models, presenters and actors rely on the skin specialist Claudia Louch to help their complexions look screen-ready. Her secret is entirely natural and she specialises in Acne, Rosacea, Eczema, Seborrhoeic Dermatitis, Psoriasis, Natural Anti-ageing, Skin Allergies and more. Her medicinal botanical skincare products may be 100 per cent natural, her ethos may be holistic and her procedures non-invasive, but, let's be clear, there's nothing wishy-washy about her approach. It is scientific, rooted in testing and analysis, reflected in her 3,000-plus client list. Therapeutic and Cosmetic Phytomedical facials and body treatments are also performed on site by a team of Dermatherapists, addressing different skin conditions and the common-or-garden signs of ageing. Some of her superb skincare range is also available online. For Priority Bookings, call 020 7467 1539 or email [appointments@claudialouch.com](mailto:appointments@claudialouch.com) and quote 'GQ'. The Natural Skin Clinic, 10 Harley Street, London W1G 9PF. Visit [www.claudialouch.com](http://www.claudialouch.com)

**13. Hairmax Ultima 12 LaserComb.** Stop worrying about your hair loss and start treating it. The HairMax LaserComb® is Doctor Recommended. Safe and effective for both men and women. Visit [www.HairMax.com](http://www.HairMax.com) or call 001 0808 134 9868. Also available at Harrods.

**14. Vitabiotics** Wellman Skin Technology is from the UK's number 1 men's supplement brand and has been developed to help men stay looking their very best. The advanced skin formula is a major development in male nutrition, with a unique combination of 30 nutrients including biotin which contributes to normal skin health. RRP £17.30 for 60 tablets, available from Boots and online at [www.wellman.co.uk](http://www.wellman.co.uk)



THE BEARD SHED



6



10



Taylor  
of  
Old Bond Street

HAIRMAX®  
The science of hair growth.

13



DESIGN BY *parafarina*



7



HayMax  
Pure

Organic  
Drug-Free  
Allergen  
Barrier Balm

Pure

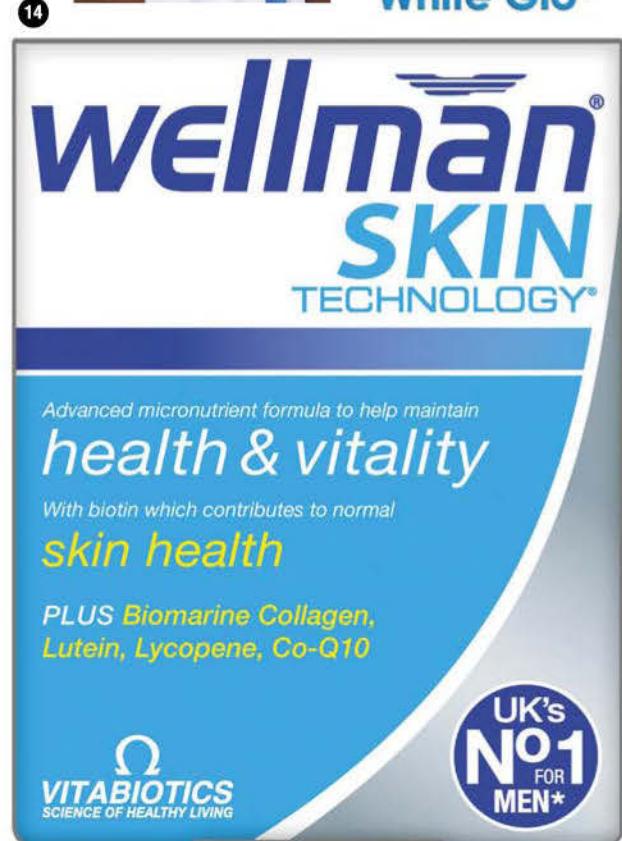
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White Glo



12



8

HayFever?  
Dust or Pet Allergy?

78% said it works\*  
Suitable for kids!  
No Drowsy Side-Effects

Hay  
Max

Organic  
Drug-Free  
Allergen  
Barrier Balm

Pure

35 Awards and Counting!  
Recommended  
by the Times, Daily Mail, Dr. Oz,  
Steve Jobs and many more

# Kitted Out.... Prepare to Succeed!



**1. AQUAPAC** create 100% waterproof bags and cases. With three Queen's Awards to their name, and over 5 million waterproof bags sold, their innovative products free you from worrying about your things getting muddy or wet when you're on the trail or out on the water. There are three ranges of bags - Submersible, Stormproof, and TrailProof™ - to cover all eventualities. To find out more visit [www.aquapac.net](http://www.aquapac.net)



**2. Mindful Chef**. Get in shape this summer with the trendy new lean meal-kit service Mindful Chef. Delivering boxes of fresh paleo ingredients to your door weekly. Remember, a good diet is half the battle! Visit [mindfulchef.com](http://mindfulchef.com)

**3. Malcolm Custom Bicycles** produce hand-crafted, bespoke, high performance road and urban track bikes, each as unique as their owner! Constructed using the best materials and creative flair, featured is a design tribute to one of the greatest frame builders to ever live, Ron Cooper. For more information visit [www.malcolmcustombicycles.com](http://www.malcolmcustombicycles.com) or contact ashley@malcolmcustombicycles.com

**4. STARMAN WIND GILET**. Weighing in at just 25g/m<sup>2</sup> and with a unique Quickburst zip function that opens the entire garment without full use of the zipper, the Starman Wind Gilet is a cyclists perfect companion. [www.huez.co.uk](http://www.huez.co.uk) or call +44 (0)203 754 4681.

**5. Bodysurfing** has always been a mixture of art and function. **Dutch bodysurfing handplanes** celebrate this balance by

combining the beauty of premium materials and quality craftsmanship with unparalleled function and performance. [www.dutchsurfboards.com](http://www.dutchsurfboards.com) [instagram:@realdutchsurfboards](http://instagram:@realdutchsurfboards)

**6. Jetvalve Repair Pod**. Lightweight and compact, this great little bundle is perfect for a backpack or saddlebag. It carries a CO<sub>2</sub> inflator, 2 tyre levers, self-seal patches and a spare cylinder, so punctures are no problem at all. For more information visit [www.jetvalve.co.uk](http://www.jetvalve.co.uk) or email [info@jetvalve.co.uk](mailto:info@jetvalve.co.uk)

**7. A2B Ferber** combines cycling history and pioneering ebike technology to create the best ride possible, with the reassurance of power when you need it. With a top speed of 15.5mph and power assisted range of up-to 60miles, the Ferber really does redefine your journey. For more information visit [www.wearea2b.com](http://www.wearea2b.com) or call 020 7489 6382.

**8. Shand Stoater** is a great do-it-all adventure touring bike that takes all in its stride. Built by hand in Scotland by independent bicycle manufacturer

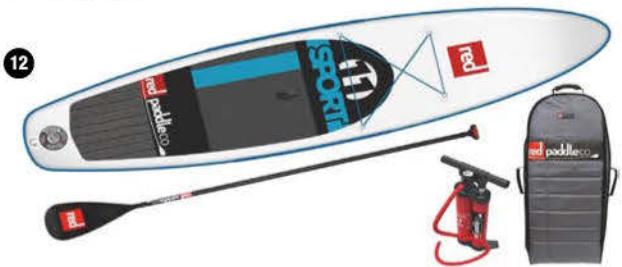
**Shand Cycles** the Stoater could be the only bike you ever need! Order now from [www.shandcycles.com](http://www.shandcycles.com) or contact [info@shandcycles.com](mailto:info@shandcycles.com) (expect a 6 week waiting time for this product).

**9. Master of Muscle BEAST TAPE** - Kinesiology Tape helps stabilise and enable you to train through injury. It's designed to work with your body, flex with your muscles, aid blood circulation and promote healing. Available in Blue, Black and Pink. Check it out on [www.amazon.co.uk](http://www.amazon.co.uk)

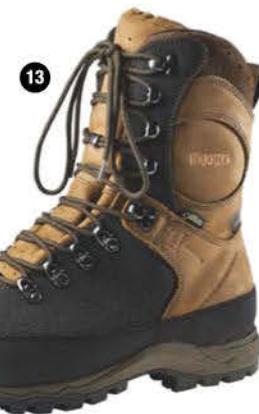
**10. Pelago Bicycles** makes reliable, well-designed products for the needs of transportation and active cycling. Shown is the company's Hanko bicycle - a modern classic, perfect for short to long distance daily cycling. For more information [www.pelagobicycles.com](http://www.pelagobicycles.com)

**11. Elephant Food**. It's a jungle out there. And when you've just hit 40 Kicks on the bike or just finished a CrossFit class, you deserve something amazing to Nourish your body and delight your taste buds. That's why the team at 'Elephant Food' created three lovingly blended snack mixes, bursting with flavour and chock full of 100% natural ingredients including Goji Berries, Blueberries, Cacao Nibs, Bee Pollen, Buckwheat and Quinoa. Their superfood products contain copper which contributes to the normal function of the immune system, manganese which contributes to normal energy-yielding metabolism and vitamin C which contributes to the reduction of tiredness and fatigue. Elephant Food is versatile enough to be used on-the-go, or as a tasty pre or post workout snack. Include these Superfood Snacks in your daily diet-Eat and feel mighty! Now available at selected Boots, Holland & Barrett, GNC, Planet Organic, Selfridges and Booths supermarket stores or you can buy online at [www.elephantsuperfood.com](http://www.elephantsuperfood.com) or call 08455 197802.

**12. Red Paddle Co 11' Sport Inflatable SUP Board**. The latest design from the world's number 1 inflatable paddle board brand. The 11' Sport blends speed and stability to be the ultimate all round board for the summer. The new and exclusive Titan pump reduces inflation time, while the patented RSS system increases stiffness by 40%. All this packed into a high quality wheeled bag for easy jet setting. RRP £789. For more information, visit [www.redpaddleco.com](http://www.redpaddleco.com)



**13. Harkila Pro Hunter GTX 10" Armortex Kevlar Boot** This extremely lightweight, yet tough and durable GORE-TEX 10" boot has a top quality nubuck leather and Kevlar upper with a unique Harkila flex-point at the heel to maximise comfort and performance. It also offers amazing stability and grip in mountain conditions and severe temperatures due to its Vibram Tsavo Fire and Ice sole system. In addition the technical Harkila Ortholite footbed offers a superior fit and optimal walking comfort, moisture transport, breathability and is odour repellent. Available in dark olive leather and sizes 5-17 (5-13 in half sizes). RRP £269.99 [www.harkila.com](http://www.harkila.com) 07912 934389 / 07887 997788.



**14. X-Bionic Powershirt® with EFFEKTOR™ TECHNOLOGIE** – begin a new era of performance and achieve your fitness goals more quickly. Partial Kompression reduces muscle vibrations, and improves the supply of oxygen and nutrients to your muscles, enabling quicker recovery. The 3D-BionicSphere® System on the chest and back promote the evaporation of sweat to cool your body effectively even during the toughest workouts. Srp £74.99. For more information visit [www.X-Bionic.com](http://www.X-Bionic.com) or call 01250 873863.



**15. [QUDOS] ACTION by Knog.** The world's first hi-powered action video light. Whether you're surfing after sunset, riding at midnight, or diving to new depths – [qudos] to you. Designed to work with GoPro's and other action cameras, plus DSLRs. Price: £89.99. For more information, visit [knog.com.au](http://knog.com.au) or call +61 3 9428 6352.



**16. Natural Surf Lodge.** Where the forest meets the ocean, you'll find tranquil accommodation and a welcoming surf community. Experience South-West France's best surf spots with our local experienced instructors. Come for a week and you'll never want to leave. Visit [www.naturalsurfodge.com](http://www.naturalsurfodge.com) or more information or contact claire@naturalsurfodge.com



**17. Sven Cycles** – hand made in England – specialise in building classically inspired bikes with modern functionality. Our classic Roadster, a fast bike with electronic hub gears, comfy for the daily commute or weekend ride to the pub. Shown is the Roadster in bespoke Channel Rouge Nail Varnish. For more information visit [Svencycles.com](http://Svencycles.com) or call Darren on 07908 798668.



**18. Brigadier.** As tough as it looks. Matte army-green frame (built from ultra-resilient 4130 Chromoly steel), anodized metallic red hubs, 4 handlebar options. £399.00 + Free Shipping. Use code STATEGQ for 10% off! (Expires 30/9/2015). Visit [www.statebicycle.co.uk](http://www.statebicycle.co.uk) / +1480-201-7870.



**19. AirWheel** self-balancing units are not only portable, but also environmentally friendly and completely hands free to operate. Light weight, convenient and easily controllable. AirWheel can be taken to the office, restaurant, local shops, airports or even the subway. The built in carry handle, makes getting up and down steps very easy and can simply be stowed away anytime necessary. Available from [www.heairwheel.com](http://www.heairwheel.com) Phone: 020 3086 7983.

**20. ClickerBelt** is the ultimate belt for men who love the outdoors. The snowboarding inspired design is tough, adjustable and ready for action. Just crank the ratchet to tighten the belt. For more information visit [www.clickerbelt.com](http://www.clickerbelt.com) Use coupon CBGQ for a 20% discount. Offer ends 23/8/2015.

**21. Dassi** Born in the mind of an ex British Rolls Royce engineer. Creating one bike at a time, in Britain. **Dassi** manufactures luxury customised performance bikes that address a rider's desires for speed and individualism, with no compromise on the riding experience. For more information visit [www.dassi.com](http://www.dassi.com) or call 0843 523 0253.

**22. Last Mile** produce a unique range of nutritional support products aimed at endurance athletes. Their flagship product-Velocity-has been successfully tested by several top athletes including the triathlete Karl Alexander. For more information or to purchase, visit [www.lastmile.cc](http://www.lastmile.cc).



**23. The Muirwoods 29 (RRP £525.00)** is the most durable and utilitarian bikes in the Marin line. Ideal for commuters, this machine is ready for anything the harsh urban environment can throw at it. Manufactured with reflective graphics for 360 night time visibility, disc brakes on all models for the ultimate in control and quick stopping power and 4130 chromoly steel tubing for life-long durability and smooth ride. For more information visit [www.marinbikes.com/gb](http://www.marinbikes.com/gb)

**24. Wittson Cycles.** If you are searching for a racing bicycle and rigidity is top of your list you should consider grade 9 titanium Wittson Suppresio. Handmade by a legendary framebuilder Vidmantas 'Vitas' Zukauskas. For more information, visit [www.wittson.com](http://www.wittson.com) or call +370 600 38 775.



**25. The USN Body Makeover Challenge** is free to enter and you could be in with a chance to win £5000. It is a 12 week challenge which is shown to have had some positive body and lifestyle results! For more information on the challenge and to sign up, visit [www.usn.co.uk](http://www.usn.co.uk) Also WIN 1 of 3 Body Makeover Starter Packs. Email your name and address to [advertising@usn.co.uk](mailto:advertising@usn.co.uk) with the reference GQBM in the subject line. (Entries by 31/07/15).

USN  
ULTIMATE SPORTS NUTRITION

Your Complete 12 week  
**BODY MAKEOVER GUIDE**

26

27

28

ESSENTIAL GUIDELINES AND TIPS TO TRANSFORM YOUR BODY & LIFESTYLE IN 12 WEEKS

- Effective fat loss & lean muscle gain eating plans
- Easy-to-follow training plans
- Detailed supplement plan

USN  
**BODY MAKEOVER CHALLENGE**  
change your body, change your life



23



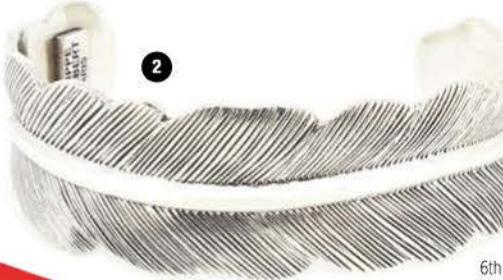
24

26

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28

# A Life Of Luxury... The Finer Things!



**1. Latham & Neve** – known for their stunning contemporary hand-made British jewellery since 1997. Featured is the unique Ripple Bangle in beaten silver and 18ct gold, £205 Ballroom bangles, everyday earrings, ravishing rings and much much more. Buy online/stockists/brochure, visit [www.lathamandneve.co.uk](http://www.lathamandneve.co.uk) or call 01580 753399.

**2. Since 1989, Philippe Audibert** has created jewelry for women. All the skill and style acquired over years of experience in the design of handmade jewelry at his Parisian workshop is now being dedicated to men's fashion. Each Silver plated metal piece has its own temperament, the lines are both pure and powerful, direct and seductive, strong but not ostentatious. Available at selected stores worldwide or via [www.philippeaudibert.com/eshop](http://www.philippeaudibert.com/eshop) Contact: [info@philippeaudibert.com](mailto:info@philippeaudibert.com) Picture Tizziri Bracelet from £175.

**3. British Born Tees** offer an outstanding range of fun t-shirts across multiple categories, including stag and hen do's, ensuring there is something for everyone. Their high quality shirts come in nine colours, with free postage and a 100% money back guarantee. GQ readers get a 10% discount using code 'GQ10' (expires 6th August 2015), or like them on Facebook for a further 10% Shop online at [www.britishborntees.com](http://www.britishborntees.com)

**4. Show her how much she means with the stylish and personalised Anchor Bracelet by Merci Maman.** (From £39). This lovely and affordable gift will be engraved by hand with the names, dates or message of your choice in their London workshop. The team at Merci Maman will hand-craft your sterling silver bracelet within only a couple of days and they will gift wrap your bracelet in their signature box. For more information, visit [www.mercimamanboutique.com](http://www.mercimamanboutique.com) or call 020 7731 1377.

**5. Stylishly cheeky, properly British – Dick Winters** are a decadent underwear brand for gentlemen, offering the ultimate in comfort and design. Expertly crafted in Britain, from the finest British "breathable" material, their stylish boxers will certainly keep one cool and dry below deck. View their entire range at [www.dickwinters.co.uk](http://www.dickwinters.co.uk)

**6. Il Bussetto** present their stunning Timeless Automatic Watch as part of their SS15 Time Collection, available with a range of luxurious, elegant, interchangeable painted leather straps, in 26 eye-catching colours. Shop the full range online at [www.ilbussetto.it](http://www.ilbussetto.it)

**7. Simon Wright** offers a complete bespoke service, personally making your jewellery in platinum and gold using the finest diamonds and gemstones. An appointment involves viewing diamonds, a short tour of the workshop, and a sit down design session all in his Clerkenwell studio workshop. By appointment only. Call 020 7490 0665 or visit [sw-jewellery.com](http://sw-jewellery.com)

**8. NorthCoastCottage Jewelry Design** believes in making the world a better place and donates a portion of every sale to causes such as human rights, poverty, hunger, legal aid, animal welfare, wildlife preservation, the environment and cancer research. Customers can even direct where that portion of their purchase should go. Email [NorthCoastCottage@gmail.com](mailto:NorthCoastCottage@gmail.com) or visit the Etsy shop at [www.etsy.com/shop/NorthCoastCottage](http://www.etsy.com/shop/NorthCoastCottage) to find out more.

**9. Carnivore Club** is the world's first curated charcuterie of the month club. They're become famous for discovering the best British charcuterie artisans and delivering 4-6 of their meats to their member's doors in outrageously nice packaging. The discerning recipient will be impressed with great quality charcuterie shipped directly from local artisans. Subscriptions start at £29/month. Visit [www.carnivoreclub.co](http://www.carnivoreclub.co) or email [chiefcarnivore@carnivoreclub.co](mailto:chiefcarnivore@carnivoreclub.co)

**10. Located in Mayfair, Bocconcino Restaurant & Pizzeria** specialises in Italian cuisine. The menu remains true to its Tuscan roots, ranging from wood-fired pizzas to traditional homemade pasta, every bite has that authentic stamp of home. For more information call on 020 7499 4510, or visit [www.bocconcinorestaurant.co.uk](http://www.bocconcinorestaurant.co.uk)

**11. Made in extremely limited quantities, every Seta di Gioia necktie is completely handmade in Italy using the highest quality Italian silk** which makes a bold fashion statement and serves as a testament to the artisanal quality of each piece. The laborious task of making neckties in this traditional fashion produces a work of art that necktie connoisseurs can enjoy and wear with pride. Visit [www.SetadiGioia.com](http://www.SetadiGioia.com) For orders from outside the United States, email [info@SetadiGioia.com](mailto:info@SetadiGioia.com)



9

10



## On The Rocks... Bottoms Up!

**1. Fordham Gypsy Lager, 5% abv.** A mesmerising lager! Crafted in America, the Yanks have pioneered the way in micro-brewing quality beer, and this one has a refreshing and intricate hop profile to prove it. Available in Oddbins branches nationwide, alongside the Fordham Brewing Co range: Copperhead Ale, Route 1 IPA and Rams Head IPA. For more information visit [www.FordhamBeers.co.uk](http://www.FordhamBeers.co.uk)

**2. Gin Mare** establishes a new benchmark in the luxury gin category, with an innovative pan-Mediterranean concept that unites the different cultures around its shores and uses the finest botanicals to be found in the region; Arbequina olives, thyme, basil and rosemary. Four Mediterranean ingredients that united with juniper, coriander, cardamom and citrus provide a unique Gin capturing the essence of the Mediterranean. Its gastronomy, its climate, the land and the sea. Gin Mare is exclusive in its blend and hand crafted elaboration. Visit [www.caskliquidmarketing.com](http://www.caskliquidmarketing.com) for further information.

**3. Double Rock on Ice:** the signature cocktail of **Alaskan Rock** vodka. Made in Australia this award winning small-batch spirit is double distilled using malted barley and presented in gorgeous black glass numbered bottles. Not your everyday vodka. So much better. Visit [www.alaskanrock.com](http://www.alaskanrock.com) #responsibly

**4. Douglas Laing's Rock Oyster** is a marriage of malts from Scotland's whisky islands. It's beautifully maritime in style and pairs perfectly with seafood; the ideal dram for National Oyster Day on 5th August! Rock Oyster is available to buy online from [MasterofMalt.com](http://MasterofMalt.com) and the [TheWhiskyExchange.com](http://TheWhiskyExchange.com)

**5. Brown Bear\*** produces delicious artisan-roasted, gourmet coffee from around the world. From bean to bag, Brown Bear ensure that your coffee is packed with flavour, and has been sourced responsibly. Sign up for an account, and with each purchase you'll earn Brown Bear Beans to use towards future purchases! Visit [brownbear.co](http://brownbear.co) to find out more.

**6. Viñalba Cabernet Sauvignon Malbec Merlot** from Argentina is produced by award-winning winery Bodegas Fabre in Mendoza. This Bordeaux-inspired blend is robust and elegant with powerful black fruit flavours, and is perfect for a roast or a BBQ feast. Available from Sainsbury's at £10, more info at [www.vinalba.com](http://www.vinalba.com)

**7. The Wild Geese Premium Rum**, voted World's Best Gold Rum 2015 by The World Rum Awards and won Double Gold at the International Rum Conference 2015. Broad nose displaying good complexity, moderate intensity. Refined and balanced in the mouth. Aged for up to eight years, from Barbados, Jamaica and Guyana. Available on Amazon.co.uk

**8. Westerhall Dark** is a medium bodied rum aged for a minimum of 7 years and bottled at 40% ABV. This brand has a unique robust flavour, aroma and texture, with the hints of spices along with a strong molasses or caramel overtone. Originating from the Spice Isle of the Caribbean – Grenada, and distilled using the family's secret method, this award-winning rum is world class. To find out more or become a Westerhall stockist contact them on 01227 723007 or email [sales@westerhallrums.co.uk](mailto:sales@westerhallrums.co.uk)

**9. RAVE Coffee** roast and blend award winning speciality coffees at their roastery and cafe in Cirencester. Why not try their Cold Brew coffee? Usually served black 'on the rocks', it's a refreshing way to enjoy coffee during the summer months and it's said to preserve the natural, sweeter flavour of the bean, with lower acidity and lower calories. Use promo code GQRAVE for 10% discount off website orders until 9th October 2015. Visit [www.ravecoffee.co.uk](http://www.ravecoffee.co.uk)

**10. Born in New York, raised in the UK – Zing Vodka** is a social statement for the ultimate indulgent drinking experience. Its illuminating bottle and unique hexagonal shape can be found in ultra exclusive clubs from LA to London to Hong Kong, the ultimate show piece for the late night provocateur. Zing Vodka's crystal clear purity offers a reinvigorating taste of refined smoothness and the Super Premium Vodka is also available in a distinct Red Velvet alternative, a classic recipe reinvented. For more information visit [www.zingvodka.co.uk](http://www.zingvodka.co.uk)

**11. Arran Single Malt Whisky.** Produced by the independent, Scottish-owned Isle of Arran Distillery, The Arran 10 year-old Single Malt is fresh and vibrant with creamy notes of vanilla, citrus and tropical fruits. The perfect gift for the whisky aficionado which can't be found on every supermarket shelf. RRP £34.99, available from specialist whisky shops or from [www.arranwhisky.com](http://www.arranwhisky.com) Tel: 01770 830 264.

**12. Tom's Tonic** is the first and original tonic syrup to market. This amber-hued syrup, takes cues from its colonial-era predecessors, drawing quinine from cinchona bark, and using other natural ingredients to create an old-school elixir that's complex, with a throat-catching bitterness. Excellent mixed with gin, club soda and a touch of citrus. And an added bonus? It won't go flat sitting in your fridge. Life's too short to drink a crappy gin and tonic. Order now at [www.tomrstonic.com](http://www.tomrstonic.com)

**13. Butler's Gin** is an artisanal, craft spirit produced in East London's first gin distillery in over a century. Produced in a 20 litre jar and infused for 18 hours, each bottle is hand bottled, hand signed and made to order. Butler's Gin is available to purchase for £31.50 from [www.butlersgin.co.uk](http://www.butlersgin.co.uk) including free next day delivery.

**14. Your Tea.** Man Tea is designed to enhance the growth of muscle mass and size, whilst promoting a lean, cut frame. Free of sugar, chemicals and preservatives – this blend is designed to not only compliment, but also enhance physical results. Visit [www.uk.yourtea.com](http://www.uk.yourtea.com) for further information.

**15. Dà Mhile.** A taste of fresh air, this gin is smooth and refreshing. Cool off this summer with a slice of lemon in your Dà Mhile G&T. Available at [www.damhile.co.uk](http://www.damhile.co.uk) – use discount code GQGIN to receive 10% off until 30th August 2015.

**16. Elephant Gin.** Can a drink change the world? Probably not, but it can do its bit to help. The award-winning London Dry Gin is made with African botanicals and donates 15% of profits to fighting illegal elephant poaching. It's time to get into the right spirit. Buy your bottle at Fortnum & Mason or visit [www.Elephant-Gin.com](http://www.Elephant-Gin.com)

**17. Original Pickle Juice by The Pickle House** works as the perfect chaser to wash down a shot of whiskey, an unlikely pair known as a Pickleback. Not for the faint hearted but has to be tried. It's also a great addition to a Bloody Mary to give it an extra kick. Visit [www.thepicklehouse.com](http://www.thepicklehouse.com)

**18. No.3** is the London Dry Gin distilled to a proprietary recipe of Berry Bros. & Rudd, London's oldest wine and spirit merchant and supplier to the royal family. The name No.3 refers to the address in St James's Street, London: Berry Bros. & Rudd's home since 1698. With juniper at its heart, it unashamedly celebrates the integrity and character of traditional London Dry Gin: six perfectly balanced botanicals distilled in traditional copper pot stills. With an ABV of 46%, No.3 is the perfect gin for a Dry Martini and the classic G&T. No.3 has also won the International Spirits Challenge gold medal for four consecutive years after recently winning the 2015 award. Stockists include Waitrose and Selfridges. £35. Visit [www.no3gin.com](http://www.no3gin.com)

**19. The Conker Spirit** distillery is perched on the sunny clifftops of Bournemouth in Dorset – what better setting for crafting small batch spirits? Their Dorset Dry gin is a refreshing take on a classic, delicately balancing the Dorset notes of elderberries, samphire and handpicked gorse flowers. With just 60 bottle batches, you'll have to hunt down the Dorset Dry this summer. That's the Spirit! Buy at [www.masterofmalt.co.uk](http://www.masterofmalt.co.uk) or visit [www.conkerspirit.co.uk](http://www.conkerspirit.co.uk)

**20. Being famous for revitalising old classic cocktails,** world-renowned bartender Giancarlo Mancino felt the vermouth market needed to salvage the former glamour of the early 1900s. And that's just what **Mancino Vermouth** does and proves a must for any budding mixologist! Buy on line at The Whisky Exchange or Master of Malt. Sip on a Tsubaki cocktail at the captivating Circus or a Georgetown Negroni at Brixton's finest Shrub & Shutter. Perfect as a chilled aperitif or for more cocktail inspiration go to [www.mancinovermouth.com](http://www.mancinovermouth.com)



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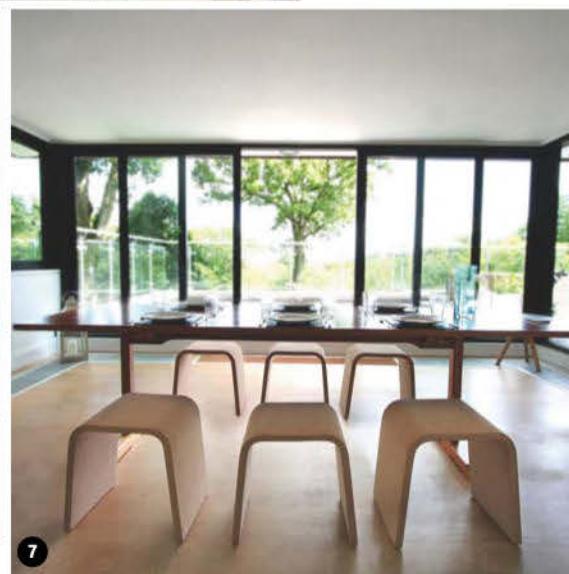
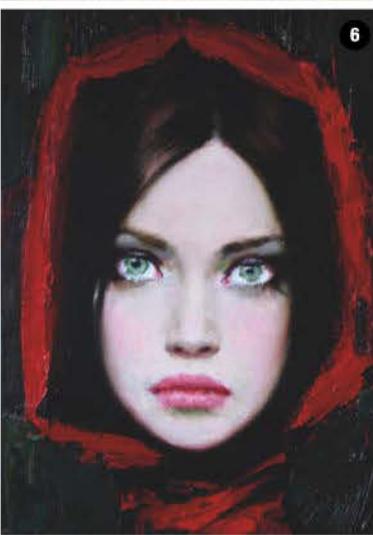


18



20 Giancarlo working his magic

# Stylish Spaces... Inspirational Interiors!



1. **Camerich**'s Lazytime plus corner sofa combines modern design with exceptional comfort and can be ordered in a wide range of fabrics or leathers; with many modules available for immediate delivery. The sofa pictured is priced at £2,556. Call 020 7372 9887 or visit [camerich.co.uk](http://camerich.co.uk) for more details.

2. We use our smartphones to play music, yet their tiny speakers lack the power to set any sort of atmosphere. The Slovenian design team **Tok Tok** set out to overcome this fault. They created an amplifier that enhances the volume of smartphones using the laws of physics and wood. Find out more and pre order at [Trobli.com](http://Trobli.com)



11

3. **Millbrook Beds**. It's your best kept secret in the bedroom. Traditionally handmade in the UK for almost 70 years, Millbrook Beds are made to order using only the finest, locally-sourced, natural materials to offer the ultimate in sleep luxury. For more information visit [www.millbrook-beds.co.uk](http://www.millbrook-beds.co.uk) Email: [enquiry@millbrookbeds.co.uk](mailto:enquiry@millbrookbeds.co.uk) or call 0845 373 1111.

4. **Iconic Dutch** – The oneQ Dual Fuel BBQ Set will be a feature in any outdoor space. This smart barbecue contains two connectable modules. One module holds a gas burner and an enamelled roasting hood with thermometer. The second module holds a charcoal burner and a bamboo cutting board for when it is not used. Visit [www.iconicdutch.com](http://www.iconicdutch.com) or call 020 8906 6561.

5. **Chris Brandell** is an abstract artist who seeks to interpret the complexity of the human dynamic while revealing her fundamental desire to explore colour. Represented by the Anam Cara Gallery in Connecticut, and her work can be seen at [www.chrisbrandell.com](http://www.chrisbrandell.com) Email to [info@chrisbrandell.com](mailto:info@chrisbrandell.com) or phone 001 703-472-1577.

6. **Taras Loboda** is a painter and graphic artist from Prague with a rich fantasy and a developed decorative flair, which is engrained in his wonderful paintings. His beautiful yet haunting portrayals of the female form truly demonstrate his signature illusive and enchanting artistic style. To view his work visit [www.tarasloboda.cz](http://www.tarasloboda.cz)

7. **Charles Dedman**. The unique Cork-Plywood hybrid laminate makes the Montado Stool a first for eco-friendly furniture. Applying the natural warmth and comfort of Cork to a robust minimal form, makes it ideal for any interior. Design and manufactured in the UK. For more information visit [www.charlesdedman.co.uk](http://www.charlesdedman.co.uk) or call 07521 708030.

8. **Butterfly Domes**. Butterflies in glass domes. Choose your own butterflies or select a dome on the website: [www.butterflydomes.co.uk](http://www.butterflydomes.co.uk) 07951 110147.

9. **Kaffeiform** is turning used coffee grounds into reusable espresso cups. The unique cups are available for £29 per set from [www.kaffeiform.com](http://www.kaffeiform.com) or visit [facebook.com/kaffeiform](http://facebook.com/kaffeiform)

10. **B Bag** comes in a cool range of 10 Colours. British made to the highest quality standards, B Bag represents nothing less than a revolution in beanbag design, delivered in the shape of a chair anatomically designed to support your tired muscles in extreme comfort. B Bag's tough polyester construction offers a breathable, colourfast, no fade and water-repellent spec that'll take a beating and keep on delivering extreme outdoors comfort whatever you or the weather throws at it. The unique silverplus hygiene technology incorporated into B Bag's fabric means that no matter how hard you go at it, how hot and sweaty you get, B Bag stays fresh and ready to give you the extreme lounging comfort you deserve. For more information visit [www.extremelounging.com](http://www.extremelounging.com) or call 01535 692373.

11. **The Gifted Few**. For an unbeatable range of classic and contemporary furniture, lighting and homeware sourced from across Europe – including this vintage-inspired copper brick clock by Leff Amsterdam, £259.00 – visit [www.thegiftedfew.com](http://www.thegiftedfew.com) or call 01536 760 338.



**12. MoDecor.** Huge £225 discount on the reproduction of the 1956 Charles Eames Lounge Chair and Ottoman. Usually priced at £775, readers can grab a deal just for £550. Visit [www.moddecor.co.uk](http://www.moddecor.co.uk) for full range / colours. To claim your offer, visit [www.moddecor.co.uk](http://www.moddecor.co.uk) email [wsales@moddecor.co.uk](mailto:wsales@moddecor.co.uk) or call 020 3239 3902 and use code GQ7 before 31/08/2015. (or while stock lasts). Next day delivery for UK mainland. Visit [www.moddecor.co.uk](http://www.moddecor.co.uk)

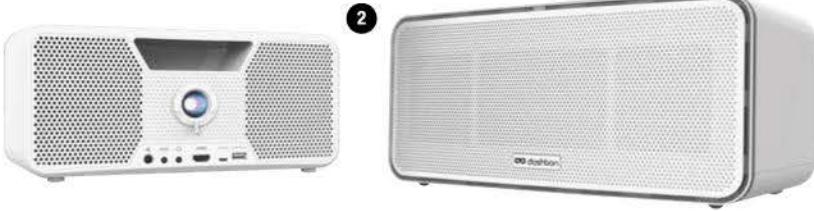


19th-20th OCTOBER 1960 EARLS COURT  
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**13. Wishbone Publishing** are pleased to present the exciting new collection of works by UK artist **Joe Murtagh**. Based in Liverpool, Joe has amassed an incredible following both at home and abroad with his use of vibrant colours and unique mixed mediums. "No Evil" is a signed, limited edition artwork and is available through all Affiliated galleries. For more details contact: [info@wishboneart.co.uk](mailto:info@wishboneart.co.uk) / [www.wishboneart.co.uk](http://www.wishboneart.co.uk)

**14. Pullman Editions** designs, commissions and publishes striking original posters which capture the enduring appeal of Art Deco. Their newly-commissioned posters feature winter sports, glamorous resorts around the world, and the world's greatest historic automobiles. All £395 each. Call 020 7730 0547 or view and buy online at [www.pullmaneditions.com](http://www.pullmaneditions.com)

## Gadgets On The Go... Techno Traveller!



**1.** With its high-impact protection yet compact design, the **mophie juice pack** delivers more than 100% (air), 120% (plus) or 150% (ultra) extra battery with the flip of a switch. Made for iPhone 6, this is the ideal case to keep you charged through the day and well into the night. Never need to take off the case, because it enables pass-through charge and sync while connected to a computer. Made for the iPhone 6 Plus, this is mophie's thinnest juice pack yet, but don't let the design fool you it will deliver you up to 14.5 hours talk time and 7.5 hours web browsing additional. Available in black, white and gold and Apple certified starting at £89.95. Shop at Selfridges or visit [uk.mophie.com](http://uk.mophie.com)

**2. Flicks** is an all-in-one, Bluetooth enabled boombox that marries a high-fidelity audio system with a cutting edge (HD) LED projector. Stream your favorite tunes from your smartphone or watch movies (via HDMI) from media devices like Roku, Google Chromecast and more. Plus you can do it all for hours thanks to Flicks massive battery capacity. Flicks beautiful design travels easily from the kitchen, to the pool, to a campsite ... wherever you need a boost of ultimate FUN! Visit [www.dashboard.com](http://www.dashboard.com) to learn more about Flicks or email [info@dashboard.com](mailto:info@dashboard.com)

**3.** Live smarter by knowing more about the place you care about most. With **Elgato Eve**, see your home at a glance, right on your iPhone and iPad. The Eve family of HomeKit accessories gathers data on air quality, temperature, humidity, air pressure, energy consumption and more. Gain insights that help you improve your comfort, and make your home a smarter place. Use the free Eve app to view all data collected by Eve and control all accessories featuring HomeKit technology. For more information visit [www.elgato.com/homekit](http://www.elgato.com/homekit) or [europesales@elgato.com](mailto:europesales@elgato.com)

**4. Holdfast Gear.** Vintage aesthetics meets modern-day function in the Roamographer. This luxury weekender packs your essentials and then some. The removable Camera Insert cradles your camera gear, and the Carrier Straps securely holds a tripod. The Shoulder Strap, lined in sheering, secures a smaller camera on the outside of the bag ready to slide up the shoulder strap when the moment presents itself. The Roamographer is impeccably hand-crafted from legendary Great American Bison leather. For more information visit [www.holdfastgear.com](http://www.holdfastgear.com)

**5. Gosti Leather.** This smart laptop/tablet case in genuine buffalo leather is perfect for those looking for a simple, stylish accessory. For more information visit [www.gosti-leather.co.uk](http://www.gosti-leather.co.uk) or email [info@gosti-leather.co.uk](mailto:info@gosti-leather.co.uk)

**6.** Travel in style with the **Tru Virtu** "Cash & Cards" aluminium wallet - a triumph in form and design. The new Silk collection features a satin finish and protects against illegal RFID-scanning of personal data; which is stored on credit cards. This clever aluminium wallet also has separate compartments to store your cash and cards - stylish, compact, light and secure. Choose from a range of colours at [www.stonegift.com](http://www.stonegift.com) or call 01732 771 771. Enter promo code TVGQ10 expiry date 30/09/2015.



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AUGUST 2015



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bally.com

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burberry.com

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uk.coach.com

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armani.com



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**Ermenegildo Zegna  
Couture**  
zegna.com

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**Façonnéable**  
faconnable.com

## G

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gant.co.uk

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hm.com

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hardyamies.com

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havaianas-store.com

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hermes.com

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## N

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next.co.uk

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orlebarbrown.com

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paulsmith.co.uk

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**Rolex**  
rolex.com

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russellandbromley.co.uk

## T

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tigerofsweden.com

**Tod's**  
tods.com

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tommy.com

**Topman**  
topman.com

## U

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# A family AFFAIR

As one of Europe's most pioneering architects unveils its first show home in the UK, *Claire Pilton* visits the company's factory in Germany to meet with owner Georg Huf

**E**ighteen years after the first Huf Haus was built in Britain there are now 200, with a further 16 to be delivered this year. 'Delivered' is the operative word. Each of these prefabricated post-and-beam houses are constructed in the Huf Haus factory before being transported 'flat-pack' to the purchaser's location. They are then assembled on site to a schedule that is, in the words of Kevin McCloud, 'tighter than a pair of lederhosen'. Appearing on *Grand Designs* in 2004 saw the brand's profile sky-rocket in Britain. This country now represents some 20% of annual sales; hence the show home at Brooklands in Weybridge, Surrey.

Built with the latest technologies to achieve the most efficient home possible, the show house demonstrates how sustainable living can be achieved through the synthesis of contemporary architecture and cutting-edge technology. As Georg Huf is proud to point out, 'Sustainability and environmental consciousness are at the very heart of Huf Haus.' But not in a sack-cloth-and-ashes way. These pioneering houses are the poshest prefabs on the market.

Step inside the largely triple-glazed show house and you begin to appreciate how, according to its creators, 'unparalleled insulation and fabric efficiency are utilised to ensure the floor-to-ceiling windows flood the interiors with natural light, fostering improved health and psychological well being – without compromising on energy efficiency.' Photovoltaic panels on the south-facing roof will generate more electricity than this low-energy house requires; the surplus can be used to power a car at the property's electrical 'fuelling' station.

The show house is not only powered by its surroundings but heated with ice. The system revolves around an underground ice-storage tank and harvests the energy generated when ice turns to water and back again to ice. For the technically inept, it works along the lines of a pocket warmer. It has been hailed as the most efficient and technically advanced heating and cooling system of its kind, and Georg anticipates it will 'initiate a new phase of heating residential properties in the UK'.

Groundbreaking attributes aside, the show house also doubles as a new sales office for the UK team of six where Peter Huf, Georg's younger brother, is the head architect. 'Our grandfather, Johann Huf founded the company in 1912 when he established his carpentry shop in Hartenfels. During the 1960s the first show houses were built on what became known as Huf Street,' where Georg was born and grew up. Having trained for three years as a banker – with the ambition of joining the family firm – he cut his teeth on the shop floor as a regional salesman, before being promoted to sales manager and then joint managing partner with his late brother Thomas in 1996. Georg

continues to follow in his father Franz's footsteps by living 'above the shop' in the Huf village beside the factory. 'When you are responsible for over 400 employees, you don't split your time between work and play – you are responsible 365 days a year!'

Customers are encouraged to visit the factory in Hartenfels, near Bonn, to inspect the production of their home. Each one is custom-made to order, with Huf Haus building an average 150 homes a year (to the collective tune of a €79 million turnover for 2014) or three a week. As Georg observes, 'it can take months to navigate the various restrictions associated with open countryside and city planning; but once the exact specifications are agreed you're looking at an average three weeks in the factory, one to two weeks to assemble and four to five months to finish the interior.'

This speedy turnaround is fuelled by Huf's ability to offer customers a 'one-stop-shop'. Its sister companies oversee each stage of the design, development, construction and interiors; from the production of pre-cast concrete basement panels and the provision of equipment such as sanitary installations and heating engineering, to bespoke furniture, floor coverings, rendering and painting as well as landscape architecture. The latter is managed by Georg's oldest daughter, Sarah, who together with two of her brothers is 'in training' to take the helm of this super-diligent family business. 'To become a Huf Haus customer is to become part of the Huf Haus family,' says Georg who believes their customer service and after care is second to none.

So how much does a Huf Haus cost? £420,000 will secure a basic property of 1,800sq ft, while something like the Surrey show home which offers 4,600 sq ft of five-bedroom accommodation would set you back over £1.4 million. Given each house is a bespoke commission, the sky really is the limit with luxury options including spas, saunas, steam rooms, whirlpools and swimming pools, media, music and games rooms, and even hangars. The scope to incorporate entertainment facilities within Huf's



*'Sustainability and environmental consciousness are at the very heart of Huf Haus'*

flexible floor plans is proving popular with 'families who seek the optimum, inclusive living environment'. Best known for its large detached designs, Huf also builds extensions to existing and period properties, tailor-made apartments and townhouses where the lofty post-and-beam structure serves to create an 'outlook' inside the property. That said, they are especially suited to breathtaking locations where their glazed façades maximise surrounding views by eliminating the barriers between inside and out. As Georg explains, 'Living in a Huf house is like sitting in the front row of nature's theatre.'





LOT 1



LOT 2



LOT 2



LOT 7



LOT 8



LOTS 3 & 4



LOT 8

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# GOLDEN TOUCH

MEET THE DISCREET COMPANY THAT CONVERTS REAL ESTATE  
INTO SOMETHING MAGICAL



**A**lchemists turn base metal into gold but Alchemy Properties converts London real estate into prime residential homes. Based in Soho, the small team has a unique insight into the world's most competitive property market, specifically prime central London.

'My 30-year career in the London property field has given me a unique perspective,' says Gareth Lloyd Jones, founder of Alchemy Properties. 'I've learnt how to define the potential of a building, even if this is not always immediately obvious.' Alchemy Properties' intelligent approach can be seen in its recent projects, including a show-stopping house that combines a top location in Kensington with luxurious interiors designed by Armani/Casa. This house was ingeniously converted from flats back to a single imposing residence, in accordance with the wishes of the client. 'When we are instructed on a project, we always take a lot of care to establish the best way of designing each individual property, so that we can help the client to achieve their vision and expectations,' says Gareth.

With unparalleled experience of buying and selling property in prime central London, Alchemy Properties is able to provide overseas buyers with detailed advice on which location to purchase in. 'We can provide them with guidance using our vast knowledge of areas – explaining, for example, where the nearest parks and schools are, and who their neighbours will be.'

Using construction industry contacts, Alchemy Properties is able to offer purchasers specific properties that seldom get listed on estate agents' websites. 'Normally I hear about potential properties before they come on the market,' says Gareth. 'Estate agents frequently approach us.' This is due to the company's excellent track record with sales, advising and ensuring that clients have all the necessary paperwork in place to ensure that finding, negotiating and completing a sale in this most competitive of markets is conducted as smoothly and efficiently as possible.

Alchemy Properties' real advantage is that it's a small, personable company, and offers a highly tailored, expert service. The team favours a hand-on approach, tackling all aspects of property from complex planning permissions to turn-key designs including bespoke joinery.

This is especially clear with their astounding Kensington property, mentioned previously. With its striking use of modern pieces and bespoke materials, this Grade II listed house has been transformed into a comfortable family home without compromising the important original architecture. The interiors of this 9,000sq ft building were designed by Giorgio Armani's Interior Design Studio by Armani/Casa: the result was such a success that Armani displayed it at this year's Milan Design Week, as part of the company's anniversary celebrations.

Working on behalf of the client, Gareth and his team undertook all aspects of this unmodernised building's transformation, from purchasing it to negotiating planning permission to convert it from flats back into a single family home and overseeing every aspect of the refurbishment process. This includes project managing and sourcing all Armani/Casa design finishes throughout, ensuring that the listed building was restored in a sensitive manner, but also incorporating every modern amenity from state-of-the-art Armani/Dada kitchens to Armani/Roca bathrooms, together with furniture and accessories all being Armani/Casa. As you would expect from the Armani collaboration, the interiors reflect the designer's distinctive style of sophisticated elegance, with bespoke fabric panelled walls, veneer wood behind glass with profiles in bathrooms and Italian-sourced marbles. This six-bedroom property, with passenger lift, parking and secluded roof terrace, has interiors that display a quality and timeless luxury almost unheard of in a London rental property.

With several other refurbished luxury rental properties soon to be available in Ovington Square and Ennismore Gardens, Alchemy is revealing its discreet talent at transforming London properties into truly outstanding homes.

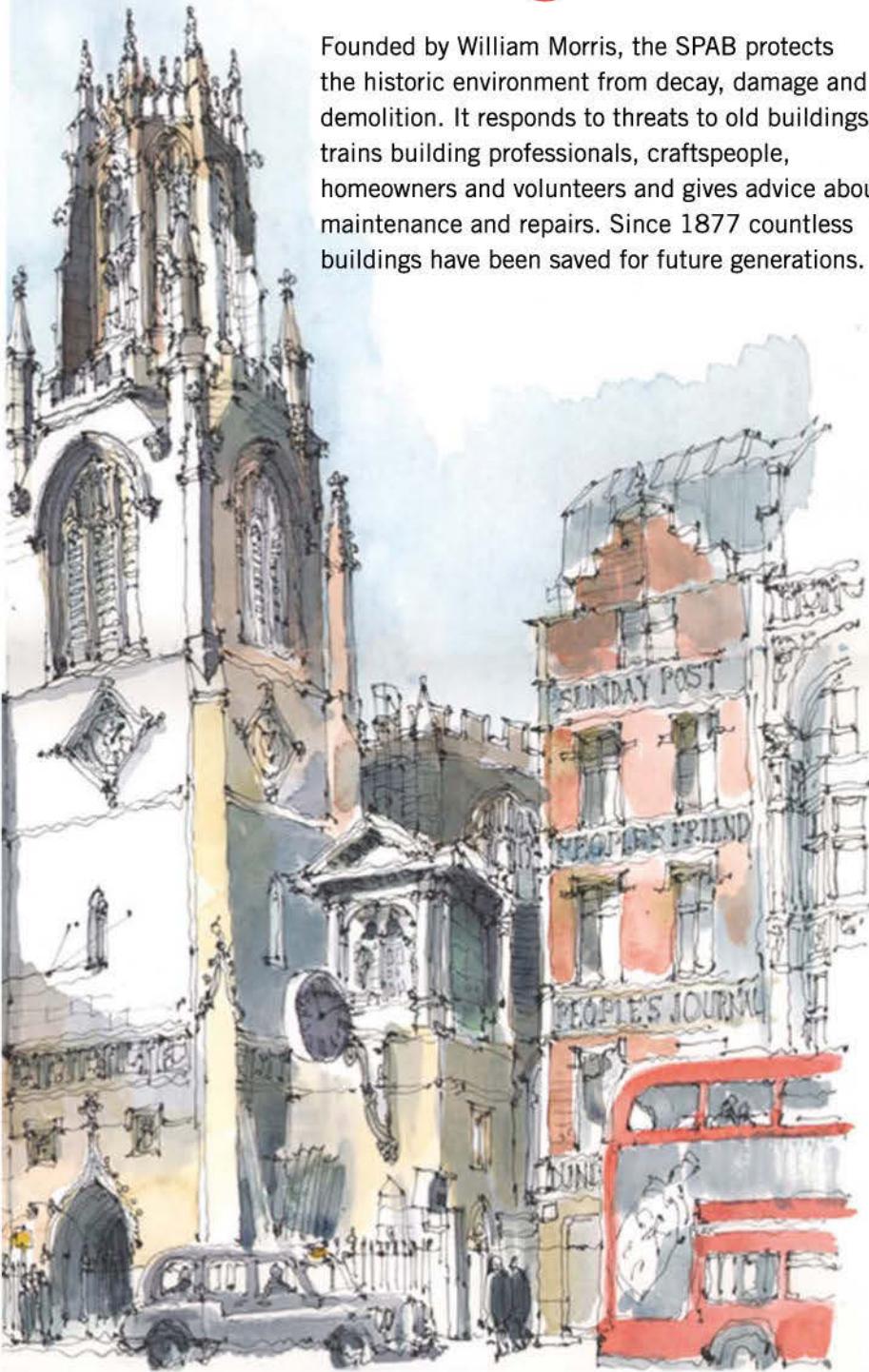
*For more information on prime central London residences that will be available to rent through Alchemy Properties, or if you are considering acquiring an unmodernised property, we would be more than happy to advise on how we can assist and add value. Please call 020 7478 8900, email [info@alchemyproperties.net](mailto:info@alchemyproperties.net) or visit [www.alchemyproperties.net](http://www.alchemyproperties.net)*



# The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings



Founded by William Morris, the SPAB protects the historic environment from decay, damage and demolition. It responds to threats to old buildings, trains building professionals, craftspeople, homeowners and volunteers and gives advice about maintenance and repairs. Since 1877 countless buildings have been saved for future generations.



Drawing of St Dunstan-in-the-West by SPAB Scholar Ptolemy Dean

Information about maintaining your home is available through events, courses, lectures, publications and telephone advice.

To support our work why not join the SPAB? Members receive a quarterly magazine, our list of historic properties for sale and access to our regional activities.

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PLEASE NOTE these photos are not an exact representation of Lilyville Road but are illustrative of the standard of refurbishment and finish of previous projects of the owner.



## Lilyville Road, Fulham, SW6

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# PRACTICALLY PERFECT *in every way*



One Mulberry Walk, SW3, is a stylish family home with an interior designed by Melissa Wyndham

*Claire Pilton looks at brand-new and newly developed houses in the capital*

**F**amily home or trophy house? Are London's larger residences fit for families? Do toddlers and teenagers really rule the roost? According to Noel de Keyzer, Director at Savills, 'Buyers with £10 million are very much in the family-home market, looking for a permanent residence with generous outside space

near the city's best schools. However, the bigger the budget gets, the more business- and lifestyle-focused requirements become. At the £20 million mark, buyers tend to be a multiple-home owner looking for an indulgent London base from which to host business meetings and enjoy the best luxury amenities.'

## *Trophy home*

*Built in 1817 by Thomas Cubitt, this Grade II-listed house is, at 4,600sq.ft, the largest on Wilton Street, SW1, complete with extensive terraces and a key (on application) to the gardens and tennis court of Belgrave Square; Savills (020 7730 0822) is seeking £14.25 million. The six-bedroom 'turn-key' trophy home has been restored and refurbished by brothers Ben and Nick Wilson of Residence One, whose previous project in nearby Eccleston Mews achieved a record-breaking £6.25 million.*





### The Kelly Hoppen touch

London developer Regal Homes (020 7328 7171) is working with Kelly Hoppen on its 10th turn-key property. Located on Bishops Avenue, N2, the seven-bedroom mansion will be completed this autumn. Early birds, who can adapt the spec to their own requirements, should not delay; Regal's last trophy home in Hampstead (pictured) secured circa £16 million off-market.



### Highgate society

For those who count Kate Moss and Jude Law as neighbours, Octagon has just completed a pair of Georgian-style houses on The Grove, N6. Blessed by the Highgate Society for replacing an ugly 1970s apartment block, these six-storey, six-bedroom homes feature contemporary interiors with glitzy glass lifts and cost £10 million each through Glentree (020 8209 1149).



### Family-friendly Fulham

Set around three garden squares on Farm Lane, SW6, London Square Fulham (0333 666 2737) is a secure, traffic-free scheme in the heart of family-friendly West London. The 40 Georgian-inspired townhouses have three, four or five bedrooms, small private gardens and underground parking. With more than 80% snapped up off-plan, prices range from £3.3 million to £4.15 million.

## Bachelor pad

*Following in the footsteps of the Candy Brothers come twins Will and Ben Samuels. Since 2009, their company Wilben have exchanged sales for investors exceeding £50 million. Their latest project, a 7,100sq ft house on Chester Square, SW1, will up that figure by £35 million. If you don't need seven bedrooms, a spa, cinema, garage or staff quarters, bachelor-boy Will is selling his £2.35 million two-bedroom flat (pictured) on Redcliffe Square, SW10, through Farleys (020 7589 1234) and Strutt & Parker (020 7373 1010).*



## Edwardian classic



One Mulberry Walk, SW3, is an exceptional family home that has been redeveloped behind its Edwardian façade by Lennox Investment's dream team, Rupert Bradstock and Willie Gething. As former founders of home-search agents Property Vision, they know how to tick buyers' boxes. One Mulberry Walk has width, height and light. It harnesses the talents of interior architect Anthony Collett, interior designer Melissa Wyndham and landscape architect Randle Siddeley, to provide a refreshingly real and individual family home that is stylish, comfortable and timeless. Offering 5,245sq ft of four-storey, six-bedroom accommodation, it costs £20 million through Knight

Frank (020 7349 4300) and Russell Simpson (020 7225 0277). An extra £750,000 will secure everything from the fabulous fine art to the Smythson letterhead. All that's missing are children and a happy labrador!



# NOTEBOOK

*Rosemary Brooke rounds up this month's highlights from near and far*



## Winning combination

Join the smart set and head to Ascot: there's far more to the historic town than the racecourse. Two of the four properties at Fairacre Court – an exclusive new development by Cala Homes – have already been snapped up and it's easy to see why. Less than a mile from South Ascot and its train station, with world-class schools (including Eton) close by, these properties are perfect for family living. Each house has five bedrooms, an open-plan kitchen and living area, underfloor heating, the latest



technology and direct access onto a private garden. Prices from £1,995 million. *Contact Savills at 01344 295375*

**FROM TOP:** Sam McArdle, Jonathan Mount, Rachel Thompson and Philip Eastwood of The Buying Solution



## LOOKING EASTWARDS

Prime central London has certainly achieved record prices of late, but investors and owner-occupiers alike are turning their attention to prime outer London, which offers better value for money and healthier returns. 'Demand for housing at Old Street's Silicon Roundabout is anticipated to rise strongly between now and 2021,' says Sam McArdle of property agents The Buying Solution. 'Vastly improved retail offerings and future infrastructure improvements have made the area a desirable place to live and has prompted waves of new development.'

*For more information on buying property in East London, contact Sam McArdle at The Buying Solution at 07918 561050*



## Here comes the sun

Marbella's popularity with sun-seekers means that space and tranquillity are in scarce supply. This substantial property is a rare find: set in the prestigious Guadalmina Baja estate, it

overlooks Guadalmina golf course. The stunning views are uninterrupted, as there's not another building in sight. Designed by an apprentice of Frank Lloyd Wright, the house was cleverly constructed so that it opens out on



to the garden, a profusion of mature cypress, olive, fig and almond trees. Find absolute peace – at the heart of the Costa del Sol.

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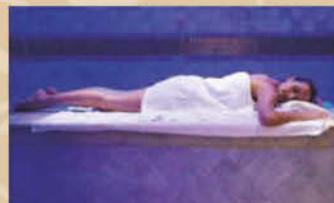
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# Vital STATISTICS

Taking the measurements of the GQ world

Nº 26

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**TOP SPEED:** 155mph  
**BHP:** 577  
**ENGINE:** 5.5 litre V8 twin-turbo  
**SHOW IT OFF WITH A DRIVE TO:** Malibu or Santa Monica  
**DELIVERY:** Midway Rentals will deliver the car to your hotel, and even get valet to park it for you  
**GERMAN EFFICIENCY:** Expect to get 28.5mpg  
**NOTABLE OWNERS:** Nicole Scherzinger, Sylvester Stallone and Jim Carrey



## SAINT-TROPEZ

**Rent:** Jaguar F-Type  
**Because:** It carries the classic Brit-on-the-Riviera look  
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**TAKE IT ON THE OPEN ROAD:** The rental company Just4VIP will collect the car from anywhere in France, so feel free to make a trip over to Monaco or even Paris  
**THE FLEET:** Just4VIP has two F-Types (left), so the chances of obtaining one are high  
**AT THE WHEEL:** Wear a lightweight suit from Riviera-based label Façonnable

## DUBAI

**Rent:** Bugatti Veyron Super Sport  
**Because:** In a city where even the police have supercars, you need to stand out  
[europeluxurycarhire.com](http://europeluxurycarhire.com)

**PRICE:** £10,500 a day  
**TOP SPEED:** More than 267mph  
**ACCELERATION:** 0-60mph in 2.4 seconds  
**VEYRON:** Named after Pierre Veyron, the Bugatti test driver who won Le Mans in 1939  
**THE HIRE FIRM'S MOST ILLUSTRIOSUS CLIENTS:** The Jordanian royal family  
**24/7 HOTLINE:** Customers have constant WhatsApp contact with the rental company  
**EXTRA SERVICES:** Staff can also book you a superyacht for your trip

## ROME

**Rent:** 1969 Fiat 500 L  
**Because:** Its narrow streets demand a nimble - and retro Italian - get-about  
[spiderlifestyle.com](http://spiderlifestyle.com)

**PRICE:** £70 a day  
**TOP SPEED:** A bone-rattling 59mph  
**MANOEUVRABLE:** It's only 9½ft long  
**THE NAME'S BOND:** Daniel Craig is reported to be driving a new Fiat 500 in *Spectre*  
**AT THE WHEEL:** Wear sharp Fendi shades  
**RECORD HOLDER:** The Fiat 500 is the smallest car ever to drive 25,000km unassisted  
**RECOMMENDED DRIVE:** One hour out of town to the volcanic waters of Lake Bracciano

## ISTANBUL

**Rent:** Bentley Continental Flying Spur  
**Because:** When the traffic is this bad, you need an interior you can spend time in  
[rentist.com](http://rentist.com)

**PRICE:** £950 a day, including a private chauffeur  
**TOP SPEED:** 200mph  
**POWER:** 500bhp  
**WHO ELSE LOVES A BENTLEY CONTINENTAL:** The British royal family  
**INCLUDES:** Two touch-screen TVs integrated into the car's headrests, hand-cured wooden picnic tables behind the front seats and a built in Wi-Fi hotspot

## BARCELONA

**Rent:** Porsche 911 Carrera GTS  
**Because:** The roads are teeming with 911s, but this one will make an impression  
[supercarsrental.eu](http://supercarsrental.eu)

**PRICE:** £460 a day  
**TOP SPEED:** 190mph  
**ACCELERATION:** 0-62mph in 4.4 seconds  
**DRIVE IT TO:** Begur, a medieval town an hour-and-a-half away from central Barcelona, famed for its scenery, luxury spas and hotels  
**FUEL ECONOMY:** 29.7mpg, so expect plenty of bang for your buck  
**AT THE WHEEL:** Wear Vilebrequin Golden Turtle shorts to go straight from car to beach

## KUALA LUMPUR

**Rent:** Hummer H3  
**Because:** An hour's drive out of the city and you're in the off-roading haven of the Genting Highlands  
[hyperluxurycar.com](http://hyperluxurycar.com)

**PRICE:** £1,050 a day  
**INCLUDES:** A free chauffeur (not that you'll need him out of town)  
**ACCELERATION:** This monstrous machine reaches 60mph in 8.2 seconds  
**35 INCHES:** Height of the Hummer's tyres; double that of an average road car  
**24 INCHES:** The depth of water a Hummer can drive through with complete ease  
**FAIRMUMMER FANS:** Arnie. Er, Paris Hilton

## SYDNEY

**Rent:** HSV Gen F Clubsport  
**Because:** If you head to the Northern Territories, there's no speed limit on the Stuart Highway  
[supercarrentals.com.au](http://supercarrentals.com.au)

**PRICE:** £400 a day  
**TOP SPEED:** 177mph  
**POWER:** 575bhp – that's only 25 less than a Dodge Viper  
**SIMILAR TO:** A BMW M5, but seriously beefed up  
**DRIVE IT TO:** Kakadu National Park, off the Stuart Highway  
**20 INCHES:** Size of the alloys  
**JUST DON'T:** Turn off traction control... ☺

# James Anderson

**England's No.1  
wicket taker  
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\*England's all time highest international wicket-taker, 384 test wickets correct at 17 Apr 2015.  
Source: [www.jamesanderson613.com](http://www.jamesanderson613.com) \*\*UK's No1 men's supplement brand. Nielsen GB ScanTrack  
Total Coverage 52 w/e 31 Jan 2015. †Available from larger Boots stores, subject to availability.



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